

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

DECEMBER, 1883.

No. 2.

## THE FAIREST COUNTY OF ENGLAND.

HISTORY tells us over and over again how closely the character of a district has been impressed upon the race which inhabits it; and it is not surprising that the love of one's native land should be deepened and intensified in proportion to the boldness and beauty of its natural features; for a dull, flat, and unbroken country—treeless, desolate, and waste—cannot engender the same feelings as a land of mountain and valley, of glen and gorge, of rock, stream, and forest. It is not unnatural, therefore, that the sons of Devon should entertain feelings of enthusiastic love and pride for their native county—feelings born of the sympathy created by nature herself. Yet the love of Devon—"the fairest county of England," by the judgment of the author of "Lorna Doone," one of the most charming creations among modern works of fiction—is not confined to Devonians. Well does the present writer remember the cordial ring of sympathy which reached him from one of his Scottish reviewers anent some loving descriptions of Devonshire scenery. "The women of the extreme west of England," said this reviewer, "are, perhaps, the most beautiful of any; the men are taller and less awkward than in the midland and eastern counties; the wild flowers are more abundant; the climate milder on the coast and more bracing on the moors. We have spent weeks in Devon in a general state of enchantment with the scenery, the foliage, the sparkling Scottish-like burns, and the unrivaled tors, besides being filled with enthusiasm for the abundant remains of British camps and circles and dolmens, to say nothing of that weird Wistman's wood of which the gnarled and dwarfish oaks are said to be coëval with the Druids." This enthusiastic tribute of praise from an inhabitant of North

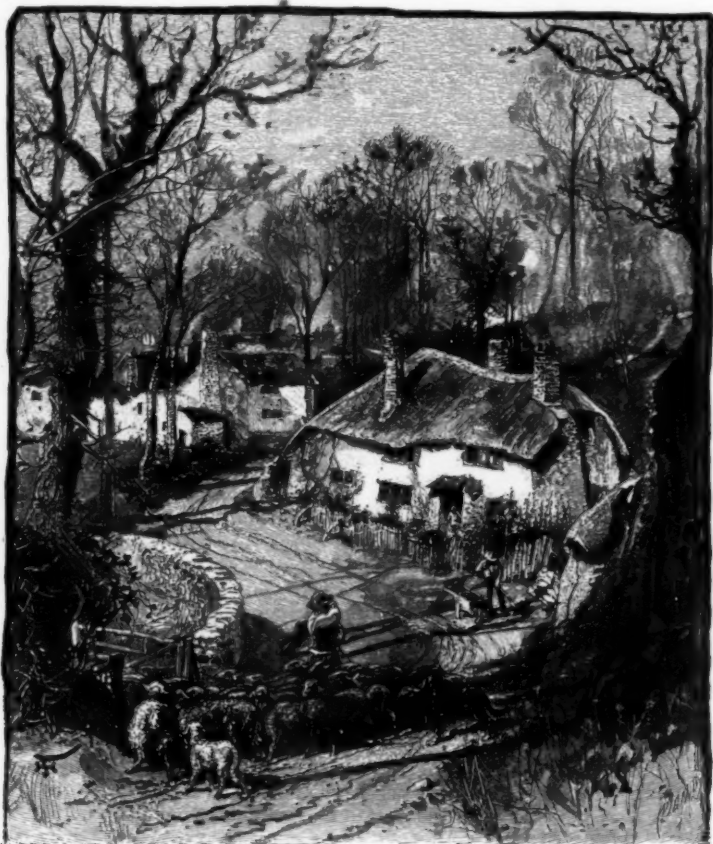
Britain is no more than fairly representative of the feelings of all who from outside have crossed the border-land of Devon.

It has interest for the historian, for the archaeologist, for the geologist, and for the naturalist, as well as for the simple lover of nature, be he neither of these. In the matter of size it stands second upon the list of English counties, including an area of 2,654 square miles. Its greatest length from north to south is some seventy miles, and its greatest breadth from east to west is about the same. Yet within the small included area—for, though large as compared with most of the English counties, it is in reality but a narrow extent of country—is to be found the most marvelous diversity of surface. On two sides it is washed by the sea—northward by the Bristol, southward by the English Channel. Cornwall forms its westward boundary, and Somerset and Dorset lie on its eastward borders. About two-thirds of its surface is under cultivation, and its farming and dairy produce are perhaps the finest in all England. Far-famed breeds of cattle and sheep are grazed on its pastures. Its moorlands furnish a race of ponies known the wide world over; while the luscious cider and the unrivaled "cream" of Devonshire are luxuries which have been tried and appreciated by many a visitor from distant climes. The waters on its coast teem with the finny life which supplies an important article of food to many a densely populated English city; while its sparkling inland streams furnish to the sportsman, more abundantly than any other English county, that beautiful inhabitant of fresh water, the red-spotted trout. The "lordly salmon," too, throng in thousands into its tidal rivers. In mineral wealth Devon cannot vie with its neighbor Cornwall, though

it has heretofore produced gold and silver, and a copper mine within its borders has proved to be among the finest in the whole world.

For the historian, Devonshire has furnished materials which make a long page in the annals of England. Its castle of Rougemont—now only a picturesque ruin—was the scene of the stoutest resistance offered to the invasion of the Norman conqueror. One of the many sieges for which Exeter (one of the two chief towns of Devon) has been famous, was on the occasion of the Norman investment of the city. It is believed that Romans and Saxons had both in their turn built fortresses upon the site of Rougemont Castle; and after William the Conqueror had succeeded in overcoming the desperate resistance of the Exonians he rebuilt the castle by the aid, it is said, of the materials gathered from the ruins of the houses shattered during

the siege of the city. The red earth upon which the fortress was built gave occasion, it seems, for the name of Rougemont. The most beautiful and most imposing, however, of the buildings of Exeter is its cathedral, one of the most magnificent of the architectural monuments of England. It was Edward the Confessor who, in the year 1050, first made Exeter the seat of a diocese. But the erection of the existing cathedral building was not commenced until the year 1112. Bishop William Warelwast was its originator, and it received successive additions by subsequent bishops of Exeter during no less than seven reigns, being completed by Bishop Bothe, in the year 1478 and in the reign of Edward the Fourth. Its total length exceeds 400 feet; and its western front, in the richness and beauty of its architectural features, has few parallels in the whole world. Another building, which stands



A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE, NEAR EXETER.



next to the beautiful cathedral in importance, is the Guild-hall, a building the projecting front of which—supported on semicircular arches surmounting moor-stone columns, and dating from the year 1593—forms a curious and striking feature in “High street.”

Around Plymouth, the larger of the two chief towns, many fond memories cling; and none, perhaps, is dearer in memory to New Englanders than this, the chief sea-port of the south-western shores of Britain: for Plymouth, the great sea-gate of sunny Devon, gave the last sight of Old England to the gallant band of “Pilgrim Fathers.”

To modern naval history Plymouth contributes much of stirring interest. Among the great names with which this town is associated in this connection are those of Hawkins and Drake, of Cook and Frobisher. In its harbor, too, Robert Blake died as, toward the close of an August day in 1657, he was returning to shore from one of his most memorable victories. Many pages would be needed to give even a brief summary of all that is interesting in connection with its dock-yards, its arsenal, its fortifications, its shipping, its light-house, and its breakwater. The last-named of these objects of interest illustrates strikingly what can be accomplished by indomitable enterprise and perseverance.

Prior to 1812, Plymouth Sound was open

to the full force of the Atlantic waves, which, under the influence of strong

south-westerly gales, rolled into it with amazing violence. If by any contrivance of human ingenuity a barrier could be erected across the sound, thought the projectors of the breakwater, one of the finest harbors in the world might be created. How could the task be begun? In the month of April, 1812, a huge block of stone was cast into the sea, about the center of Plymouth Sound, where the water was fifty feet deep. Other blocks followed, day after day, and week after week; and, though two hundred men were employed upon the work, a year passed without any visible result. Sixteen thousand tons of stone had been swallowed up, and still the waters closed over and hid from view the enormous masses of granite. Persistently, however, the work was carried on, and after a while its fruit began to be manifest, for, here and there in places, points of stone began to peep up among the waves. For thirty-four years the work proceeded, during which time no less than four millions of tons of granite had been cast into the sound.

Then upon this vast substructure, varying in depth from forty to eighty feet, according to the variations in the sea-bottom, and in width, at its base, from three hundred to four hundred feet,—in length about a mile,—a stone terrace was constructed, the most elevated platform of stone being but two feet



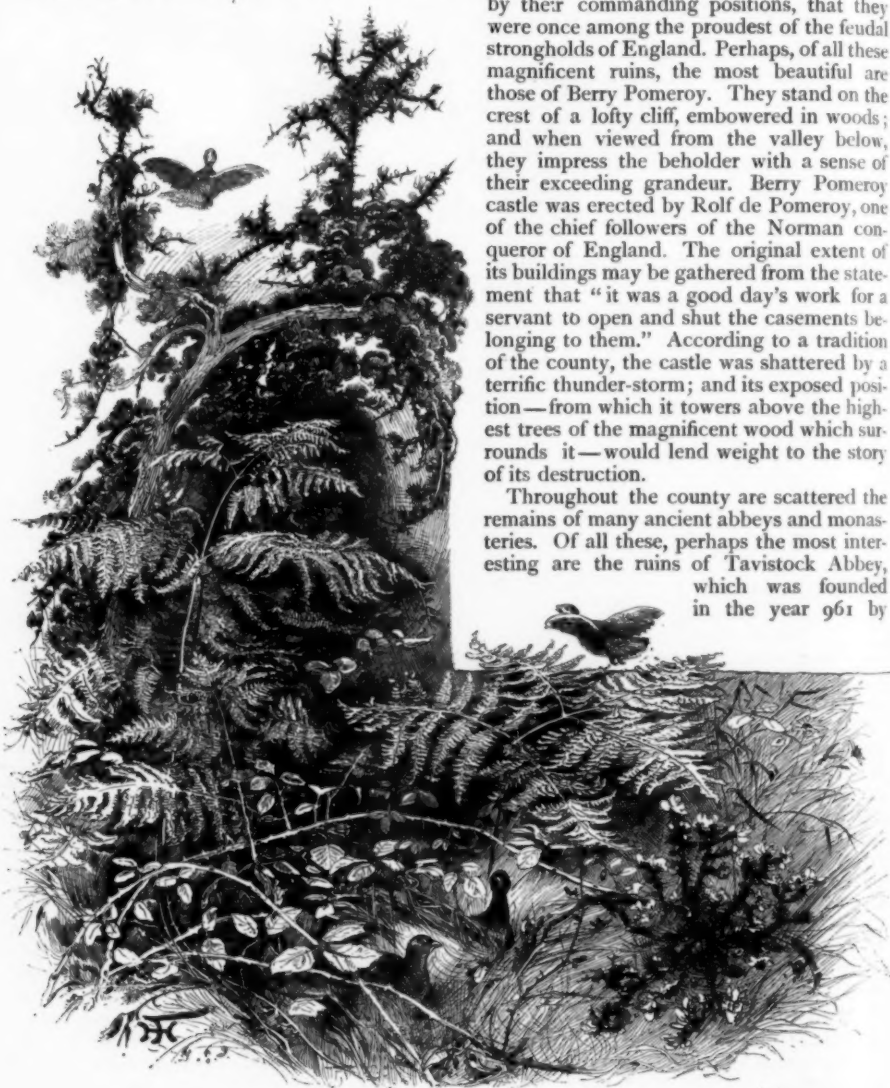
VIEW NEAR FARMINGTON.

above the level of the highest spring tides. It forms a magnificent promenade in fine weather, and in rough weather withstands the utmost fury of the Atlantic billows, forming on its landward side a calm lake of water within which the British navy might ride in perfect safety.

Many and curious, in Devonshire, are the remains which link the past in picturesque association with the present, and possess for the antiquarian an interest which few other

counties can rival. The ruins of its ancient castles at Okehampton, at Plympton, at Tiverton, at Totnes, and at Berry Pomeroy, are among the most striking and most beautiful of the relics of feudal times. Though now moldering in decay, and yielding to the gentle conquests of the ivy trailers which cling round and cover with a thin, dense, and picturesque mass of evergreen the crumbling stones of keep and embattlement, they attest, no less by the thickness of their walls than by their commanding positions, that they were once among the proudest of the feudal strongholds of England. Perhaps, of all these magnificent ruins, the most beautiful are those of Berry Pomeroy. They stand on the crest of a lofty cliff, embowered in woods; and when viewed from the valley below, they impress the beholder with a sense of their exceeding grandeur. Berry Pomeroy castle was erected by Rolf de Pomeroy, one of the chief followers of the Norman conqueror of England. The original extent of its buildings may be gathered from the statement that "it was a good day's work for a servant to open and shut the casements belonging to them." According to a tradition of the county, the castle was shattered by a terrific thunder-storm; and its exposed position—from which it towers above the highest trees of the magnificent wood which surrounds it—would lend weight to the story of its destruction.

Throughout the county are scattered the remains of many ancient abbeys and monasteries. Of all these, perhaps the most interesting are the ruins of Tavistock Abbey, which was founded in the year 961 by



IN A DEVONSHIRE LANE.



ON THE DART AT DITTISHAM.

Ordgar, Earl of Devon, in obedience, it is said, to an admonitory vision. It was completed twenty years afterward—namely, in 981—by Ordulph, his son, a man of such gigantic stature that he could, according to William of Malmesbury, the historian, stride across streams ten feet wide. This huge son of Devon must have been of somewhat similar stature to the famous John Ridd, the hero of Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." Ordgar's daughter and the sister of Ordulph was the beautiful Elfleda, whose romantic history has been given by William of Malmesbury. Tavistock Abbey was plundered and burnt by the Danes in the year 997, but it was subsequently rebuilt,—after which it acquired considerable endowments, Henry the First in particular having bestowed upon its abbots the whole hundred of Tavistock, as well as the right to hold a weekly market and a three days' annual fair. The prosperity of the abbey continuing, it secured for its thirty-fifth abbot the privilege of sitting among the peers in the legislative assembly. But the next abbot in succession, the thirty-sixth,—John Peryn,—was compelled to surrender the whole monastery, with all its possessions, to Henry the Eighth, who granted them in the following year to John, Earl of Russell. In his descendant, the Duke of Bedford, the whole is now vested. The importance of the building may be gathered from the circumstance that it was said at one time that it "eclipsed every religious house in Devonshire in the extent, convenience,

and magnificence of its buildings." Some of the abbots of Tavistock were reputed eminent scholars, and they established and maintained a school for teaching the Saxon language and literature; and very soon after the introduction of printing into England, a printing-press was established in this abbey, and from it was issued the earliest printed copy of the Stannary laws. Even the ruins, which are of considerable extent, attest the importance and magnificence of this great monument of monasticism.

Other and deep interest is afforded for the antiquarian in various parts of Devonshire by the numerous Druidical and other remains. The wild expanse of Dartmoor alone furnishes in great abundance some of the most remarkable of these remains. The designation of "Forest," which still attaches to Dartmoor, though now in a general way inapplicable to this remarkable table-land on account of the entire absence of trees from many parts of it, was, no doubt, peculiarly appropriate in ancient times, when a vast extent of this moorland must have been covered by a dense forest growth. In the gloomy depths of this primeval forest the Druids found ample opportunity for the exercise of their solemn, mysterious, and fearful rites; and hence the reason for the existence of so large a number of cromlechs, circles, and altars. The oak, too, in whose groves the most cruel and dreadful of the Druidical rites were performed, no doubt flourished luxuriantly on Dartmoor during the Druidical period. In-

deed, in many of the marshy parts of this moor immense oak trunks have been found. The weird "Wistman's Wood," a name which is believed to be a corruption of the "wise men's" (or Druids') wood, still exists to attest — by such evidence as the lingering remains of the present age can afford — what has been alleged of the dark doings of

the priests of the "sacred groves" of ancient Britain. "Wistman's Wood" is distant about a mile from Two Bridges on Dartmoor. It lies on the acclivity of a steep hill, and the road to it is incumbered with huge blocks of granite scattered all along the route. The oaks which form the wood are gnarled and stunted, their moss-covered upper branches being strangely and fantastically twisted. These trees grow from between huge granitic masses, and in the hollows beneath lie adders and other venomous reptiles. In the neighborhood of Merivale Bridge, on Dartmoor, there is also a very interesting assemblage of Druidical remains. In one place there is an avenue 1140 feet long, of rough stone, at each end of which is a Druidical circle. Near this avenue is another, about 5 feet wide and as much as 800 feet long. In the same neighborhood are a rock pillar 12 feet high, the ruins of a cromlech, a pound 175 feet in diameter, and yet another sacred circle 67 feet in diameter and consisting of ten stones.

Kent's Cavern, in the vicinity of Torquay, is a remarkable cave, consisting of a great excavation in the Devonian limestone. It is entered by a narrow passage some 7 feet wide and only 5 feet in height. The central cavern, which is almost 600 feet long, has a number of smaller caverns or corridors leading out from it. Its farther extremity is terminated by a deep pool of water. In the bed



HERRY POMEROY.

of this cavern modern research has been rewarded by some deeply interesting discoveries. Over the original earth-bottom of the cave is a bed or layer of considerable thickness, in which are contained strange mixtures of human bones with the bones of the elephant and the rhinoceros, the hyena, the bear, and the wolf, intermingled with stone and flint tools, arrow and spear heads, and fragments of coarse pottery. The animal remains testify

For the geologist and the naturalist Devonshire possesses an interest which a library of volumes could scarcely exhaust. The variety of formations within the limited area of Devonshire is indeed remarkable; and it is, undoubtedly, chiefly to this fact that the county owes its greatest attraction—its lovely scenery. All those visitors to Devon who for the first time have traversed its main line of railway, entering it either at Plymouth or from



A BIT ON DARTMOOR.

to the presence in the ancient forests of Britain of beasts of prey which long since have become extinct. Speculation may be exhausted in the endeavor to account for the curious intermingling in this cavern of the remains of human beings and of wild animals. The place may have been used for shelter successively by man and by the lords of the forest; or, as the presence of the rude weapons of man might seem to indicate, the beasts of the field may have been brought into this natural recess as trophies of the chase, and their flesh and skins used for purposes of food and clothing. Nothing less than the most persevering and enthusiastic search could have discovered the interesting remains which, for a vast period of time, had been buried in this retreat; for the fossils were covered by a thick floor of stalagmite which had been formed, there can be no doubt, by great blocks of limestone which had fallen from time to time, extending over a very lengthened period, from the roof of the cavern, and had become cemented into one mass by the perpetual percolations of lime-water from above.

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its Somersetshire side just beyond the little town of Wellington, have been struck by the singular beauty of the coast, where the line by Dawlish and Teignmouth runs along the sea. Soon after leaving Exeter, the glorious green of the spreading vegetation, which on both sides of the way has been gently mantling the rolling uplands, is suddenly contrasted with the deep-blue sea and bright-red cliffs. These beautiful cliffs proclaim to the visitor that he is entering the region of the red sandstone, which gives a distinct geological character to this part of Devon. When, after exploring this coast and seeing all that is immediately adjacent to the South Devon Railway, he turns inland to explore the great moor-land of the county,—an extended tract untraversed by the iron lines,—his attention is called to another of the great geological features of Devon, the granite formation as exhibited most prominently in the famous tors of Dartmoor. It is in this particular part of geological Devonshire that, as already intimated, the most interesting of the Druidical and other antiquarian remains of the county





MOUTH OF THE DART.

northern, north-western, and central parts of the county. Where, in the north-western district of this formation, it is shown upon the coast, the cliffs exhibit some remarkable traces of plants whose forms are nature-printed upon the cliff side. Passing over with brief mention the metamorphic rocks, the lias, the oolite, and tertiary formations, the traces of submarine forests and of raised beaches along the coast of Devon, the valley deposits in which have been found the fossil bones of the mammoth and the rhinoceros, the brown-coal beds

have been discovered. The carboniferous series of rocks are noticeable in mid Devon and in the

in which are inclosed the fossils of such exotic plants as the cinnamon and palm, tree ferns, and pines in size like the gigantic *Wellingtonia* of California, we come to a formation—the Devonian—which has given a special geological character to the county. In the strata included in this formation fossils representing no fewer than

three hundred and eighty-three species of plants and animals have been found. If we turn from these records of the rocks to the existing fauna and flora of this beautiful county, we shall find life in marvelous variety.

The desire simply to enjoy the unrivaled scenery of Devon has brought hundreds of thousands of visitors to this lovely county; and it is to its wonderful diversity that the great charm of this scenery is undoubtedly due. Everywhere throughout its length and breadth there is abundant change; for continual contrasts are offered by the boldness of its hills, the ruggedness of its tors, the sparkling velocity of its streams, the softness and grace of its valleys, and the pervading charm of its glorious vegetation. Its northern coast-line—extending from Glenthorne, which on the east divides the county from Somersetshire, to Marsland mouth, which is its extreme north-western boundary—includes a bolder sea-front than the southern sea-line of the county, though

from Boggy Point to Hartland Point there are many gentle sweeps of golden sand fronting the fore-shore of Barnstaple Bay, into which the Taw and Torridge roll their joined waters. The coast from Glenthorne to Ilfracombe, and from Hartland Point to the borders of Cornwall at Marsland mouth, is characterized by a romantic boldness which offers a singular contrast to the exceeding softness

beats furiously, while, above, great cliffs of marble cleft into jagged peaks present a stern front to the waves. But a short distance from this rugged cove, and within the compass of a short walk from it, is the beautiful bay of Babbicombe, where the steep cliffs above the pebbly strand are charmingly wooded, enshrouding high over the sea that "village of villas" Mary Church. In the neighborhood



ANSTEY'S COVE, SOUTH DEVONSHIRE.

and grace of the combes and valleys running down between the beetling cliffs to the sea.

In the southern lines of coast extending from the Devonshire border to Plymouth, the contrasts, though lovely in the extreme, are on the whole less bold. There is greater variety, owing to the larger number of indentations in the sea-front, and to the more rapid alternation from peaceful, sandy bay to jagged shingly inlet in the cliff. Into the waters of the English Channel, from this southern sea-border, flow the Axe, the Otter, and the Sid, the Exe and Teign, the Dart, Plym, and Tamar, by the charming watering-places of Seaton and Sidmouth, of Exmouth, Dawlish, and Teignmouth, and of Dartmouth and Plymouth. In the wild and romantic inlet of the sea called Anstey's Cove, strewn rocks lie on the rugged beach, upon which the sea

of Mary Church are to be found quarries of the richest and most charmingly colored of the Devonian marbles.

With the exception of the great waste of Dartmoor, and the extreme northern part of the county which includes a portion of Exmoor, the land of Devonshire is remarkable for its fertility. The country around Bideford and Barnstaple includes a large amount of productive land, as also does the extensive tract known as the Vale of Exeter, a tract comprising some two hundred square miles. Dartmoor itself occupies an extensive area. It is some twenty-two miles long by about nineteen in breadth, and is chiefly barren and uncultivated. It is in fact an elevated tableland, with eminences rising to heights from fifteen hundred to, in some cases, nearly eighteen hundred feet above the sea level.

Its lofty hills, jagged tors, and narrow valleys, strewn in many cases with great masses of granite,—which appear to have been flung from the tors during some terrible convulsion of nature,—its morasses, and its roaring torrents help to give a strangely wild aspect to its scenery. Yet in parts of this moor-land the most beautiful contrasts to the general aspect of wildness and barrenness are afforded by the presence of hill-sides densely clothed with trees, and by foaming streams winding their way with singular impetuosity through narrow glens abounding with the richest vegetation. South of Dartmoor the country assumes such fertility and possesses such a wealth of natural beauty that it has been called "the garden of Devonshire." This very beautiful tract of country is bounded northward by Dartmoor and the heights around Chudleigh, on the south by the English Channel, on the west by the Tamar dividing Cornwall from Devon, and on the east by Torbay. It comprises, within an area of some two hundred and fifty square miles, some of the boldest and most beautiful contrasts in hill and valley, some of the finest and most productive land in all Devon. Certainly there are few parts even of Devonshire which can equal the fascinating ten miles of moor winding from the little town of Totnes to Dartmoor.

The peculiar and individual beauty of Devonshire scenery is especially seen along the banks of its rivers, in its green lanes, over its moor-lands, and along its coasts. But throughout the county, in green lane, by river-border, on moor, or by sea-coast, this especial beauty owes its peculiar character to one circumstance. In "The Fern Paradise," and subsequently in "The Fern World," I have suggested that it is the great profusion and beauty of its ferns which lend to Devonshire scenery its peculiar character of softness and grace. "They clothe the hill-sides and the hill-tops; they grow in the moist depths of the valleys; they fringe the banks of the streams; they are to be found in the recesses of the woods; they hang from rocks and walls and trees, and crowd into the towns and villages, fastening themselves with sweet familiarity even to the houses."\* In most districts, the presence of ferns in great abundance will generally be found to indicate the character of the scenery.

Two beautiful scenes, typical of the moor and moor-land scenery of Devon, are vividly present to the mind's eye of the writer. The first is a scene on the river Plym, at Shaugh Bridge, in the lovely vale of Berkleigh, a few miles only from Plymouth, and easily reached by rail from the last-named place. Two little

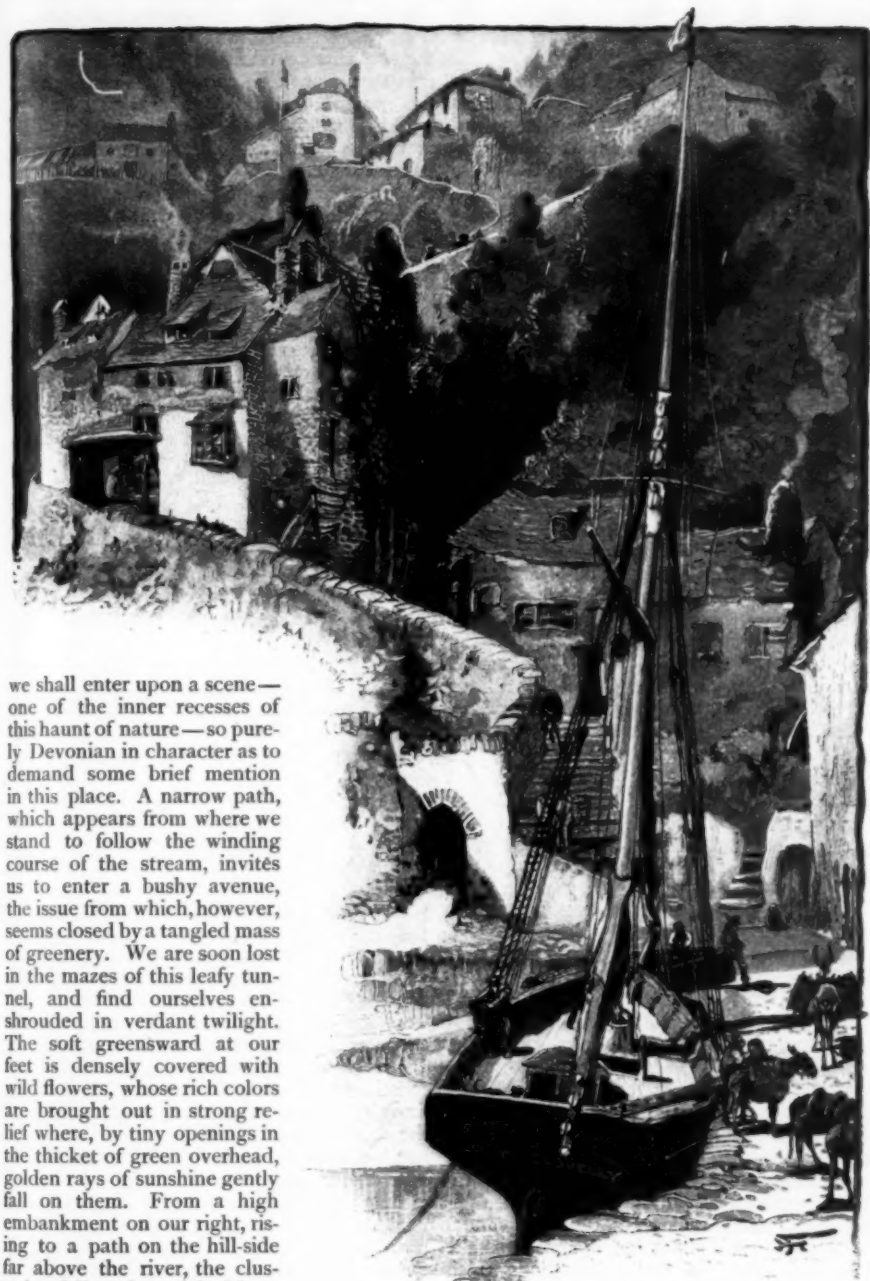
\* "The Fern Paradise."

streams, the Mew and the Cad, rising in Dartmoor, flow together near the little village of Shaugh, in Berkleigh vale, and their united waters form the Plym. Just below the point of junction a bridge crosses the stream, whose current rolls musically over big bowlders. Above this bridge the scenery is singularly beautiful.

The second scene is a changing one, representing a transformation from the surroundings of a quaint old Devonshire town, by degrees, in which nature gradually asserts her own—town and railway giving way to steep hill and moorland glen. The route is from Totnes, a little town so mingled with the country that it is difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. We pass along the main line of the South Devon Railway to Newton Abbot, and the engine pants as it runs up and down inclines which represent a compromise between a level iron road and impossible rocks. Engineering skill won here a great victory, and the tourist may pass through the very heart of glen and mountain with no more effort than that involved in the good use of his eyes. From Newton a branch line extends to Moreton Hampstead, and, arrived there, the moor, which erewhile has been struggling for her own,—her hills resisting with more and more of success the attempt to cultivate them,—at length triumphs in the undisputed possession of hill, valley, stream, and rock. Leaving Moreton Hampstead, we plunge into Dartmoor, making for one of its most beautiful fastnesses, the vale of Tingle Bridge.

After having reached the bridge, and descending to the river level, we may find our way into mid-stream by bowlder stepping-stones; and, by resting for a moment on a great fragment of rock, we take in with a single sweeping glance one of the most enchanting pieces of river-side landscape. We are now in the bed of a vast amphitheater; great hills sublimely clothed with spreading trees rise around us on all sides, and shut us in, and a delightful sense of being alone with nature in one of her grandest aspects steals over us with a refreshing calm. The only sounds are those of birds singing sweetly in the shrubbery which infolds the river banks on our right, and of the river itself as it musically rolls on by the rock on which we are seated, now falling with a soft roar between islets of contorted rock piled up on each side of a depression in its bed, now gurgling over pebbly shallows, now gently splashing over the tops of mossy bowlders.

If, returning from the brawling river-bed, we turn into a path skirting it on the side from which we approached our bowlder islet,



CLOVELLY, FROM THE PIER.

we shall enter upon a scene—one of the inner recesses of this haunt of nature—so purely Devonian in character as to demand some brief mention in this place. A narrow path, which appears from where we stand to follow the winding course of the stream, invites us to enter a bushy avenue, the issue from which, however, seems closed by a tangled mass of greenery. We are soon lost in the mazes of this leafy tunnel, and find ourselves enshrouded in verdant twilight. The soft greensward at our feet is densely covered with wild flowers, whose rich colors are brought out in strong relief where, by tiny openings in the thicket of green overhead, golden rays of sunshine gently fall on them. From a high embankment on our right, rising to a path on the hill-side far above the river, the clustering foliage is enriched by a wealth of fern-fronds drooping gracefully downward. By gently pressing aside the shrubs which from time to time fling their twigs across our way, we may follow this charming river-side path for a long dis-

tance, treading on its rich carpeting of wild flowers, and listening to the sweet sounds of bird and insect life.

It is the sparkle of running water which adds so much of life and beauty to Devonshire scenery. There is nowhere stillness and stagnancy, and it is to the abundance of rippling streams in its woods and lanes that the marvellous freshness and richness of their vegetation are mainly due. One may sometimes wander for miles through a network of green lanes bordered by high hedge-bank, whose topmost branches, meeting across the narrow way, form natural avenues of green. Sometimes these lanes are formed by steep cuttings in the hill-side, and in such cases there is sure to trickle, from the higher ground beyond the hedge-top, some pure stream of water. Or it may be that the water gently percolates through the thickness of the hedge-bank, or flows in a tiny rill along the course of the lane. The arching branches, spreading to meet each other from each hedge-top, shut in the moist emanations from the running water, and vegetation revels in the friendly shelter thus extemporized.

Sweet Clovelly, on the northern sea-border of Devon, is hung against the side of wooded sea-cliffs, and is approached by a road, the "Hobby Drive," which presents along its entire distance changing scenes that have probably few equals in the whole world. You enter, from the high road from Bideford to

Clovelly, a carriage-drive which, if you follow it for a few yards, will lead you away into the cool shadow of overarching trees. From this point you pass through a succession of the most enchanting combs, now lost in a world of leafiness as clustering trees close in upon you on all sides, now momentarily bathed in gleams of sunlight which fall on to you from interstices in the leafy canopy above. Down and down your path winds, now crossing the brawling bed of a stream whose banks are densely covered by graceful forms of fern, now coming, on the verge of an opening in the trees, upon a spot whence a charming view can be had, away at thecombe mouth, over a great expanse of waving trees, of the blue sea lying calmly beyond. Presently you approach the brow of a richly wooded bluff, to which your path leads from the depth of a bosky recess; and from this charming standpoint you look out from under the sheltering trees upon an enchanting prospect of sea and cliff. The very cliff-top is covered by graceful ferny forms; trees and shrubs rich in leafy beauty surround you. Across the sky white clouds are gently sailing, chased by the soft sea-breeze. And sunshine in a golden flood bursts in upon your path.

"The birds chant melody in every bush;  
The smoke lies rolled in the cheerful sun;  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a checkered shadow on the ground."

*Francis George Heath.*

## THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

### A DISCOVERY IN CONNECTION WITH THE ATHENE.

IN an able article on "The Phidian Age of Sculpture," which appeared in a former number of this magazine (February, 1882, page 554), Mrs. Mitchell referred to some discoveries concerning the Parthenon which the present writer had the good fortune to make. It is one of these discoveries, the terra-cotta sketch of the upper part of the Athene from the Parthenon frieze, which it is proposed here to notice. It is, no doubt, a great gain to be able to restore to a state of comparatively original perfection a work of Pheidias, disfigured by the ravages of time and vandal hands; but, after all, to the archaeologist the chief satisfaction lies in the conditions which led to the discovery. For the discovery was not a matter of accident, neither did it depend upon peculiarly personal qualification or aptitude, but was the result of the simple appli-

cation of a method of archaeological observation now becoming systematized and developed—the result of sober, scientific work. This method of archaeological investigation, the comparative study of style, consists in carefully studying and noting all the characteristics of well-identified remains of ancient art with regard to the subjects represented, the conception of these subjects, the style and manipulation of the rendering, both higher artistic and materially technical, and in comparing with the standard thus gained the numerous extant works, the date, school, and artist of which are not known. Thus, by means of scientific observation in all respects similar to that which has been practiced with so much success in the natural sciences, the step from the known to the unknown is bridged over, the circle of firmly constituted



facts grows wider as the sphere of the unrecognized and imperfectly known grows more restricted.

Throughout all the works of Pheidias art which have come down to us we notice that, however lofty their spiritual qualities, however great and ideal their artistic conceptions, they manifest to the student one simple and almost humble, yet none the less important, element which is essential to their great effect, namely, a due and sober regard paid by the sculptor to the physical, almost mechanical, conditions which surround each individual work. With all his loftiness and ideality, this great artist never lost his firm footing on the actual ground of his work, never expected that all the surroundings should be fashioned in keeping with his own great ideas, never neglected such seemingly paltry considerations as the limits of the space that was to be filled by his composition, the material to be used, the conditions of light in the position of the work, and the point from which the spectator would view it. As we learn from a careful study of this frieze, Pheidias seems to have asked himself, first, How can I make my figures visible, and distinctly visible? secondly, How can I relate the story I wish to transfer to marble so that it may be clearly understood, and may maintain its unity, though carried along the four walls of this temple? And when he had solved these questions by dint of sober thought and hard work, he set free from its fetters his lofty imagination, and it conceived a great composition which his hands had the power to execute and make real.

The first technical points which we notice in the frieze are the exceeding lowness of relief, the peculiar working of the edges of the outlines, and the increasing height of relief toward the top. All these idiosyncrasies of relief work must be referred to the peculiar way in which the frieze received its light, and to the conditions under which the spectator could gain sight of it. It must be borne in mind that the frieze, representing the Panathenaic procession, five hundred and twenty-two feet in length, ran along the outer wall of the *cella* at a height of thirty-nine feet, and that this wall was joined to the entablature surmounting the colonnade which ran round the temple and supported the roof.\* The frieze could thus receive no light from above.

Furthermore, the entablature surmounting the columns descended one and a half metres ( $4\frac{3}{4}$  ft.) lower than the level of the frieze, so that the light could not come directly from the side. It therefore received only a diffused light from the side and below between the columns, and especially the light reflected upward from the white pavement of the colonnade. The spectator, moreover, could not gain sight of the frieze if he stood outside the temple beyond the columns; he had, therefore, to stand between them or in front of them toward the wall. The distance between the wall and the inner circumference of the columns (it is about four and a half metres, including the columns) was 2.96 to 3.57 metres (9.7 to 11.7 ft.), so that the spectator stood very close to the wall and nearly under the relief itself.

The first result of these conditions is that Pheidias had to keep his relief very low. For, in the first place, if he had worked his figures in bold and high relief, the spectator necessarily standing so closely under it, the lower edges of the relief, the feet of men and horses, the tire of the wheels, would not only have been the most noticeable features, and have presented ugly lines, but would have hidden from view a great part of the composition above.

A positive evidence in the work itself that Pheidias duly considered the special position of the spectator, to whom the lower sides of the projections were most visible, is to be found in the fact that while, as we shall see, the other edges of the relief are straight cut and not modeled, the lower surfaces of the edges that can be seen from below, such as the bellies of the horses, are more carefully modeled and more highly finished than any other surfaces in the whole frieze. In the second place, the light received being in every case indirect, either diffused upward from between the columns, or reflected directly from the white floor, a strong relief, especially in the lower parts, would have thrown shadows upward, and would thus have made the upper parts less visible, or entirely hidden them from view. We have thus presented to us the masterpiece of technical skill: layers of figures one upon another, sometimes two or three horses and riders, in a relief standing out four and a half centimetres ( $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.), and in the highest parts, namely, the heads of horses and men, five and a half centimetres ( $2\frac{1}{4}$  in.). Our wonder at the technical skill must grow still greater when we consider that the several layers of figures put into his exceedingly low relief were worked with such definiteness that the outline of each figure, forming a

\* To gain a clear view of the general subject we are dealing with, the reader could not do better than to consult Mrs. Mitchell's article, referred to above, and more especially to examine the sketch (page 553) to realize the position of the frieze in the building. [See also chapters XIV. and XVII. of Mrs. Mitchell's "History of Ancient Sculpture" (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.).—Ed.]



PLAQUE IN THE LOUVRE. (SEE PAGE 178.)

part of a great mass, such as the procession of horsemen, became distinctly visible to the spectator at a distance of over thirty-nine feet, in spite of the imperfect light and the unfavorable point of view. This was effected by another peculiar and characteristic method of working the relief in this frieze.

The second result of the peculiar physical conditions of the Parthenon frieze is the manner of dealing with the outlines of the figures and the edges of the outlines. As the relief was kept very low, and the light was so imperfect, the outline, in order to be visible, had to be clearly cut and set off from the ground in an abrupt manner. In a low relief, which is placed on the eye-line before us, we avoid a harsh, perpendicular edge, which interrupts the flow of rounded lines, and we allow the relief as far as possible to run gradually over into the ground. In the Parthenon frieze, on the contrary, the edges of the outlines, with the exception of those that are seen from below, are cut straight and sharp to the ground, often at a

height of three and even of four and a half centimetres, perpendicular to the ground, and sometimes even slightly undercut, the edge slanting inward. In some instances, especially where there are several layers of figures projecting over one another, they are made more visible in that the layers are not parallel to one another, but the one layer has a more slanting plane. Another device is that of cutting a groove near the edge, and thus heightening the relief away from it. This is especially noticeable at the feet of the horsemen. Finally, a more projecting relief is obtained in the upper and most distant parts of the relief, especially in the heads of men and horses, by somewhat sinking the ground as it nears the outline of the head.

Lastly, we notice that the variations in the height of the relief are only to be found in the upper part of the frieze, which reaches the extreme height of five and a half centimetres, while the lower parts uniformly remain within the limit of four and a half centimetres. This treatment is due, in the

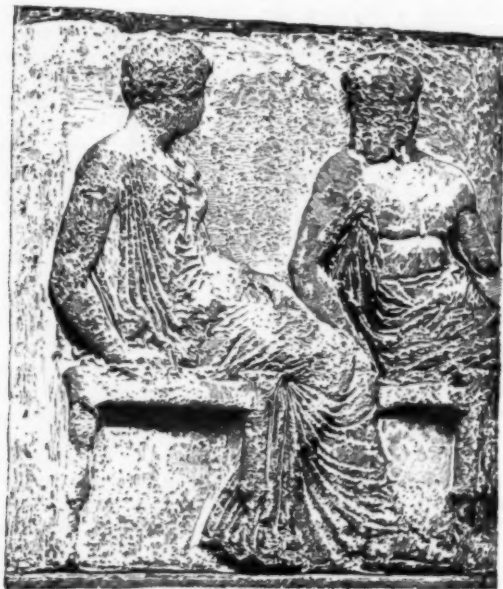
first place, to the fact that while, from the peculiar lighting, high relief in the lower parts might have thrown disturbing shadows over the upper part of the relief, there was no fear of such a disturbance in the upper part, and the artist was free to make this more strongly projecting. Secondly, it is due to considerations which we know Pheidias to have studied. It is because of the foreshortening which is the result of the spectator's point of viewing the composition. These considerations on the part of the artist are manifested in the way in which the lower portions of the bodies, for instance of the seated gods, are proportionately shorter than the upper parts, because, to the spectator viewing them in their original position, the lower parts would appear larger. The lower parts also appear more projecting and the upper parts receding when viewed immediately from below. To avoid this effect and thus to keep the figures in drawing, the upper parts of the frieze had to be projected more strongly than the lower parts. Only then would they appear to the spectator from below as being of the same height in relief. From the point in which it was seen in its original position, the variation in the height of the relief produced the same appearance that a relief of equal height throughout, which is placed on the eye-line, presents to the spectator.

Furthermore, the walls of the temple which Pheidias was called upon to decorate with a continuous scene possessing unity of artistic organization, presented to the sculptor four distinct sides, only one of which could be seen at a time. The task was thus set of giving connectedness to the scenes, while each was to be endowed with a certain completeness of meaning and harmony of composition. They were to be like the stanzas of a poem or the movements of a symphony. Pheidias used the limitations of outer physical conditions to realize in his work one of the central tasks of organized life, and more especially the organized life of art, which may be expressed by various terms, all containing the same fundamental idea: to find and constitute the proper relation and just balance between unity and variety, law and freedom, typical life and individual life, symmetry of form and flow of nature, the ideal and the real. This unity of artistic organization chiefly depends upon giving to the work some physically perceptible central point of interest and importance, toward which all the parts of the work tend, with regard to spiritual interest, or to volume, color, or line. This central point of unity was clearly suggested to the sculptor by the fact that the

four walls were not strictly equal in importance, in length, or in position; but that the oblong temple contained two shorter and two longer walls, and above all, a front (the east end) and a back (the west end). Instead of a mechanical, unvarying movement round the four walls, if they were equally important, without any growth of interest, the east front became the chief side toward which all the others were to lead, upon which the climax of the action was to be represented. The action will begin at the back, the west end, will proceed along either long side of the oblong temple, and like the band of a victor the two ends meet, and the dramatic knot is tied at the brow of the temple, the east front. The scene represented is the procession at the Panathenaic festival. Each of the four sides of the temple contains one definite stage of the whole action, while the bulk of the scene is naturally assigned to the long walls, on the north and south.

The west wall or back is the least important side, and at the same time it is the side facing the Propylæa, the entrance to the Acropolis, which the visitor first saw upon nearing the Parthenon. Thus it is on this side that the beginning of the whole action is placed, the preparation for the procession. Horsemen are mounting; there one is trying to hold back a rearing horse, another is drawing on his boots, another is forcing the bit into the mouth of his restive horse; others are already mounted, and are beginning to fall into line.

The north and south walls, as has been said, contain the procession proper. But, to keep up the continuity of composition between the several sides, the figures at the corners anticipate and take up the character of representation belonging to the side on to which they join, forming an organic transition from one movement to another, as in a musical composition the key or rhythm of the following movement is led up to in the previous one, and the *motive* of a former movement is repeated in a modified form at the beginning of the succeeding one. So, here, at the end of the western frieze, there are figures which, by their action, lead round the corner to the northern and southern frieze; and at the beginning of the northern frieze there is one group of preparation, a boy-servant tying the girdle of his master at the back, over which the drapery will be pulled in projecting folds. Then follow the matchless groups of horsemen in full processions, charioteers with warriors in armor, dignified elders carrying branches, musicians, kitharists and flute-players, maidens carrying offerings, and then the sacred hekatombs,



ATHENE. (ORIGINAL CONDITION.)

cows and sheep offered by Athens and its dependent colonies. The varying life and movement of these groups, all toned down and made worthy of a translation into so lasting a material as is marble, by harmony of composition, is made still more varied and living by the heralds and officers interspersed between the advancing grouping and keeps them in order.

All this movement leads on to the final scene at the east frieze, where the preparations for the scene that is to follow the offering of the hekatombs to the goddess Athene, are clearly suggested in the central group of the priest and priestess preparing to perform the sacrifice. But the true climax of the scene as represented is in the arrival of the procession before the assembled gods, who, according to the truly Greek idea, are present at the feast which the people give in their honor, the partakers of the people's joy, and are grouped on either side of the center. Such is the largeness of conception and treatment given to these gods that, though they be but in relief and half life size, they each furnish a model for a great monumental statue; nay, they need but to be transferred from relief to the round and increased in dimensions to make, each of them, a great statue, equaled only by the pedimental figures from the same temple. They have the dignity in conception and attitude, the breadth of treatment in modeling, and, withal, the grace and

serenity which characterize the works of Greek art, especially of the art of Pheidias.

Among these gods and goddesses, the figure which has been most admired by archaeologists, artists, and amateurs is that of Athene, who, corresponding to Zeus on the one side, is seated on the other side of the central group, and is here figured from the frieze in the British Museum. And it has been thus admired despite the loss of the head—a loss which has been regretted by all writers on the subject.

Among a number of terra-cotta fragments in the Louvre Museum at Paris, the writer came upon the fragment of an antique terra-cotta plaque which at once arrested his attention. The fragment here figured (see page 176) from the original is seven and a half inches in height, five and a half inches in width, and one and a half inches in thickness. The color of the terra-cotta is of a faded reddish brown with a few spots of white, the remnants of a ground-color which was put on ancient terra-cottas to hold the upper colors, as we use white of egg to fix the gilding. The relief technique of Pheidias and the general character of the whole made it most evident that here was a specimen of Pheidiac relief work, and the writer felt convinced in a moment that it was one of the figures from the eastern frieze. A pencil-sketch made at the time, when compared with an illustration of the frieze, afforded a complete confirmation of this con-

jecture, in showing it to be the seated figure of Athene. The question was, What was the degree of relationship between this terra-cotta and the actual frieze? When the directors of the Louvre Museum, among whom M. Léon Heuzey was especially kind, generously sent a plaster cast of the fragment to England, so that it could be carefully collated with the frieze of the British Museum, the identity of the two works became palpable, and the general character of the plaque as compared with the frieze was that of an "early state" as compared with the finished work.

The peculiar working of the edges of the relief in the Parthenon frieze to which attention has been drawn is maintained throughout in the terra-cotta; nay, it even acts disturbingly when we view it closely. The edge of the arm is worked straight down to the background, perpendicular to it, and sometimes even slanting inward. The outline of the face, especially the line of brow and nose, has the same straight-cut edge. The head is highest in relief, and therefore the hair has suffered most from friction, being most prominent. So close is the resemblance of workmanship to that of the Parthenon frieze, that, as there, so here, the stronger relief of the head is attained by adding to the actually greater height by sinking the ground around this upper part. The chiton is fastened in the same way above the shoulder, the brooch being more distinct in the plaque than in the frieze, where it is rubbed away. From this point the chief folds of the drapery radiate, two running above the right breast under the upper seam of the garment, which projects in a similar manner above the left breast in both instances. From the shoulder, running between the right breast and the opening at the side, there are five fold-grooves, the upper ones running toward the center of the figure, where they break up into numerous transverse folds, while the lower ones are subdivided by smaller grooves, less defined in the plaque and more clearly cut in the frieze. The triangular opening is identical, as also the manner in which it runs out into a curved fold at the bottom. Below it there is the same cavernous fold, and between it and the arm the drapery is subdivided in both instances by a small groove and a larger one toward the arm,—in the plaque the smaller one being visible up toward the arm, while in the frieze it is visible further down. There are no indications of a spear in the terra-cotta, because this could not well be rendered in that material. By the side of the cavernous fold, just above the breakage, there are three parallel curves in the folds which are quite similar in the drapery of the frieze. Unluckily, the terra-

cotta is fractured at the lap of the figure, and the whole lower portion is wanting.

On the other hand, the greatest satisfaction is gained from the plaque in that the head has been perfectly preserved, and that we can now complete in our mind the picture of the Athene of the frieze, whose mutilated head so painfully destroys the effect of the whole figure. And when the scale of the terra-cotta relief is taken into account, the delicacy and nobility of the modeling of the face and neck are surprising. The firmness of the features is still far removed from hardness, the cheek is soft and yet firm, and the texture of the hair is well set off against that of the face. The whole has a combination of maidenly purity and graceful nobility. There is no accentuation of the distinctively feminine charms; nay, from one aspect, the head is almost boyish in character. And this quality of the head, combined with the feminine forms of the body, produces that mixture of attributes which characterized the virgin daughter of Zeus in the less stern conception of the patron goddess of Athens. It has now become possible to restore the headless Athene to a state closely attaining the original perfection. Accordingly, the head of the plaque, enlarged to the size of the indications of the head on the frieze, has been modeled on a cast of the frieze at M. Brucciani's, a new mold taken, and from the cast of this restored mold the accompanying illustration has been copied.

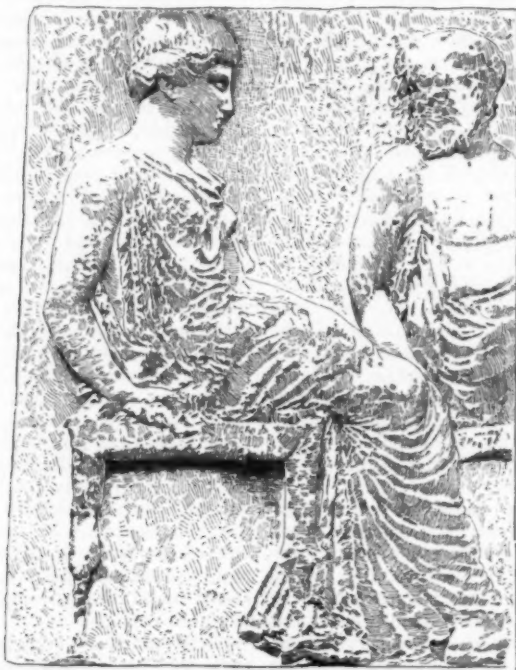
So fortunate and complete is this discovery that, with the fatalistic skepticism which is inherent in us, the thorough coincidence in all points almost calls forth within us a doubt "whether it is not too good to believe." The question that will have to be answered at the outset will then be, What exactly is the plaque, and what uses did it serve? It is either a Roman copy or a contemporary Greek sketch.

The first possibility, that it is a copy made in Roman times, is one which has much in its favor. Whoever is conversant with Roman history and Roman literature, knows how intense was the admiration of this people for Greek culture in all its forms, and how they strove to imitate and assimilate with their own all its manifestations. We furthermore know that it was a common undertaking for a high-bred Roman, and an event which was almost essential to his complete education, to travel in Greece. Here it was that the Roman patrician's artistic nature was trained by the study of the great art treasures, as, fifty and a hundred years ago, the wealthy inhabitants of northern Europe completed their education by a visit to Italy. It was only excep-



tionally, under the influence of war and conquest, and with the ensuing public desire to decorate their capital, that conquerors like Sylla ventured to carry off original works of art. There existed a strong quasi-religious

thought worthy of any mention by ancient authors, should be copied and should be desired by artist or by amateur. Yet this may be easily explained. A Roman patrician of cultivated taste is struck by the beauty of the



ATHENE. (RESTORED.)

piety which forbade them under ordinary circumstances to desecrate the soil of the country which the Romans considered their original home, by despoiling it of its most sacred treasures of art. And yet the appreciative Roman felt, as we do, a desire to carry home with him reminiscences of the treasures he had seen, and to adorn therewith his house and gardens. And so there existed in the Roman period, after Greece had lost its inventive artistic genius together with its political independence, a numerous colony of half-mercantile sculptors, who copied, modified, and combined works of Greek art to supply the demand of the Roman market. Most of the statues in Italian museums are such copies or modifications. To this class of work the Paris plaque would belong if it is a copy. But, on the other hand, we must remember that there were so many supreme works of pure sculpture from the hands of the great artists, that we cannot well understand why a part of this decorative work, which, in comparison with the great works, is not

Parthenon frieze. Now, it must be borne in mind that the Roman's true taste inclined more to great architectural works of splendor than toward pure sculpture, and that Roman sculpture is essentially decorative in character. He feels a desire to decorate with the same reliefs the small temple in his country home, or still more probably his house or his villa, or a room or a court in them. Accordingly, he orders a reduced copy to be made in terra-cotta, and of this copy the plaque, probably found in Rome or its neighborhood, might be a fragment.

Much as this possibility has in its favor, serious objections may still be raised. In the first place, the later schools of artists in Rome and even in Greece had distinct styles of their own, markedly differing from the simple grandeur of the Pheidias age. Now it is contrary to experience that these later characteristics of style should be lost even in copies of earlier works intended to be correct. The later Roman copies that fill our museums, such as those of the Doryphoros of Polykleitos

and the Myronian Discobolos (of which an earlier copy exists for comparison with the later ones in the replica of the Palazzo Massimi at Rome), are most instructive in this respect. We should expect traces of such later work in the plaque, if it were a late copy. But of this there are no traces. The plaque has all the simplicity bordering on severity of the figure in the frieze; nay, it is almost severer and larger in character, while at the same time it is far removed from that stereotyped and exaggerated severity which is given to the copies of early work when the late copyist makes a point of maintaining the characteristics of archaic art.

Furthermore, it is physically impossible that a copy so accurate in all its details, including not only the folds, but even the peculiarities of Pheidias relief-technique, should be made by a copyist standing below while the frieze was in its original position, with the imperfect conditions of lighting to which attention has been drawn. For this purpose, the copyist would have had to be face to face with the original. Now, it is hardly conceivable that, even if it were permitted by the magistrates in charge of the temple, the copyist would have gone to the trouble and expense of erecting a scaffolding round the wall of the *cella* to the height of thirty-nine feet—the only means of enabling him to reproduce it with such accuracy.

There remain two other possibilities. If it was a work contemporaneous with the frieze itself, the reasons just mentioned would speak against its production when once the marble relief was in position; the terra-cotta must, therefore, have been made before the relief was fixed to the temple. Now, it is hardly probable that copies of the decorative sculptures of the Parthenon should have been made at the time. I must again remind the reader of the fact that, though to us the sculptures of the Parthenon are of the highest interest and importance as independent works of art among those that we collect in our museums, they were not so to the Greeks of the time of Pheidias. They were to them merely decorations of the great architectural structure; and the works which were chiefly estimated by them as works of art, complete in themselves, were the statues by the great artists, which the ancient authors describe, while they pass over the frieze without a remark.

We naturally feel some hesitation in suggesting the third possibility. But, in spite of this hesitation, we must not hide from ourselves the fact that it is not impossible that the plaque is the original sketch, and we are bound to bring forward as fairly as possible all circumstances which speak in favor of such

a possibility. Let us make sure that our desire to possess an original from the hand of Pheidias does not prejudice our observation; but let us equally make sure that our hesitation to state something uncommon, and our fear of laying ourselves open to the easy denial and ready incredulity of those who stamp even the admission of such a possibility as venturesome, does not equally hamper us in a just consideration of the work before us.

When we consider the extraordinary correspondence in the details and, above all, in the working of the relief, especially as regards the edges of the figure, the greater height of the upper parts, and the sinking of the background about the head, all of them, as we have seen, modifications suggested by the peculiar conditions of the frieze of the Parthenon, we at once feel that they speak strongly in favor of this view. Furthermore, the terra-cotta, though it marks all the chief lines of the drapery, still (as compared with the marble relief) does this with a certain definiteness and a want of life which characterize the "first state" of a work as distinguished from the finished production.

When we consider the actual mode in which the great works of art were produced during the few peaceful years of the supremacy of Pericles, a new light is thrown upon the possible destination of the terra-cotta relief of which the plaque is a fragment. Within these few years a number of great compositions, among which was the colossal Athene Parthenos decorated by many figures in relief and in the round, all of them over life size, were designed and executed by Pheidias. To these works, important temple-statues, Pheidias, in addition to the design, gave also the technical execution, or at least the finishing touches. According to our modern idea of the working power of an artist, a single work like the Athene Parthenos would call upon the time and energy of a sculptor for a period of several years. Now, besides this, there were all the decorations of the Parthenon with its ninety-two metopes, its hundreds of figures in relief in the frieze, its large pedimental compositions. It is inconceivable that Pheidias should have executed with his own hands all these works, though he may have given the finishing touch to some of the most important parts. Though the designs were made by him, the execution must have been put into the hands of marble-workers ranking from high-classed artists down to mere artisans. The occasional discrepancies in the actual execution of the marble-work in various parts of the frieze, the pediments, and the metopes, is in part to be re-

ferred to this fact. This assumption is fully verified by the ancient authorities. We hear from Plutarch that a great number of artists and artisans skilled in marble-work, metal-beating, wood and ivory carving, etc., flocked to Athens from all parts of Greece and the colonies, and were added to the large number of native workmen. These workmen were free from taxation, and all inducements were offered to the skilled among them. The same writer further tells us, "that these buildings were of immense size and unequaled in form and grace, the workmen striving emulously that the workmanship should excel in artistic finish; nothing was more to be wondered at than the rapidity with which they were brought forth."

It has even been assumed by archæologists that works like the frieze were sketched in small in their totality by Pheidias himself. Quatremère de Quincy gives the following account of what he supposed the process of their execution to have been:—"I quite believe that a small sketch of the whole composition, either in terra-cotta or in wax, was first made in order to fix the *ensemble*, the details, and the relation of the parts of this composition to each other. But I presume that from the sketch an exact tracing, the actual size of the frieze, was taken of the outlines of each figure and of the forms of each object; these outlines were faithfully chalked on the unhewn slab of marble in accordance with their succession and position in the sketch. It is after these designs that the sculptor then proceeded to work his marble."

Now, it is not likely that if the sculptor had at his disposal means of readily reproducing his designs, he would rely upon one copy only of so extensive a work, consisting of so many parts, each of which was essential to the whole, especially when we bear in mind the carelessness of workmen and the chances of destruction to which whatever is fragile is exposed in any marble-works. Modern sculptors avoid these difficulties by making molds from their clay models, from which any number of plaster casts can be produced. There is no evidence that the early Greek sculptors made plaster casts; there is evidence that they made lasting models of their statues. Molds are still extant in which terra-cotta figures were made. It is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that the small, thin, and fragile sketches of a work like the Parthenon frieze, which were given into the hands of the marble-workers, were fixed by means of clay

molds from which terra-cotta plaques, corresponding to the fragment we are considering, were reproduced.

The last question to be answered is, Is it likely that such sketches would be preserved? To answer this in the affirmative, it would have to be shown, first, that the ancients valued original models from the hand of great artists, as we prize the sketches of a Raphael or a Michelangelo; and secondly, that Pheidias stood in such esteem in later antiquity, that his works and sketches had an interest corresponding to that which the sketches of the great Italian masters have for us.

The first of these two points is proved by a passage from Pliny in which we are told that the models (*proplasmata*) of the sculptor Arkesilaos brought higher prices than actual statues of other sculptors; and also by another which shows that in the time of Pliny an antiquarian interest existed which drove people to pay high prices for old Greek plate for the sake of its antiquity, even if the design was almost effaced. With regard to the second point, the tone in which the later authors speak of Pheidias shows that he was held in reverence almost approaching religious worship, and that everything pertaining to him was preserved with piety. This is confirmed by the fact that his studio at Olympia was built in the sacred Altis, and was shown to the traveler in after days, and has been discovered by the German excavators at Olympia. Is it then unlikely that the original sketches of Pheidias works were carefully preserved by the ancients, and were bought at a high price by one of those rich Roman amateurs who gave so much money for the original models of an Arkesilaos?

I do not attempt to answer ultimately which of these possible destinations the plaque had. I must leave it to the unbiased reader to draw the conclusion. What I have proposed to myself is to give the facts.

The writer cannot refrain from giving in a few words the sequel to the story. A few months after this discovery, he found that another terra-cotta fragment in the Museum at Copenhagen, the relation of which to the Parthenon was noticed by Professor Petersen of Prague, turned out to be of the same dimensions, the same material and workmanship as the Louvre plaque, and moreover the boy with the *peplos* or cloak, the figure immediately next to the Athene.

Charles Waldstein.

## THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS.

SKETCHES FROM A CALIFORNIAN MOUNTAIN.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "New Arabian Nights," "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes," "An Inland Voyage," etc.

### THE HUNTER'S FAMILY.

THERE is quite a large race or class of people in America for whom we scarcely seem to have a parallel in England. Of pure white blood, they are unknown or unrecognizable in towns; inhabit the fringe of settlements and the deep, quiet places of the country; rebellious to all labor and pettily theftuous, like the English gypsies; rustically ignorant, but with a touch of wood-lore and the dexterity of the savage. Where they came from is a moot-point. At the time of the war they poured north in crowds to escape the conscription; lived during summer on fruits, wild animals, and petty theft; and at the approach of winter, when these supplies failed, built great fires in the forest and there died stoically by starvation. They are widely scattered, however, and easily recognized. Loutish but not ill-looking, they will sit all day, swinging their legs, on a field fence, the mind seemingly as devoid of all reflection as a Suffolk peasant's, careless of politics, for the most part incapable of reading, but with a rebellious vanity and a strong sense of independence. Hunting is their most congenial business or, if the occasion offers, a little amateur detection. In tracking a criminal, following a particular horse along a beaten highway, and drawing inductions from a hair or a foot-print, one of these somnolent, grinning hodgees will suddenly display activity of body and finesse of mind. By their names ye may know them: the women figuring as Loveina, Larsenia, Serena, Leanna, Orreana; the men answering to Alvin, Alva, or Orion, pronounced Orrion, with the accent on the first. Whether they are indeed a race, or whether this is the form of degeneracy common to all back-woodsmen, they are at least known by a generic by-word as Poor Whites, or Low-downers.

I will not say that the Hanson family was Poor White; but I may go as far as this: they were, in many points, not unsimilar to the people usually so called. Rufe himself combined two of these qualifications; for he was both a hunter and an amateur detective. It was he who pursued Russel and Dollar,

the robbers of the Lake Port stage, and captured them, the very morning after the exploit, while they were still sleeping in a hay-field. Russel, a drunken Scotch carpenter, was even an acquaintance of his own, and he expressed much grave commiseration for his fate. In all that he said and did, Rufe was grave. I never saw him hurried. When he spoke, he took out his pipe with ceremonial deliberation, looked east and west, and then, in quiet tones and few words, stated his business or told his story. His gait was to match; it would never have surprised you if, at any step, he had turned around and walked away again; so warily and slowly, and with so much seeming hesitation, did he go about it. He lay long in bed in the morning, rarely, indeed, rose much before noon. He loved all games from poker to clerical croquet; and on the Toll House croquet-ground I have seen him laboring at the latter with the devotion of a curate. He took an interest in education, was an active member of the local school-board, and when I was there he had recently lost the school-house key. His wagon was broken, but it never seemed to occur to him to mend it. Like all other truly idle people, he had an artistic eye; he chose the print stuff for his wife's dresses, and counseled her in the making of a patchwork quilt—always, as she thought, wrongly—but, to the more educated eye, always with bizarre and admirable taste—the taste of an Indian. With all this he was a perfect, unoffending gentleman in word and act. Take his clay pipe from him, and he was fit for any society but that of fools. Quiet as he was, there burned a deep, permanent excitement in his dark blue eyes; and when this grave man smiled, it was like sunshine in a shady place.

Mrs. Hanson (*née*—if you please—Love-lands) was more commonplace than her lord. She was a comely woman, too, plump, fair-colored, with wonderful white teeth; and, in her print dresses (chosen by Rufe) and with a large sun-bonnet shading her valued complexion, made, I assure you, a very agreeable figure. But she was on the surface, what there was of her; outspoken and loud-spoken. Her noisy laughter had none of the charm of one

of Hanson's rare, slow-spreading smiles; there was no reticence, no mystery, no manner about the woman; she was a first-class dairy-maid, but her husband was an unknown quantity between the savage and the nobleman. She was often in and out with us; merry and healthy and fair; he came far seldomer; only, indeed, when there was business, or now and again to pay us a visit of ceremony, brushed up for the occasion, with his wife on his arm, and a clean clay pipe in his teeth. These visits, in our forest state, had quite the air of an event, and turned our red cañon into a salon.

Such was the pair who ruled in the old "Silverado Hotel," among the windy trees, on the mountain shoulder overlooking the whole length of Napa Valley, as the man aloft looks down on the ship's deck. There they kept house, with sundry horses and fowls, and a family of sons, Daniel Webster, and I think George Washington, among the number. Nor did they want visitors. An old gentleman of singular stolidity and called Breedlove—I think he had crossed the plains in the same caravan with Rufe—housed with them for awhile during our stay; and they had besides a permanent lodger in the form of Mrs. Hanson's brother, Irvine Lovelands. I spell Irvine by guess; for I could get no information on the subject; just as I could never find out, in spite of many inquiries, whether or not Rufe was a contraction for Rufus. They were all cheerfully at sea about their own names in that generation; but times change; and their descendants, the George Washingtons and Daniel Websters, will be clear upon the point. Any way, and however his name should be spelt, this Irvine Lovelands was the most unmitigated Caliban I ever knew.

Our very first morning at Silverado, when we were full of business, patching up doors and windows, making beds and seats, and getting our rough lodging into shape, Irvine and his sister made their appearance together—she for neighborliness and general curiosity—he, because he was working for me, if you please—cutting fire-wood at I forget how much a day. The way that he set about cutting wood was characteristic. We were at that moment patching up and unpacking in the kitchen. Down he sat on one side, and down sat his sister on the other. Both were chewing pine-tree gum, and he, to my annoyance, accompanied that simple pleasure with profuse expectoration. She rattled away, talking up hill and down dale, laughing, tossing her head, showing her brilliant teeth. He looked on in silence, now spitting heavily on the floor, now putting his head back and uttering a loud, discordant, joyless laugh. He had a

tangle of shock hair, the color of wool; his mouth was a grin; although as strong as a horse, he looked neither heavy nor yet adroit, only leggy, coltish, and in the road; but it was plain he was in high spirits, thoroughly enjoying his visit, and he laughed frankly whenever we failed to accomplish what we were about. This was scarcely helpful; it was, even to amateur carpenters, embarrassing; but it lasted until we knocked off work and began to get dinner. Then Mrs. Hanson remembered she should have been gone an hour ago, and the pair retired, and the lady's laughter died away among the nutmegs down the path. That was Irvine's first day's work in my employment—the devil take him!

The next morning he returned, and, as he was this time alone, he bestowed his conversation upon us with great liberality. He prided himself on his intelligence; asked us, if we knew the school-ma'am. *He* didn't think much of her any way. He had tried her, he had. He had put a question to her: if a tree a hundred feet high were to fall a foot a day, how long would it take to fall right down? She had not been able to solve the problem. "She don't know nothing," he opined. He told us how a friend of his kept school with a revolver, and chuckled mightily over that; his friend could teach school, he could. All the time, he kept chewing gum and spitting. He would stand awhile, looking down; and then he would toss back his shock of hair, and laugh hoarsely, and spit, and bring forward a new subject. A man, he told us, who bore a grudge against him had poisoned his dog. "That was a low thing for a man to do, now, wasn't it? It wasn't like a man that, nohow. But I got even with him—I poisoned *his* dog." His clumsy utterance, his rude, embarrassed manner, set a fresh value on the stupidity of his remarks. I do not think I ever appreciated the meaning of two words until I knew Irvine—the verb, loaf, and the noun, oaf. Between them, they complete his portrait. He could lounge, and wriggle, and rub himself against the wall, and grin, and be more in everybody's way than any other two people that I ever set my eyes on. Nothing that he did became him; and yet you were conscious that he was one of your own race, that his mind was cumbrously at work revolving the problem of existence like a quid of gum, and in his own cloudy manner enjoying life and passing judgment on his fellows. Above all things, he was delighted with himself. You would not have thought it, from his uneasy manners and troubled, struggling utterance; but he loved himself to the marrow, and was happy and proud like a peacock on a rail.



His self-esteem was indeed the one joint in his harness. He could be got to work, and even kept at work, by flattery. As long as my wife stood over him, crying out how strong he was, so long exactly he would stick to the matter in hand; and the moment she turned her back, or ceased to praise him, he would stop. His physical strength was wonderful, and to have a woman stand by and admire his achievements warmed his heart like sunshine. Yet he was as cowardly as he was powerful, and felt no shame in owing to the weakness. Something was once wanted from the crazy platform over the shaft, and he at once refused to venture there,—“did not like,” as he said, “foolin’ round them kind o’ places,”—and let my wife go instead of him, looking on with a grin. Vanity, where it exists, is usually more heroic; but Irvine steadily approved himself, and expected others to approve him,—rather looked down upon my wife, and decidedly expected her to look up to him, on the strength of his superior prudence. Yet the strangest part of the whole matter was perhaps this, that Irvine was as beautiful as a statue. His features were, in themselves, perfect; it was only his cloudy, uncouth, and coarse expression that disfigured them. So much strength residing in so spare a frame was proof sufficient of the accuracy of his shape. He must have been built somewhat after the pattern of Jack Sheppard; but the famous house-breaker, we may be certain, was no lout. It was by the extraordinary powers of his mind, no less than by the vigor of his body, that he broke his strong prison with such imperfect implements, turning the very obstacles to service. Irvine in the same case would have sat down and spat and grumbled curses. He had the soul of a fat sheep; but, regarded as an artist’s model, the exterior of a Greek god. It was a cruel thought to persons less favored in their birth, that this creature, endowed, to use the language of the theaters, with extraordinary “means,” should so manage to misemploy them that he looked ugly and almost deformed. It was only by an effort of abstraction, and after many days, that you discovered what he was.

By playing on the oaf’s conceit, and standing closely over him, we got a path made around the corner of the dump to our door, so that we could come and go with decent ease; and he even enjoyed the work, for in that there were boulders to be plucked up bodily, bushes to be uprooted, and other occasions for athletic display; but cutting wood was another pair of shoes. Anybody could cut wood; and besides, my wife was tired of supervising him and had other things to attend to. And in short, days went by, and

Irvine came daily and talked and lounged and spat; but the fire-wood remained intact as sleepers on the platform, as growing trees upon the mountain-side. Irvine, as a wood-cutter, we could tolerate; but Irvine as a friend of the family, at so much a day, was too coarse an imposition; and at length, in the afternoon of the fourth or fifth day of our connection, I explained to him, as clearly as I could, the light in which I had grown to regard his presence. I pointed out to him that I could not continue to give him a salary for spitting on the floor; and this expression, which came after a good many others, at last penetrated his obdurate wits. He rose at once and said, if that was the way he was going to be spoken to, he reckoned he would quit. And no one interposing, he departed.

So far, so good. But we had no fire-wood. The next afternoon, I strolled down to Rufe’s and consulted him on the subject. It was a very droll interview, in the large, bare, north room of the “Silverado Hotel,” Mrs. Hanson’s patchwork on a frame, and Rufe, and his wife, and I, and the oaf himself, all more or less embarrassed. Rufe announced there was nobody in the neighborhood but Irvine who could do a day’s work for anybody. Irvine thereupon refused to have any more to do with my service; he “wouldn’t work no more for a man as had spoke to him ‘s I had done.” I found myself on the point of the last humiliation: driven to beg the creature whom I had just dismissed with insult; but I took the high hand in despair, said there must be no talk of Irvine coming back unless matters were to be differently managed, that I would rather chop fire-wood for myself than be fooled; and in short, the Hansons being eager for the lad’s hire, I so imposed upon them with merely affected resolution that they ended by begging me to reemploy him, on a solemn promise that he should be more industrious. The promise, I am bound to say, was kept; we soon had a fine pile of fire-wood at our door; and if Caliban gave me the cold shoulder and spared me his conversation, I thought none the worse of him for that, nor did I find my days much longer for the deprivation.

The leading spirit of the family was, I am inclined to fancy, Mrs. Hanson. Her social brilliancy somewhat dazzled the others; and she had more of the small change of sense. It was she who faced Kelmar, for instance; and perhaps, if she had been alone, Kelmar would have had no rule within her doors. Rufe, to be sure, had a fine, sober, open-air attitude of mind, seeing the world without exaggeration. Perhaps we may even say without enough; for he lacked, along with the others,

that commercial idealism which puts so high a value on time and money. Society itself is a kind of convention; perhaps Rufe was wrong; but looking on life plainly, he was unable to perceive that croquet or poker was in any way less important than, for instance, mending his wagon. Even his own profession, hunting, was dear to him mainly as a sort of play; even that he would have neglected, had it not appealed to his imagination. His hunting suit, for instance, had cost I should be afraid to say how many bucks—the currency in which he paid his way; it was all befringed after the Indian fashion, and it was dear to his heart. The pictorial side of his daily business was never forgotten; he was even anxious to stand for his picture in those buckskin hunting clothes; and I remember how he once warmed almost into enthusiasm, his dark blue eyes growing perceptibly larger, as he planned the composition in which he should appear “with the horns of some real big bucks, and dogs, and a camp on a crick” (creek, stream).

There was no trace in Irvine of this woodland poetry. He did not care for hunting, nor yet for buckskin suits. He had never observed scenery. The world, as it appeared to him, was almost obliterated by his own great grinning figure in the foreground: Caliban-Malvolio. And it seems to me, as if in the persons of these brothers-in-law, we had the two sides of rusticity fairly well represented: the hunter living really in nature, the clod-hopper living merely out of society; the one bent up in every corporal agent to capacity in one pursuit, and doing at least one thing keenly and thoughtfully, and thoroughly alive to all that touches it; the other, in the inert and bestial state, walking in a faint dream, and taking so dim an impression of the myriad sides of life that he is truly conscious of nothing but himself. It is only in the fastnesses of nature, forests, mountains, and the backs of man's beyond, that a creature endowed with five senses can grow up into the perfection of this crass and earthy vanity. In towns or the busier country-sides, he is roughly reminded of other men's existence; and if he learns no more, he learns at least to fear contempt. But Irvine had come scathless through life; conscious only of himself, of his great strength and intelligence; and in the silence of the universe, to which he did not listen, dwelling with delight on the sound of his own thoughts.

#### THE SEA FOGS.

A CHANGE in the color of the light usually called me in the morning. By a certain hour

the long, vertical chinks in our western gable, where the boards had shrunk and separated, flashed suddenly into my eyes as stripes of dazzling blue, at once so dark and so splendid that I used to marvel how the qualities could be combined. At an earlier hour the heavens in that quarter were still quietly colored; but the shoulder of the mountain which shuts in the cañon already glowed with sunlight in a wonderful compound of gold and rose and green; and this, too, would kindle, although more mildly and with rainbow tints, the fissures of our crazy gable. If I were sleeping heavily, it was the bold blue that struck me awake; if more lightly, then I would come to myself in that earlier and fairer light.

One Sunday morning, about five, the first brightness called me. I rose and turned to the east, not for my devotions, but for air. The night had been very still; the little private gale that blew every evening in our cañon for ten minutes, or perhaps a quarter of an hour, had swiftly blown itself out; in the hours that followed not a sigh of wind had shaken the tree-tops; and our barrack, for all its trenches, was less fresh that morning than of wont. But I had no sooner reached the window than I forgot all else in the sight that met my eyes; and I made but two bounds into my clothes, and down the crazy plank to the platform.

The sun was still concealed below the opposite hill-tops, though it was shining already not twenty feet above my head on our own mountain slope. But the scene, beyond a few near features, was entirely changed. Napa Valley was gone; gone were all the lower slopes and woody foot-hills of the range; and in their place, not a thousand feet below me, rolled a great level ocean. It was as though I had gone to bed the night before, safe in a nook of inland mountains, and had awakened in a bay upon the coast. I had seen these inundations from below; at Calistoga I had risen and gone abroad in the early morning, coughing and sneezing, under fathoms on fathoms of gray sea vapor like a cloudy sky: a dull sight for the artist, and a painful experience for the invalid. But to sit aloft one's self in the pure air and under the unclouded dome of heaven, and thus look down on the submergence of the valley, was strangely different and even delightful to the eyes. Far away were hill-tops like little islands. Nearer land, a smoky surf beat about the foot of precipices and poured into all the coves of these rough mountains. The color of that fog ocean was a thing never to be forgotten. For an instant, among the Hebrides and just about sundown, I have seen something like it on the sea itself. But the white was not so

opaline, nor was there, what surprisingly increased the effect, that breathless, crystal stillness over all. Even in its gentlest moods, the salt sea travails, moaning among the weeds or lipping on the sand; but that vast fog ocean lay in a trance of silence, nor did the sweet air of the morning tremble with a sound.

As I continued to sit upon the dump, I began to observe that this sea was not so level as, at first sight, it appeared to be. Away in the extreme south, a little hill of fog arose against the sky above the general surface; and as it had already caught the sun, it shone on the horizon like the top-sails of some giant ship. There were huge waves, stationary, as it seemed, like waves in a frozen sea; and yet, as I looked again, I was not sure but they were moving after all, with a slow and august advance. And while I was yet doubting, a promontory of the hills some four or five miles away, conspicuous by a bouquet of tall pines, was in a single instant overtaken and swallowed up. It re-appeared in a little with its pines, but this time as an islet, and only to be swallowed up once more, and then for good. This set me looking nearer hand, and I saw that in every cove along the line of mountains the fog was being piled in higher and higher as though by some wind that was inaudible to me. I could trace its progress, one pine tree first growing hazy and then disappearing after another; although sometimes there was none of this forerunning haze, but the whole opaque white ocean gave a start and swallowed a piece of mountain-side at a gulp. It was to flee these poisonous fogs that I had left the seaboard and climbed so high among the mountains. And now, behold, here came the fog to besiege me in my chosen altitudes, and yet came so beautifully that my first thought was of welcome.

The sun had now gotten much higher, and through all the gaps of the hills it cast long bars of gold across that white ocean. An eagle, or some other very great bird of the mountain, came wheeling over the nearer pine-tops, and hung, poised and something sideways, as if to look abroad on that unwanted desolation, spying, perhaps with terror, for the eyries of her comrades. Then, with a long cry, she disappeared again toward Lake County and the clearer air. At length, it seemed to me as if the flood were beginning to subside. The old landmarks by whose disappearance I had measured its advance, here a crag, there a brave pine tree, now began, in the inverse order, to make their re-appearance into daylight. I judged all danger of the fog was over for this little while. This was not Noah's flood; it was but a warning spring, and would now drift out seaward

whence it came. So, mightily relieved and a good deal exhilarated by the sight, I went into the house to light the fire.

I suppose it was nearly seven when I once more mounted the platform to look abroad. The fog ocean had swelled up enormously since last I saw it; and a few hundred feet below me, in the deep gap where the Toll House stands and the road runs through into Lake County, it had already topped the slope, and was pouring over and down the other side like driving smoke. The wind had climbed along with it; and though I was still in calm air, I could see the trees tossing below me, and their long, strident sighing mounted to me where I stood. Half an hour later, the fog had surmounted all the ridge on the opposite side of the gap, though a shoulder of the mountain still warded it out of our cañon. Napa Valley and its bounding hills were now utterly blotted out. The fog, snowy white in the sunshine, was pouring over into Lake County in a huge, ragged cataract, tossing tree-tops appearing and disappearing in the spray. The air struck with a little chill, and set me coughing. It smelt strong of the fog, like the smell of a washing-house, but with a shrewd tang of the sea-salt.

Had it not been for two things,—the sheltering spur which answered as a dyke, and the great valley on the other side which rapidly ingulfed whatever mounted,—our own little platform in the cañon must have been already buried a hundred feet in salt and poisonous air. As it was, the interest of the scene entirely occupied our minds. We were set just out of the wind, and but just above the fog, and could listen to the voice of the one as to music on the stage; we could plunge our eyes down into the other as into some flowing stream from over the parapet of a bridge; thus we looked on upon a strange, impetuous, silent, shifting exhibition of the powers of nature, and saw the familiar landscape changing from moment to moment like figures in a dream. The imagination loves to trifle with what is not. Had this been indeed the deluge, I should have felt more strongly, but the emotion would have been similar in kind. I played with the idea, as the child flees in delighted terror from the creations of his fancy. The look of the thing helped me. And when at last I began to flee up the mountain, it was, indeed, partly to escape from the raw air that kept me coughing, but it was also part in play.

As I ascended the mountain-side, I came once more to overlook the upper surface of the fog; but it was a different appearance from what I had beheld at day-break. For, first, the sun now fell on it from high over-

head, and its surface shone and undulated like a great nor'land moor country sheeted with untrodden morning snow. And next, the new level must have been a thousand or fifteen hundred feet higher than the old, so that only five or six points of all the broken country below me still stood out. Napa Valley was now one with Sonoma on the west. On the hither side, only a thin scattered fringe of bluffs was unsubmerged; and through all the gaps the fog was pouring over, like an ocean, into the blue, clear, sunny country on the east. There it was soon lost, for it fell instantly into the bottom of the valleys, following the water-shed; and the hill-tops in that quarter were still clear cut upon the eastern sky.

Through the Toll House gap and over the near ridges on the other side, the deluge was immense. A spray of thin vapor was thrown high above it, rising and falling and blown into fantastic shapes. The speed of its course was like a mountain torrent. Here and there a few tree-tops were discovered and then whelmed again; and for one second the bough of a dead pine beckoned out of the spray like the arm of a drowning man. But still the imagination was dissatisfied, still the ear waited for something more. Had this indeed been water (as it seemed so, to the eye), with what a plunge of reverberating thunder would it have rolled upon its course, disemboweling mountains and deracinating pines! And yet water it was, and sea water at that; true Pacific billows, only somewhat rarefied, rolling in mid-air among the hill-tops.

I climbed still higher, among the red rattling gravel and dwarf underwood of Mount Saint Helena, until I could look right down upon Silverado, and admire the favored nook in which it lay. The snowy plain of fog was several hundred feet higher; behind the protecting spur a gigantic accumulation of cottony vapor threatened, with every second, to blow over and submerge our homestead; but the vortex setting past the Toli House was too strong; and there lay our little platform, in the arms of the deluge, but still enjoying its unbroken sunshine. About eleven, however, thin spray came flying over the friendly buttress, and I began to think the fog had hunted out its Jonah, after all. But it was the last effort. The wind veered while we were at dinner, and began to blow equally from the mountain summit; and by half-past one all that world of sea-fogs was utterly routed, and fleeing here and there into the south in little rags of cloud. And instead of a lone sea-beach, we found ourselves once more inhabiting a high mountain-side, with the clear, green country far below us, and the light smoke of Calistoga blowing in the air.

This was the great Russian campaign for that season; now and then, in the early morning, a little white lakelet of fog would be seen far down in Napa Valley; but the heights were not again assailed, nor was the surrounding world again shut off from Silverado.

#### A STARRY DRIVE.

IN our rule at Silverado, there was a melancholy interregnum. The queen and the crown prince with one accord fell sick; and as I was sick to begin with, our lone position on Mount Saint Helena was no longer tenable, and we had to hurry back to Calistoga and a cottage on the green. By that time we had begun to realize the difficulties of our position; we had found what an amount of labor it cost to support life in our red cañon; and it was the dearest desire of our hearts to get a China boy to go along with us when we returned. We could have given him a whole house to himself, self-contained, as they say in the advertisements, and on the money question we were prepared to go far. Kong Sam Kee, the Calistoga washerman, was intrusted with the office; and from day to day it languished on, with protestations on our part and mellifluous excuses on the part of Kong Sam Kee.

At length, about half-past eight of our last evening, with the wagon ready harnessed to convey us up the grade, the washerman, with a somewhat sneering air, produced the boy. He was a handsome, gentlemanly lad, attired in rich dark blue and shod with snowy white; but alas! he had heard rumors of Silverado; he knew it for a lone place on the mountain-side, with no friendly wash-house near by, where he might smoke a pipe of opium o' nights, with other China boys, and lose his little earnings at the game of tan; and he just backed out for more money, and then, when that demand was satisfied, refused to come point-blank. He was wedded to his wash-houses; he had no taste for the rural life; and we must go to our mountain servantless. It must have been near half an hour before we reached that conclusion, standing in the midst of Calistoga high street under the stars, and the China boy and Kong Sam Kee singing their pigeon English in the sweetest voices and with the most musical inflections.

We were not, however, to return alone; for we brought with us Joe Strong, the painter, a most good-natured comrade and a capital hand at an omelette. I do not know in which capacity he was most valued, as a cook or a companion; and he did excellently well in both.

The Kong Sam Kee negotiation had delayed us unduly; it must have been half-past



nine before we left Calistoga, and night came fully ere we struck the bottom of the grade. I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing color, dark and glossy like a serpent's back. The stars, by innumerable millions, stuck boldly forth like lamps. The milky way was bright, like a moonlit cloud; half heaven seemed milky way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon; their light was dyed in every sort of color, red like fire, blue like steel, green like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth in its own luster, that there was no appearance of that flat, star-spangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the bottom of heaven was one chaos of contesting luminaries—a hurly-burly of stars. Against this, the hills and rugged tree-tops stood out redly dark.

As we continued to advance, the lesser lights and milky ways first grew pale and then vanished; the countless hosts of heaven dwindled in number by successive millions; those that still shone had tempered their exceeding brightness and fallen back into their customary wistful distance; and the sky declined from its first bewildering splendor into the appearance of a common night. Slowly this change proceeded, and still there was no sign of any cause. Then a whiteness like mist was thrown over the spurs of the mountain. Yet awhile and, as we turned a corner, a great leap of silver light and net of forest shadows fell across the road and upon our wandering wagonful; and swimming low among the trees, we beheld a strange, misshapen, waning moon, half tilted on her back.

"Where are ye when the moon appears?" as the old poet sang, half taunting, to the stars, bent upon a courtly purpose.

"As the sunlight round the dim earth's midnight tower of shadow pours,  
Streaming past the dim, wide portals,  
Viewless to the eyes of mortals,  
Till it floods the moon's pale islet on the morning's golden shores."

So sings Mr. Trowbridge, with a noble inspiration. And so had the sunlight flooded that pale islet of the moon; and her lit face put out, one after another, that galaxy of stars. The wonder of the drive was over; but by some nice conjunction of clearness in the air and fit shadow in the valley where we traveled, we had seen for a little while that brave display of the midnight heavens. It was gone, but it had been; nor shall I ever again behold the stars with the same mind. He who has seen the sea commoved with a great hurricane, thinks of it very dif-

ferently from him who has seen it only in a calm. The difference between a calm and a hurricane is not greatly more striking than that between the ordinary face of night and the splendor that shone upon us in that drive. Two in our wagon had often seen night in the tropics; but even that bears no comparison,—the nameless color of the sky, the hues of the star-fire, and the incredible projection of the stars themselves, starting from their orbits, so that the eye seemed to distinguish their positions in the hollow of space, these were things that we had never seen before and shall never see again.

Meanwhile, in this altered night, we proceeded on our way among the scents and silence of the forest, reached the top of the grade, wound up by Hanson's, and came at last to a stand under the flying gargoyles of the chute. Sam, who had been lying back, fast asleep, with the moon on his face, got down with the remark that it was pleasant "to be home." The wagon turned and drove away, the noise gently dying in the woods, and we clambered up the rough path, Caliban's great feat of engineering, and came home to Silverado.

The moon shone in at the eastern doors and windows and over the lumber on the platform. The one tall pine beside the ledge was steeped in silver. Away up the cañon, a wild-cat welcomed us with three discordant squalls. But, once we had lit a candle and begun to review our improvements, homely in either sense, and count our stores, it was wonderful what a feeling of possession and permanence grew up in the hearts of the lords of Silverado. A bed had still to be made up for Strong, and the morning's water to be fetched, with clinking pail; and as we set about these household duties, and showed off our wealth and conveniences before the stranger, and had a glass of wine, I think, in honor of our return, and trooped at length, one after another, up the flying bridge of plank, and lay down to sleep in our shattered, moon-pierced barrack, we were among the happiest sovereigns in the world, and certainly ruled over the most contented people. Yet, in our absence, the palace had been sacked. Wild-cats, so the Hansons said, had broken in and carried off a side of bacon, a hatchet, and two knives.

#### TOILS AND PLEASURES.

I MUST try to convey some notion of our life, of how the days passed, and what pleasure we took in them, of what there was to do, and how we set about doing it, in our mountain hermitage. The house, after we had repaired the worst of the damages, and



filled in some of the doors and windows with white cotton cloth, became a healthy and a pleasant dwelling-place, always airy and dry, and haunted by the outdoor perfumes of the glen. Within, it had the look of habitation, the human look. You had only to go into the third room, which we did not use, and see its stones, its sifting earth, its tumbled litter, and then return to our lodging with the beds made, the plates on the rack, the pail of bright water behind the door, the stove crackling in a corner, and perhaps the table roughly laid against a meal; and man's order, the little clean spots that he creates to dwell in, were at once contrasted with the rich passivity of nature. And yet our house was everywhere so wrecked and shattered, the air came and went so freely, the sun found so many port-holes, the golden outdoor glow shone in so many open chinks, that we enjoyed, at the same time, some of the comforts of a roof and much of the gayety and brightness of al-fresco life. A single shower of rain, to be sure, and we should have been drowned out like mice. But ours was a Californian summer, and an earthquake was a far likelier accident than a shower of rain.

Trustful in this fair weather, we kept the house for kitchen and bedroom, and used the platform as our summer parlor. The sense of privacy, as I have said already, was complete. We could look over the dump on miles of forest and rough hill-top; our eyes commanded some of Napa Valley, where the train ran, and the little county townships sat so close together along the line of the rail; but here there was no man to intrude. None but the Hansons were our visitors. Even they came but at long intervals, or twice daily, at a stated hour, with milk. So our days, as they were never interrupted, drew out to the greater length; hour melted insensibly into hour; the household duties, though they were many and some of them laborious, dwindled into mere islets of business in a sea of sunny day-time; and it appears to me, looking back, as though the far greater part of our life at Silverado had been passed propped upon an elbow or seated on a plank, listening to the silence that there is among the hills.

My work, it is true, was over early in the morning. I rose before any one else, lit the stove, put on the water to boil, and strolled forth upon the platform to wait till it was ready. Silverado would then be still in shadow, the sun shining on the mountain higher up. A clean smell of trees, a smell of the earth at morning, hung in the air. Regularly, every day, there was a single bird, not singing, but awkwardly chirruping among the green ma-

dronas; and the sound was cheerful, natural, and stirring. It did not hold the attention nor interrupt the thread of meditation like a blackbird or a nightingale; it was mere woodland prattle, of which the mind was conscious like a perfume. The freshness of these morning seasons remained with me far on into the day.

As soon as the kettle boiled, I made porridge and coffee; and that, beyond the literal drawing of water and the preparation of kindling, which it would be hyperbolic to call the hewing of wood, ended my domestic duties for the day. Thenceforth, my wife labored single-handed in the palace, and I lay or wandered on the platform at my own sweet will. The little corner near the forge, where we found a refuge under the madronas from the unsparing early sun, is indeed connected in my mind with some nightmare encounters over Euclid and the Latin grammar. These were known as Sam's lessons. He was supposed to be the victim and the sufferer; but here there must have been some misconception. For, whereas I generally retired to bed after one of these engagements, he was no sooner set free than he dashed up to the Chinaman's house, where he had installed a printing-press, that great element of civilization, and the sound of his labors would be faintly audible about the cañon half the day.

To walk at all was a laborious business. The foot sank and slid, the boots were cut to pieces among sharp, uneven, rolling stones. When we crossed the platform in any direction, it was usual to lay a course, using as much as possible the line of wagon-rails. Thus, if water were to be drawn, the water-carrier left the house along some tilting planks that we had laid down and not laid down very well. These carried him to that great high-road, the railway, and the railway served him as far as to the head of the shaft. But from there to the spring and back again he made the best of his unaided way, staggering among the stones and wading in low growth of the calcanthus, where the rattlesnakes lay hissing at his passage. Yet I liked to draw water. It was pleasant to dip the gray metal pail into the clean, colorless, cool water; pleasant to carry it back, with the water lipping at the edge and a broken sun-beam quivering in the midst.

But the extreme roughness of the walking confined us in common practice to the platform, and, indeed, to those parts of it that were most easily accessible along the line of rails. The rails came straight forward from the shaft, here and there overgrown with little green bushes, but still entire, and still carrying a truck, which it was Sam's delight to trundle to and fro by the hour with vari-

ous ladings. About midway down the platform the railroad trended to the right, leaving our house and coasting along the far side within a few yards of the madronas and the forge, and not far off the latter ended in a sort of platform on the edge of the dump. There, in old days, the trucks were tipped and their loads sent thundering down the chute. There, besides, was the only spot where we could approach the margin of the dump. Anywhere else, you took your life in your right hand when you came within a yard and a half to peer over; for, at any moment, the dump might begin to slide and carry you down and bury you below its ruins. Indeed, the neighborhood of an old mine is a place beset with dangers; for, as still as Silverado was, at any moment the report of rotten wood might tell us that the platform had fallen into the shaft, the dump might begin to pour into the road below, or a wedge slip in the great upright seam, and hundreds of tons of mountain bury the scene of our encampment.

I have already compared the dump to a rampart, built certainly by some rude people and for prehistoric wars. It was likewise a frontier. All below was green and woodland, the tall pines soaring one above another, each with a firm outline and full spread of bough. All above was arid, rocky, and bald. The great spout of broken mineral, that here dammed the cañon up, was a creature of man's handiwork,—its material dug out with pick and powder, and spread by the service of the trucks. But Nature herself, in that upper district, seemed to have had an eye to nothing besides mining; and even the natural hill-side was all sliding gravel and precarious boulder. Close at the margin of the well, leaves would decay to skeletons and mummies, which at length some stronger gust would carry clear of the cañon and scatter in the subjacent woods. Even moisture and decaying vegetable matter could not, with all nature's alchemy, concoct enough soil to nourish a few poor grasses. It is the same, they say, in the neighborhood of all silver mines,—the nature of that precious rock being stubborn with quartz and poisonous with cinnabar. Both were plenty in our Silverado. The stones sparkled white in the sunshine with quartz; they were all stained red with cinnabar. Here, doubtless, came the Indians of yore to paint their faces for the war-path, and cinnabar, if I remember rightly, was one of the few articles of Indian commerce. Now, Sam had it in his undisturbed possession, to pound down and slake, and paint his rude designs with. But to me it had always a fine flavor of poetry, compounded out of Indian story and Hawthornden's allusion:

"Desire, alas, desire a Zeuxis new,  
From Indies borrowing gold, from eastern skies  
Most bright cinoper —"

Yet this is but half the picture; our Silverado platform had another side to it. Though there was no soil and scarce a blade of grass, yet out of these tumbled gravel heaps and broken boulders a flower-garden bloomed as at home in a conservatory. *Calcanthus* crept like a hardy weed all over our rough parlor, choking the railway and pushing forth its rusty, aromatic cones from between two blocks of shattered mineral. *Azaleas* made a big snow-bed just above the well. The shoulder of the hill waved white with Mediterranean heath. In the crannies of the ledge, and about the spurs of the tall pine, a red flowering stone-plant hung in clusters. Even the low, thorny chaparral was thick with pea-like blossom. Close at the foot of our path, nutmegs prospered, delightful to the sight and smell. At sunrise and again late at night, the scent of the sweet bay-trees filled the cañon, and the down-blowing night wind must have borne it hundreds of feet into the outer air.

All this vegetation, to be sure, was stunted. The madrona was here no bigger than the manzanita; the bay was but a strippling shrub; the very pines, with four or five exceptions, in all our upper cañon were not as tall as myself, or but a little taller; and the most of them came lower than to my waist. For a prosperous forest tree, we must look below where the glen was crowded with green spires. But for flowers and ravishing perfume, we had none to envy; our heap of road metal was thick with bloom like a hawthorn in the front of June; our red, baking angle in the mountain a laboratory of poignant scents. It was an endless wonder to my mind, as I dreamed about the platform, following the progress of the shadows, where the madrona with its leaves, the azalea and *calcanthus* with their blossoms, could find moisture to support such thick, wet, waxy growths, or the bay tree collect the ingredients of its perfume. But there they all grew together, healthy, happy, and happy-making, as though rooted in a fathom of black soil.

Nor was it only vegetable life that prospered. We had indeed few birds, and none that had much of a voice, or anything worthy to be called a song. My morning comrade had a thin chirp, unmusical and monotonous, but friendly and pleasant to hear. He had but one rival, a fellow with an ostentatious cry of near an octave descending, not one note of which properly followed another. This is the only bird I ever knew with a wrong ear. But there was something enthralling about his performance; you listened and

listened, thinking each time he must surely get it right. But no; it was always wrong, and always wrong the same way. Yet he seemed proud of his song, delivered it with execution and a manner of his own, and was charming to his mate. A very incorrect, incessant human whistler had thus a chance of knowing how his own music pleased the world. Two great birds, eagles we thought, dwelt at the top of the cañon, among the crags that were printed on the sky. Now and again, but very rarely, they wheeled high over our heads in silence, or with a distant, dying scream; and then, with a fresh impulse, winged fleetly forward, dipped over a hill-top, and were gone. They seemed solemn and ancient things, sailing the blue air,—perhaps coëval with the mountain where they haunted, perhaps emigrants from Rome, where the glad legions may have shouted to behold them on the morn of battle.

But if birds were rare, the place abounded with rattlesnakes—the rattlesnakes' nest, it might have been named. Whenever we brushed among the bushes, our passage woke their angry buzz. One dwelt habitually in the wood-pile, and, sometimes, when we came for fire-wood, thrust up his small head between two logs, and hissed at the intrusion. The rattle has a legendary credit; it is said to be awe-inspiring, and, once heard, to stamp itself forever in the memory. But the sound is not at all alarming. The hum of many insects and the buzz of the wasp convince the ear of danger quite as readily. As a matter of fact, we lived for weeks in Silverado, coming and going, with rattles sprung on every side, and it never occurred to us to be afraid. I used to take sun-baths and do calisthenics in a certain pleasant walk among azalea and calcanthus, the rattles whizzing on every side like spinning-wheels, and the combined hiss or buzz rising louder and angrier at every sudden movement; but I was never in the least impressed, nor ever attacked. It was only toward the end of our stay that a man down at Calistoga, who was expatiating on the terrifying nature of the sound, gave me at last a very good imitation; and it burst on me at once that we dwelt in the very metropolis of deadly snakes, and that the rattle was simply the commonest noise in Silverado. Immediately on our return, we attacked the Hansons on the subject. They had formerly assured us that our cañon was favored, like Ireland, with an entire absence of all poisonous reptiles; but, with the perfect inconsequence of the natural man, they were no sooner found out than they went off at score in the contrary direction, and we were told that in no part of the world did rattlesnakes

attain to such a monstrous bigness as among the warm, flower-covered rocks of Silverado. This is a contribution rather to the natural history of the Hansons than to that of snakes.

One person, however, better served by his instinct, had known the rattle from the first, and that was Chuchu, the dog. No rational creature has ever led an existence more poisoned by terror than that dog's at Silverado. Every whiz of the rattle made him bound. His eyes rolled; he trembled; he would be often wet with sweat. One of our greatest mysteries was his terror of the mountain. A little way above our nook, the azaleas and almost all the vegetation ceased. Dwarf pines, not big enough to be Christmas-trees, grew thinly among loose stones and gravel seams. Here and there a big boulder sat quiescent on a knoll, having paused there till the next rain, in his long slide down the mountain. There was here no ambuscade for the snakes; you could see clearly where you trod; and yet the higher I went the more abject and appealing became Chuchu's terror. He was an excellent master of that composite language in which dogs communicate with men; and he would assure me, on his honor, that there was some peril on the mountain,—appeal to me, by all that I held holy, to turn back,—and at length, finding all was in vain, and that I still persisted, ignorantly foolhardy, he would suddenly whip round and make a bee-line down the slope for Silverado, the gravel showering after him. What was he afraid of? There were, admittedly, brown bears and California lions on the mountain; and a grizly visited Rupe's poultry-yard not long before, to the unspeakable alarm of Caliban, who dashed out to chastise the intruder and found himself, by moonlight, face to face with such a tartar. Something, at least, there must have been; some hairy, dangerous brute lodged permanently among the rocks a little to the north-west of Silverado, spending his summer thereabout, with wife and family.

Crickets were not wanting; I thought I could make out exactly four of them, each with a corner of his own, who used to make night musical at Silverado. In the matter of voice they far excelled the birds, and their ringing whistle sounded from rock to rock, calling and replying the same thing, as in a meaningless opera. Thus, children in full health and spirits shout together, to the dismay of neighbors; and their idle, happy, deafening vociferations rise and fall like the song of the crickets. I used to sit at night on the platform and wonder why these creatures were so happy, and what was wrong with man that he also did not wind up his days with an hour or two of shouting; but

I suspect that all long-lived animals are solemn. The dogs alone are hardly used by nature, and it seems a manifest injustice for poor Chuchu to die in his teens after a life so shadowed and troubled, continually shaken with alarms, and the tear of elegant sentiment permanently in his eye.

There was another neighbor of ours at Silverado, small but very active, a destructive fellow. This was a black, ugly fly—a bore, the Hansons called him—who lived, by hundreds, in the boarding of our house. He entered by a round hole, more neatly pierced than a man can do it with a gimlet, and he seems to have spent his life in cutting out the interior of the plank, but whether as a dwelling or a store-house, I could never find. When I used to lie in bed in the morning for a rest,—we had no easy chairs in Silverado,—I would hear, hour after hour, the sharp, cutting sound of his labors, and from time to time a dainty shower of sawdust would fall upon the blankets. There lives no more industrious animal than a bore.

And now that I have named to the reader all our animals and insects without exception,—only I find I have forgotten the flies,—he will be able to appreciate the singular privacy and silence of our days. It was not only man who was excluded; animals, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, clouds, even, and the variations of the weather, were here also wanting; and as day after day the sky was one dome of blue, and the pines below us stood motionless in the still air, so the hours themselves were marked out from each other only by the series of our own affairs and the sun's great period as he ranged westward through the heavens. The two birds cackled awhile in the early morning; all day the water tinkled in the shaft, the bores ground sawdust in the planking of our crazy palace—infinitesimal sounds; and it was only with the return of night that any change would fall on our surroundings, as the four crickets began to flute together in the dark.

Indeed, it would be hard to exaggerate the pleasure that we took in the approach of evening. Our day was not very long, but very tiring. To trip along unsteady planks or wade among shifting stones, to go to and fro for water, to clamber down the glen to the Toll House after meat and letters, to cook, to make fires and beds were all exhausting to the body. Life out-of-doors, besides, under the fierce eye of day, draws largely on the animal spirits. There are certain hours in the afternoon when a man, unless he is in strong health or enjoys a vacant mind, would rather creep into a cool

corner of a house and sit upon the chairs of civilization. About that time the sharp stones, the planks, the upturned boxes of Silverado, began to grow irksome to my body; I set out on that hopeless, never-ending quest for a more comfortable position; I would be fevered and weary of the staring sun; and just then he would begin courteously to withdraw his countenance, the shadows lengthened, the aromatic airs awoke, and an indescribable but happy change announced the coming of the night.

Our nights were never cold, and they were always still, but for one remarkable exception. Regularly, about nine o'clock, a warm wind sprang up and blew, for ten minutes or may be a quarter of an hour, right down the cañon, fanning it well out, airing it as a mother airs the night nursery before the children sleep. As far as I could judge, in the clear darkness of the night, this wind was purely local; perhaps dependent on the configuration of the glen. At least, it was very welcome to the hot and weary squatters; and if we were not abed already, the springing up of this lilliputian valley-wind would often be our signal to retire.

I was the last to go to bed, as I was the first to rise. Many a night I have strolled about the platform, taking a bath of darkness before I slept. The rest would be in bed, and even from the forge I could hear them talking together from bunk to bunk. A single candle in the neck of a pint bottle was their only illumination; and yet the old cracked house seemed literally bursting with the light. It shone keen as a knife through all the vertical chinks, it struck upward through the broken shingles, and through the eastern door and window it fell in a great splash upon the thicket and the overhanging rock. You would have said a conflagration or, at the least, a roaring forge; and behold, it was but a candle. Or perhaps it was yet more strange to see the procession moving bedward around the corner of the house and up the plank that brought us to the bedroom door: under the immense spread of the starry heavens, down in a crevice of the giant mountain, these few human shapes, with their unshielded, taper, made so disproportionate a figure in the eye and mind. But the more he is alone with nature, the greater man and his doings bulk in the consideration of his fellow-men. Miles and miles away upon the opposite hill-tops, if there were any hunter belated or any traveler who had lost his way, he must have stood and watched and wondered, from the time the candle issued from the door of the assayer's office till it had mounted the plank and disappeared again into the miners' dormitory.

THE END.



## ECHOES IN THE CITY OF THE ANGELS.

THE tale of the founding of the city of Los Angeles is a tale for verse rather than for prose. It reads like a page out of some new "Earthly Paradise," and would fit well into song such as William Morris has sung.

It is only a hundred years old, however, and that is not time enough for such song to simmer. It will come later with the perfume of century-long summers added to its flavor. Summers century-long? One might say a stronger thing than that of them, seeing that their blossoming never stops, year in nor year out, and will endure as long as the visible frame of the earth.

The twelve devout Spanish soldiers who founded the city named it at their leisure with a long name, musical as a chime of bells. It answered well enough, no doubt, for the first fifty years of the city's life, during which not a municipal record of any sort or kind was written—"Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles," "Our Lady the Queen of the Angels"; and her portrait made a goodly companion flag, unfurled always by the side of the flag of Spain.

There is a legend, that sounds older than it is, of the ceremonies with which the soldiers took possession of their new home. They were no longer young. They had fought for Spain in many parts of the Old World, and followed her uncertain fortunes to the New. Ten years some of them had been faithfully serving Church and King in sight of these fair lands, for which they hankered, and with reason.

In those days the soft, rolling, treeless hills and valleys, between which the Los Angeles River now takes its shilly-shallying course seaward, were forest slopes and meadows, with lakes great and small. This abundance of trees, with shining waters playing among them, added to the limitless bloom of the plains and the splendor of the snow-topped mountains, must have made the whole region indeed a paradise.

Navarro, Villavicencia, Rodriguez, Quintero, Moreno, Lara, Banegas, Rosas, and Canero, these were their names: happy soldiers all, honored of their king, and discharged with so royal a gift of lands thus fair.

Looking out across the Los Angeles hills and meadows to-day, one easily lives over again the joy they must have felt. Twenty-three young children there were in the band, poor little waifs of camp and march. What

a "braw flitting" was it for them, away from the drum-beat forever into the shelter of their own sunny home. The legend says not a word of the mothers, except that there were eleven of them, and in the procession they walked with their children behind the men. Doubtless, they rejoiced the most.

The Fathers from the San Gabriel Mission were there, with many Indian neophytes, and Don Felipe, the military governor, with his showy guard of soldiers.

The priests and neophytes chanted. The Cross was set up, the flag of Spain and the banner of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels unfurled, and the new town marked out around a square, a little to the north of the present plaza of Los Angeles.

If communities, as well as individuals, are happy when history finds nothing to record of them, the city of the Queen of the Angels must have been a happy spot during the first fifty years of its life, for not a written record of the period remains, not even a record of grants of land. The kind of grant that these worthy Spanish soldiers and their sons contented themselves with, however, hardly deserved recording,—in fact, was not a grant at all, since its continuance depended entirely on the care a man took of his house and the improvement he put on his land. If he left his house unoccupied or let it fall out of repair, if he left a field uncultivated for two years, any neighbor who saw fit might denounce him, and by so doing acquire a right to the property. This sounds incredible, but all the historical accounts of the time agree on the point. They say:

"The granting authorities could, and were by law required, upon a proper showing of the abandonment, to grant the property to the informant, who then acquired the same and no better rights than those possessed by his predecessor."

This was a premium indeed on staying at home and minding one's business—a premium which amounted to coercion. One would think that there must have been left from those days teeming records of alienated estates, shifted tenures, and angry feuds between neighbor and neighbor. But no evidence remains of such strifes. Life was too simple, and the people were too ignorant.

Their houses were little more than hovels, built of mud, eight feet high, with flat roofs made of reeds and asphaltum. Their fields,





THE FOUNDERS OF LOS ANGELES.

with slight cultivation, produced all they needed; and if anything lacked, the rich vineyards, wheat-fields, and orchards of the San Gabriel Mission lay only twelve miles away. These vineyards, orchards, and granaries, so near at hand, must have been sore temptation to idleness. Each head of a family had been

presented, by the paternal Spanish King, with "two oxen, two mules, two mares, two sheep, two goats, two cows, one calf, an ass, and one hoe." For these they were to pay in such small installments as they were able to spare out of their pay and rations, which were still continued by the generous King.

In a climate in which flowers blossom winter and summer alike, man may bask in sun all the year round if he chooses. Why, then, should those happy Spanish soldiers work? Even the King had thought it unnecessary, it seems, to give them any implements of labor except "one hoe." What could a family do, in the way of work, with "one hoe"? Evidently, they did not work, neither they nor their sons, nor their sons' sons after them. For, half a century later, they were still living a life of almost incredible ignorance, redeemed only by its simplicity and childlike adherence to the old religious observances.

Many of those were beautiful. As late as 1830 it was the custom throughout the town, in all the families of the early settlers, for the oldest member of the family—oftenest it was a grandfather or grandmother—to rise every morning at the rising of the morning star, and at once to strike up a hymn. At the first note every person in the house would rise, or sit up in bed, and join in the song. From house to house, street to street, the singing spread; and the volume of musical sound swelled, until it was as if the whole town sang.

The hymns were usually invocations to the Virgin, to Jesus, or to some saint. The opening line of many of them was,

"Rejoice, O Mother of God."

A manuscript copy of one of these old morning songs I have seen, and had the good fortune to win a literal translation of part of it, in the soft, Spanish-voiced, broken English, so pleasant to hear. The first stanza is the chorus, and was repeated after each of the others:

CHORUS.—"Come, O sinners,  
Come, and we will sing  
Tender hymns  
To our refuge.

"Singers at dawn,  
From the heavens above,  
People all regions,  
Gladly we too sing.

"Singing harmoniously,  
Saying to Mary,  
O beautiful Queen,  
Princess of Heaven:

"Your beautiful head  
Crowned we see;  
The stars are adorning  
Your beautiful hair;

"Your eyebrows are arched,  
Your forehead serene;  
Your face turned always  
Looks toward God;

"Your eyes' radiance  
Is like beautiful stars;  
Like a white dove,  
You are true to your spouse."

Each of these stanzas was sung first alone by the aged leader of the family choir. Then the rest repeated it; then all joined in the chorus.

It is said that there are still to be found, in lonely country regions in California, Mexican homes in which these sweet and holy "songs before sunrise" are sung.

Looking forward to death, the greatest anxiety of these simple souls was to provide themselves with a priest's cast-off robe to be buried in. These were begged or bought as the greatest of treasures; kept in sight, or always at hand, to remind them of approaching death. When their last hour drew near, this robe was flung over their breasts, and they died happy, their stiffening fingers grasping its folds. The dead body was wrapped in it, and laid on the mud floor of the house, a stone being placed under the head to raise it a few inches. Thus the body must lie till the time of burial. Around it, day and night, squatted, praying and singing, friends who wished not only to show their affection for the deceased, but to win indulgences for themselves; every prayer said thus, by the side of a corpse, having a special and specified value.

A strange demarkation between the sexes



AN INDIAN STIRRUP.



THE BURIAL OF A FOUNDER.

was enforced in these ceremonies. If it were a woman who lay dead, only women might kneel and pray and watch with her body; if a man, the circle of watchers must be exclusively of men.

A rough box, of boards nailed together, was the coffin. The body, rolled in the old robe whose virtues had so comforted its last conscious moments, was carried to the grave on a board, in the center of a procession of

friends chanting and singing. Not until the last moment was it laid in the box.

The first attempts to introduce more civilized forms of burial met with opposition, and it was only by slow degrees that changes were wrought. A Frenchman, who had come from France to Los Angeles, by way of the Sandwich Islands, bringing a store of sacred ornaments and trinkets, and had grown rich by sale of them to the devout, owned a spring-

wagon, the only one in the country. By dint of entreaty, the people were finally prevailed upon to allow their dead to be carried in this wagon to the burial-place. For a long time, however, they refused to have horses put to the wagon, but drew it by hand all the way; women drawing women, and men drawing men, with the same scrupulous partition of the sexes as in the earlier ceremonies. The picture must have been a strange one, and not without pathos,—the wagon, wound and draped with black and white, drawn up and down the steep hills by the band of silent mourners.

The next innovation was the introduction of stately catafalques for the dead to repose on, either in house or church, during the interval between their death and burial. There had been brought into the town a few old-fashioned high-post, canopied bedsteads, and from these the first catafalques were made. Gilded, decorated with gold and silver lace, and hung with white and black draperies, they made a by no means insignificant show, which doubtless went far to reconcile people's minds to the new methods.

In 1838 there was a memorable funeral of a woman over a hundred years old. Fourteen old women watched with her body, which lay stretched on the floor, in the ancient fashion, with only a stone beneath the head. The youngest of these watchers was eighty-five. One of them, Tomasa Camera by name, was herself over a hundred years old. Tomasa was infirm of foot, so they propped her with pillows in a little cart, and drew her to the house that she might not miss of the occasion. All night long, the fourteen squatted or sat on rawhides spread on the floor, and sang, and prayed, and smoked: as fine a wake as was ever seen. They smoked cigarettes, which they rolled on the spot, out of corn-husks slit fine for the purpose, there being at that day in Los Angeles no paper fit for cigarettes.

Outside this body-guard of aged women knelt a circle of friends and relatives, also chanting, praying, and smoking. In this outer circle, any one might come and go at pleasure; but into the inner ring of the watching none must come, and none must go out of it till the night was spent.

With the beginning of the prosperity of the City of the Angels came the end of its primeval peace. Spanish viceroys, Mexican alcaldes and governors, United States commanders, naval and military, followed on each other's heels, with or without frays, ruling California through a succession of tumultuous years. Greedy traders from all parts of the world added their rivalries and interventions

to the civil and military disputation. In the general anarchy and confusion, the peaceful and peace-loving Catholic fathers were robbed of their lands, their converts were scattered, their industries broken up. Nowhere were these uncomfortable years more uncomfortable than in Los Angeles. Revolts, occupations, surrenders, retakings, and resurrenders kept the little town in perpetual ferment. Disorders were the order of the day and of the night, in small matters as well as in great.

The Californian fought as impetuously for his old way of dancing as for his political allegiance. There are comical traditions of the men's determination never to wear long trousers to dances; nor to permit dances to be held in houses or halls, it having been the practice always to give them in outdoor booths or bowers with lattice-work walls of sycamore poles lashed together by thongs of rawhide.

Outside these booths the men sat on their horses looking in at the dancing, which was chiefly done by the women. An old man standing in the center of the inclosure directed the dances. Stopping in front of the girl whom he wished to have join the set, he clapped his hands. She then rose and took her place on the floor: if she could not dance, or wished to decline, she made a low bow and resumed her seat.

To look in on all this was great sport. Sometimes, unable to resist the spell, a man would fling himself off his horse, dash into the inclosure, seize a girl by the waist, whirl around with her through one dance, then out again and into the saddle, where he sat, proudly aware of his vantage. The decorations of masculine attire at this time were such as to make riding a fine show. Around the crown of the broad-brimmed sombrero was twisted a coil of gold or silver cord; over the shoulders was flung, with ostentatious carelessness, a short cloak of velvet or brocade; the waistcoats were embroidered in gold, silver, or gay colors; so also were the knee-breeches, leggings, and stockings. Long silken garters, with ornamented tassels at the ends, were wound round and round to hold the stockings in place. Even the cumbersome wooden stirrups were carved in elaborate designs. No wonder that men accustomed to such braveries as these saw ignominy in the plain American trousers.

They seem to have been a variety of Centaur, these early Californian men. They were seldom off their horses except to eat and sleep. They mounted, with jingling silver spur and glittering bridle, for the shortest distances, even to cross a plaza. They paid long visits on horseback, without dismounting. Clattering up to the window or door-sill,

halting, throwing one knee over the crupper, the reins lying loose, they sat at ease, far more at ease than in a house. Only at church, where the separation was inevitable, would they be parted from their horses. They turned

Los Angeles, the same merry outdoor party broke every window and door in the building, and put a stop to the festivity. They persisted in taking this same summary vengeance on occasion after occasion, until, finally, any



THE OLD MEXICAN WOMAN.

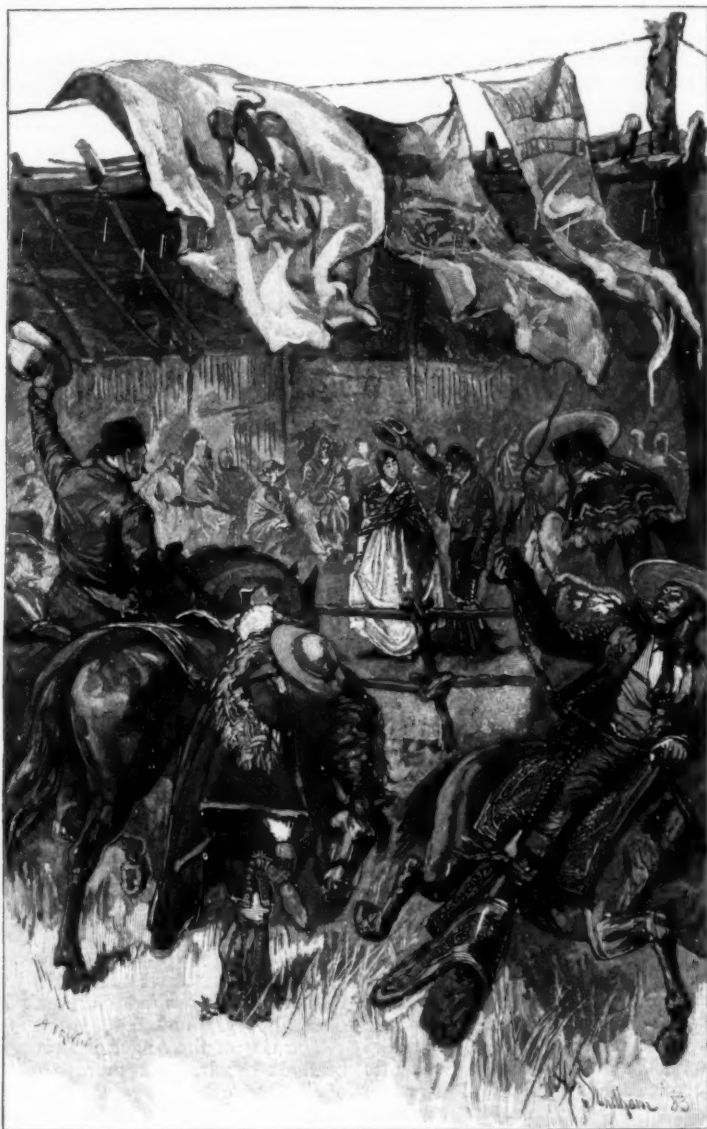
the near neighborhood of a church on Sunday into a sort of picket-ground, or horse-trainers' yard, full of horse-posts and horses; and the scene was far more like a horse fair than like an occasion of holy observance. There seems to have been a curious mixture of reverence and irreverence in their natures. They confessed sins and underwent penances with the simplicity of children; but when, in 1821, the church issued an edict against that "escandalosissima" dance, the waltz, declaring that whoever dared to dance it should be excommunicated, the merry sinners waltzed on only the harder and faster, and laughed in their priests' faces. And when the advocates of decorum, good order, and indoor dancing gave their first ball in a public hall in

person wishing to give a ball in his own house was forced to surround the house by a cordon of police to protect it.

The City of the Angels is a prosperous city now. It has business thoroughfares, blocks of fine stone buildings, hotels, shops, banks, and is growing daily. Its outlying regions are a great circuit of gardens, orchards, vineyards, and corn-fields, and its suburbs are fast filling up with houses of a showy though cheap architecture. But it has not yet shaken off its past. A certain indefinable, delicious aroma from the old, ignorant, picturesque times lingers still, not only in by-ways and corners, but in the very centers of its newest activities.

Mexican women, their heads wrapped in black shawls, and their bright eyes peering





CROWNING THE FAVORITE.

out between the close-gathered folds, glide about everywhere; the soft Spanish speech is continually heard; long-robed priests hurry to and fro; and at each dawn ancient, jangling bells from the Church of the Lady of the Angels ring out the night and in the day. Venders of strange commodities drive in stranger vehicles up and down the streets:

antiquated carts piled high with oranges, their golden opulence contrasting weirdly with the shabbiness of their surroundings and the evident poverty of their owner; close following on the gold of one of these, one has sometimes the luck to see another cart, still more antiquated and rickety, piled high with something—he cannot imagine what—terra-

cotta red in grotesque shapes; it is fuel—the same sort which Villavicencia, Quintero, and the rest probably burned, when they burned any, a hundred years ago. It is the roots and root-shoots of manzanita and other shrubs. The colors are superb—terra-cotta reds, shading up to flesh pink, and down to dark mahogany; but the forms are grotesque beyond comparison: twists, querls, contortions, a boxful of them is an uncomfortable presence in one's room, and putting them on the fire is like cremating the vertebrae and double teeth of colossal monsters of the Pterodactyl period.

The present plaza of the city is near the original plaza marked out at the time of the first settlement; the low adobe house of one of the early governors stands yet on its east side, and is still a habitable building.

The plaza is a dusty and dismal little place, with a parsimonious fountain in the center, surrounded by spokes of thin turf, and walled at its outer circumference by a row of tall Monterey cypresses, shorn and clipped into the shape of huge croquettes or brad-awls standing broad end down. At all hours of the day idle boys and still idler men are to be seen basking on the fountain's stone rim, or lying, face down, heels in air, in the triangles of shade made by the cypress croquettes. There is in Los Angeles much of this ancient and ingenious style of shearing and compressing foliage into unnatural and distorted shapes. It comes, no doubt, of lingering reverence for the traditions of what was thought beautiful in Spain centuries ago; and it gives to the town a certain quaint and foreign look, in admirable keeping with its irregular levels, zigzag, topping precipices, and houses in tiers one above another.

One comes sometimes abruptly on a picture which seems bewilderingly un-American, of a precipice wall covered with bird-cage cottages, the little, paling-walled yard of one jutting out in a line with the chimney-tops of the next one below, and so on down to the street at the base of the hill. Wooden staircases and bits of terrace link and loop the odd little perches together; bright green pepper-trees, sometimes tall enough to shade two or three tiers of roofs, give a graceful plumed draping at the sides, and some of the steep fronts are covered with bloom, in solid curtains, of geranium, sweet alyssum, heliotrope, and ivy. These terraced eyries are not the homes of the rich: the houses are lilliputian in size, and of cheap quality; but they do more for the picturesqueness of the city than all the large, fine, and costly houses put together.

Moreover, they are the only houses that

command the situation, possess distance and a horizon. From some of these little ten-by-twelve flower-beds of homes is a stretch of view which makes each hour of the day a succession of changing splendors. The snowy peaks of San Bernardino and San Jacinto in the east and south; to the west, vast open country, billowy green with vineyard and orchard; beyond this, in clear weather, shining glints and threads of ocean, and again beyond, in the farthest outing, hill-crowned islands, misty blue against the sky. No one knows Los Angeles who does not climb to these sunny outlying heights and roam and linger on them many a day. Nor, even thus lingering, will any one ever know more of Los Angeles than its lovely outward semblances and mysterious suggestions, unless he have the good fortune to win past the barrier of proud, sensitive, tender reserve, behind which is hid the life of the few remaining survivors of the old Spanish and Mexican régime.

Once past this, he gets glimpses of the same stintless hospitality and immeasurable courtesy which gave to the old Franciscan establishments a world-wide fame, and to the society whose tone and customs they created an atmosphere of simple-hearted joyousness and generosity never known by any other communities on the American continent.

In houses whose doors seldom open to English-speaking people, there are rooms full of relics of that fast vanishing past. Strongholds also of a religious faith, almost as obsolete, in its sort and degree, as are the garments of the aged creatures who are peacefully resting their last days on its support.

In one of these houses, in a poverty-stricken but gayly decorated little bedroom, hangs a small oil painting, a portrait of Saint Francis de Paula. It was brought from Mexico, fifty-five years ago, by the woman who still owns it, and has knelt before it and prayed to it every day of the fifty-five years. Below it is a small altar covered with flowers, candlesticks, vases, and innumerable knickknacks. A long string under the picture is hung full of tiny gold and silver votive offerings from persons who have been miraculously cured in answer to prayers made to the saint. Legs, arms, hands, eyes, hearts, heads, babies, dogs, horses,—no organ, no creature, that could suffer is unrepresented. The old woman has at her tongue's end the tale of each one of these miracles. She is herself a sad cripple; her feet swollen by inflammation, which for many years has given her incessant torture and made it impossible for her to walk, except with tottering steps, from room to room, by help of a staff. This, she says, is the only

thing her saint has not cured. It is her "cross," her "mortification of the flesh," "to take her to heaven." "He knows best." As she speaks, her eyes perpetually seek the picture, resting on it with a look of ineffable adoration. She has seen tears roll down its cheeks more than once, she says; and it often smiles on her when they are alone. When strangers enter the room she can always tell, by its expression, whether the saint is or is not pleased with them, and whether their prayers will be granted. She was good enough to remark that he was very glad to see us; she was sure of it by the smile in his eye. He had wrought many beautiful miracles for her. Nothing was too trivial for his sympathy and help. Once, when she had broken a vase in which she had been in the habit of keeping flowers on the altar, she took the pieces in her hands, and standing before him, said:

"You know you will miss this vase. I always put your flowers in it, and I am too poor to buy another. Now do mend this for me. I have nobody but you to help me." And the vase grew together again whole while she was speaking. In the same way he mended for her a high glass flower-case which stood on the altar.

Thus she jabbered away breathlessly in Spanish, almost too fast to be followed. Sitting in a high chair, her poor distorted feet propped on a cushion, a black silk handkerchief wound like a turban around her head, a plaid ribosa across her shoulders, contrasting sharply with her shabby wine-colored gown, her hands clasped around a yellow staff, on which she leaned as she bent forward in her eager speaking, she made a study for an artist.

She was very beautiful in her youth, she said; her cheeks so red that people thought they were painted; and she was so strong that she was never tired; and when, in the first year of her widowhood, a stranger came to her "with a letter of recommendation" to be her second husband, and before she had time to speak had fallen on his knees at her feet, she seized him by the throat and, toppling him backward, pinned him against the wall till he was black in the face. And her sister came running up in terror, imploring her not to kill him. But all that strength is gone now, she says sadly; her memory also. Each day, as soon as she has finished her prayers, she has to put away her rosary in a special place, or else she forgets that the prayers have been said. Many priests have desired to possess her precious miracle-working saint; but never till she dies will it leave her bedroom. Not a week passes without

some one's arriving to implore its aid. Sometimes the deeply distressed come on their knees all the way from the gate before the house, up the steps, through the hall, and into her bedroom. Such occasions as these are to her full of solemn joy, and no doubt, also, of a secret exultation whose kinship to pride she does not suspect.

In another unpretending little adobe house, not far from this Saint Francis shrine, lives the granddaughter of Moreno, one of the twelve Spanish soldiers who founded the city. She speaks no word of English; and her soft black eyes are timid, though she is the widow of a general, and, in the stormy days of the City of the Angels, passed through many a crisis of peril and adventure. Her house is full of curious relics, which she shows with a gentle, half-amused courtesy. It is not easy for her to believe that any American can feel real reverence for the symbols, tokens, and relics of the life and customs which his people destroyed. In her mind Americans remain to-day as completely foreigners as they were when her husband girded on his sword and went out to fight them, forty years ago. Many of her relics have been rescued at one time or another from plunderers of the missions. She has an old bronze kettle which once held holy water at San Fernando; an incense cup and spoon, and massive silver candlesticks; cartridge-boxes of leather, with Spain's ancient seal stamped on them; a huge copper caldron and scales from San Gabriel; a bunch of keys of hammered iron, locks, scissors, reaping-hooks, shovels, carding-brushes for wool and for flax; all made by the Indian workmen in the missions. There was also one old lock, in which the key was rusted fast and immovable, seemed to me fuller of suggestion than anything else there of the sealed and ended past to which it had belonged; and a curious little iron cannon, in shape like an ale mug, about eight inches high, with a hole in the side and in the top, to be used by setting it on the ground and laying a trail of powder to the opening in the side. This gave the Indians great delight. It was fired at the times of church festivals, and in seasons of drought to bring rain. Another curious instrument of racket was the *matraca*, a strip of board with two small swinging iron handles so set in it that, in swinging back and forth, they hit iron plates. In the time of Lent, when all ringing of bells was forbidden, these were rattled to call the Indians to church. The noise one of them can make when vigorously shaken is astonishing. In crumpled bundles, their stifened meshes opening out reluctantly, were two curious rush-woven nets which had been used by Indian

women fifty years ago in carrying burdens. Similar nets, made of twine, are used by them still. Fastened to a leather strap or band passing around the forehead, they hang down behind far below the waist, and when filled out to their utmost holding capacity are so heavy that the poor creatures bend nearly double beneath them. But the women stand as uncomplainingly as camels while weight after weight is piled in; then, slipping the band over their heads, they adjust the huge burden and set off at a trot.

"This is the squaw's horse," said an Indian woman in the San Jacinto Valley one day, tapping her forehead and laughing good-naturedly, when the shop-keeper remonstrated with her husband who was heaping article after article, and finally a large sack of flour, on her shoulders; "squaw's horse very strong."

The original site of the San Gabriel Mission was a few miles to the east of the City of the Angels. Its lands are now divided into ranches and colony settlements, only a few acres remaining in the possession of the church. But the old chapel is still standing in a fair state of preservation, used for the daily services of the San Gabriel parish; and there are in its near neighborhood a few crumbling adobe hovels left, the only remains of the once splendid and opulent mission. In one of these lives a Mexican woman, eighty-two years old, who for more than half a century has washed and mended the priests' laces, repaired the robes, and remodeled the vestments of San Gabriel. She is worth crossing the continent to see: all white from head to foot, as if bleached by some strange gram-aye; white hair, white skin, blue eyes faded nearly to white; white cotton clothes, ragged and not over clean, yet not a trace, of color in them; a white linen handkerchief, delicately embroidered by herself, always tied loosely around her throat. She sits on a low box, leaning against the wall, with three white pillows at her back, her feet on a cushion on the ground; in front of her, another low box, on this a lace-maker's pillow, with knotted fringe stretched on it; at her left hand a battered copper caldron holding hot coals to warm her fingers and to light her cigarettes. A match she will never use; and she has seldom been without a cigarette in her mouth since she was six years old. On her right hand is a chest filled with her treasures,—rags of damask, silk, velvet, lace, muslin, ribbon, artificial flowers, flosses, worsteds, silks on spools; here she sits day in, day out, making cotton fringes and, out of shreds of silk, tiny embroidered scapulars, which she sells to all devout and charitable people of the region. She also teaches the children of

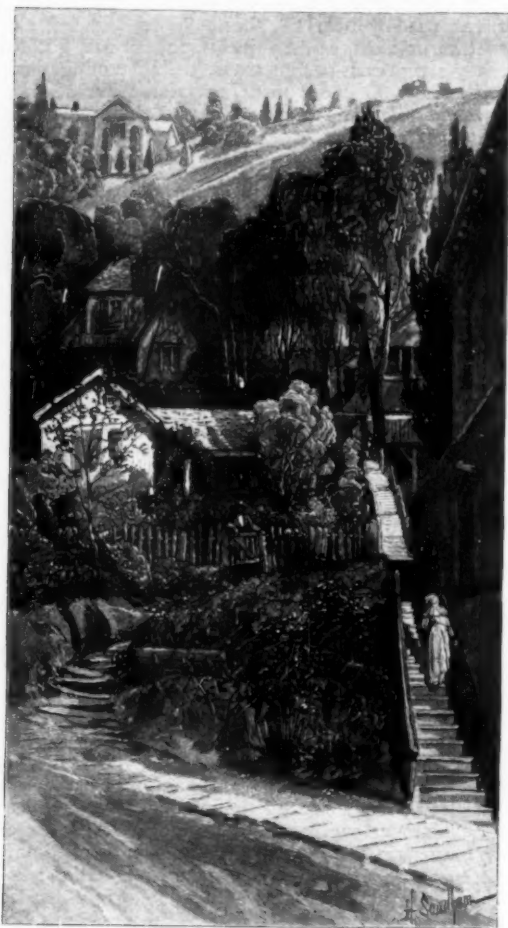
the parish to read and to pray. The walls of her hovel are papered with tattered pictures, including many gay-colored ones, taken off tin cans, their flaunting signs reading drolly,—*"Perfection Press Mackerel, Boston, Mass.," "Charm Baking Powder,"* and *"Knowlton's Inks,"* alternating with Toledo Blades and clipper-ship advertisements. She finds these of great use in both teaching and amusing the children. The ceiling, of canvas, black with smoke, and festooned with cobwebs, sags down in folds, and shows many a rent. When it rains, her poor little place must be drenched in spots. One end of the room is curtained off with calico; this is her bed-chamber. At the other end is a raised dais, on which stands an altar, holding a small statuette of the Infant Jesus. It is a copy in wood of the famous Little Jesus of Atoches in Mexico, which is worshiped by all the people in that region. It has been her constant companion and protector for fifty years. Over the altar is a canopy of calico, decorated with paper flowers, whirligigs, doves, and little gourds; with votive offerings, also, of gold or silver, from grateful people helped or cured by the Little Jesus. On the statuette's head is a tiny hat of real gold, and a real gold scepter in the little hand; the breast of its fine white linen cambric gown is pinned by a gold pin. It has a wardrobe with as many changes as an actor. She keeps these carefully hid away in a small camphor-wood trunk, but she brought them all out to show to us.

Two of her barefooted, ragged little pupils scampered in as she was unfolding these gay doll's clothes. They crowded close around her knees and looked on, with open-mouthed awe and admiration: a purple velvet cape with white fringe for feast days; capes of satin, of brocade; a dozen shirts of finest linen, embroidered or trimmed with lace; a tiny plume not more than an inch long, of gold, exquisitely carved,—this was her chief treasure. It looked beautiful in his hat, she said, but it was too valuable to wear often. Hid away here among the image's best clothes were more of the gold votive offerings it had received: one a head cut out of solid gold; several rosaries of carved beads, silver and gold. Spite of her apparently unbounded faith in the Little Jesus's power to protect her and himself, the old woman thought it wiser to keep these valuables concealed from the common gaze.

Holding up a silken pillow, some sixteen inches square, she said:

"You could not guess with what that pillow is filled."

We could not, indeed. It was her own



A STREET IN LOS ANGELES.

hair. With pride she asked us to take it in our hands, that we might see how heavy it was. For sixteen years she had been saving it, and it was to be put under her head in her coffin. The friend who had taken us to her home exclaimed on hearing this, "And I can tell you it was beautiful hair. I recollect it forty-five years ago, bright brown, and down to her ankles, and enough of it to roll herself up in." The old woman nodded and laughed, much pleased at this compliment. She did not know why the Lord had preserved her life so long, she said; but she was very happy. Her nieces had asked her to go and live with them in Santa Ana; but she could not go away from San Gabriel. She told them that there was plenty of water in

the ditch close by her door, and that God would take care of the rest, and so he had; she never wants for anything; not only is she never hungry herself, but she always has food to give away. No one would suppose it; but many people come to eat with her in her house. God never forgets her one minute. She is very happy. She is never ill; or if she is, she has two remedies, which, in all her life, have never failed to cure her, and they cost nothing: saliva and ear-wax. For a pain, the sign of the cross, made with saliva on the spot which is in pain, is instantaneously effective; for an eruption of any skin disorder, the application of ear-wax is a sure cure. She is very glad to live so close to the church; the father has promised her this



room as long as she lives; when she dies, it will be no trouble, he says, to pick her up and carry her across the road to the church. In a gay painted box, standing on two chairs, so as to be kept from the dampness of the bare earth floor, she cherishes the few relics of her better days: a shawl and a ribosa of silk, and two gowns, one of black silk, one of dark blue satin. These are of the fashions of twenty years ago; they were given to her by her husband. She wears them now when she goes to church; so it is as if she were "married again," she says, and is "her husband's work still." She seems to be a character well known and held in some regard by the clergy of her church. When the bishop returned a few years ago from a visit to Rome, he brought her a little gift, a carved figure of a saint. She asked him if he could not get for her a bit of the relics of Saint Viviano.

"Oh, let alone!" he replied; "give your relics? Wait a bit; and as soon as you die, I'll have you made into relics yourself."

She laughed as heartily, telling this somewhat unecclesiastical rejoinder, as if it had been made at some other person's expense.

In the marvelously preserving air of California, added to her own contented temperament, there is no reason why this happy old lady should not last, as some of her Indian neighbors have, well into a second century. Before she ceases from her peaceful, pitiful little labors, new generations of millionaires in her country will no doubt have piled up bigger fortunes than this generation ever dreams of, but there will not be a man of them all so rich as she.

In the western suburbs of Los Angeles is a low adobe house, built after the ancient style, on three sides of a square, surrounded by orchards, vineyards, and orange groves, and looking out on an old-fashioned garden, in which southernwood, rue, lavender, mint, marigolds, and gillyflowers hold their own bravely, growing in straight and angular beds among the newer splendors of verbenas, roses, carnations, and geraniums. On two sides of the house runs a broad porch, where stand rows of geraniums and chrysanthemums growing in odd-shaped earthen pots. Here may often be seen a beautiful young Mexican woman, flitting about among the plants, or sporting with a superb St. Bernard dog. Her clear olive skin, soft brown eyes, delicate sensitive nostrils, and broad smiling mouth, are all of the Spanish madonna type; and when her low brow is bound, as is often her wont, by turban folds of soft brown or green gauze, her face becomes a picture indeed. She is the young wife of a gray-headed Mexican señor, of whom—by his own most

gracious permission—I shall speak by his familiar name, Don Antonio. Whoever has the fortune to pass as a friend across the threshold of this house, finds himself transported, as by a miracle, into the life of a half century ago. The rooms are ornamented with fans, shells, feather and wax flowers, pictures, saints' images, old laces and stuffs, in the quaint gay Mexican fashion. On the day when I first saw them, they were brilliant with bloom. In every one of the deep window-seats stood a cone of bright flowers, its base made by large white datura blossoms, their creamy whorls all turned outward, making a superb decoration. I went for but a few moments' call. I staid three hours, and left, carrying with me bewildering treasures of pictures of the olden time.

Don Antonio speaks little English; but the señora knows just enough of the language to make her use of it delicious, as she translates for her husband. It is an entrancing sight to watch his dark, weather-beaten face, full of lightning changes as he pours out torrents of his nervous, eloquent Spanish speech; watching his wife intently, hearkening to each word she uses, sometimes interrupting her urgently with "No, no; that is not it"; for he well understands the tongue he cannot or will not use for himself. He is sixty-five years of age, but he is young: the best waltzer in Los Angeles to-day; his eye keen, his blood fiery quick; his memory like a burning-glass bringing into sharp light and focus a half century as if it were a yesterday. Full of sentiment, of an intense and poetic nature, he looks back to the lost empire of his race and people on the California shores with a sorrow far too proud for any antagonisms or complaints. He recognizes the inexorableness of the laws under whose workings his nation is slowly, surely giving place to one more representative of the age. Intellectually he is in sympathy with progress, with reform, with civilization at its utmost; he would not have had them stayed, or changed, because his people could not keep up, and were not ready. But his heart is none the less saddened and lonely.

This is probably the position and point of view of most cultivated Mexican men of his age. The suffering involved in it is inevitable. It is part of the great, unreckoned price which must always be paid for the gain the world gets, when the young and strong supersede the old and weak.

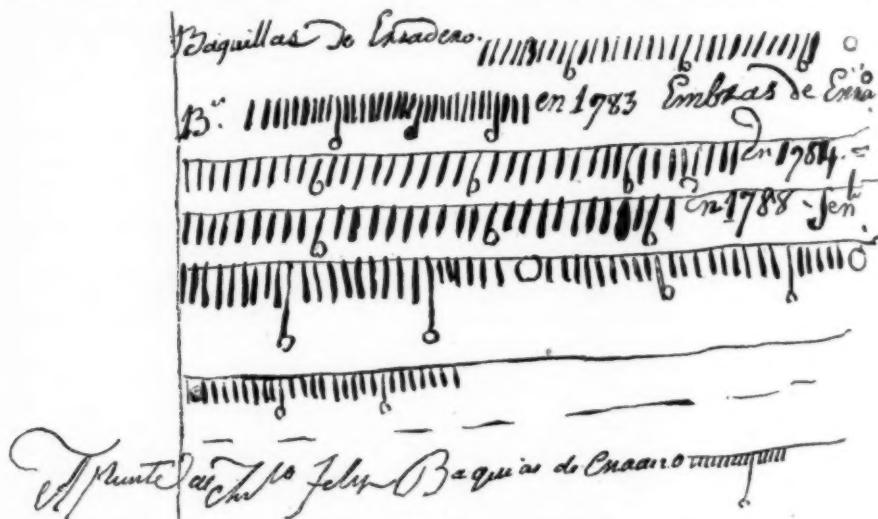
A sunny little south-east corner room in Don Antonio's house is full of the relics of the time when he and his father were foremost representatives of ideas and progress in the City of the Angels, and taught the first

school that was kept in the place. This was nearly a half century ago. On the walls of the room still hang maps and charts which they used; and carefully preserved, with the tender reverence of which only poetic natures are capable, are still to be seen there the old atlases, primers, catechisms, grammars, reading-books, which meant toil and trouble to the merry, ignorant children of the merry and ignorant people of that time.

The leathern covers of the books are thin and frayed by long handling; the edges of

tables, music, and bundles of records of the branding of cattle at the San Gabriel Mission, are among the curiosities of this room. The music of the first quadrilles ever danced in Mexico is here: a ragged pamphlet, which, no doubt, went gleeful rounds in the City of the Angels for many a year. It is a merry music, simple in melody, but with an especial quality of light-heartedness, suiting the people who danced to it.

There are also in the little room many relics of a more substantial sort than tattered



COPY OF A PAGE FROM A REGISTER OF BRANDED CATTLE. EVERY TENTH ONE BELONGED TO THE CHURCH.

the leaves worn down as if mice had gnawed them: tattered, loose, hanging by yellow threads, they look far older than they are, and bear vivid record of the days when books were so rare and precious that each book did doubled and redoubled duty, passing from hand to hand and house to house. It was on the old Lancaster system that Los Angeles set out in educating its children; and here are still preserved the formal and elaborate instructions for teachers and schools on that plan; also volumes of Spain's laws for military judges in 1781, and a quaint old volume called "Secrets of Agriculture, Fields and Pastures," written by a Catholic father in 1617, reprinted in 1781, and held of great value in its day as a sure guide to success with crops. Accompanying it was a chart, a perpetual circle, by which might be foretold, with certainty, what years would be barren and what ones fruitful.

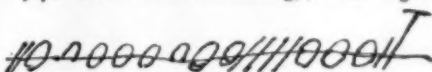
Almanacs, histories, arithmetics, dating back to 1750, drawing-books, multiplication-

papers and books: a branding-iron and a pair of handcuffs from the San Gabriel Mission; curiously decorated clubs and sticks used by the Indians in their games; boxes of silver rings and balls made for decorations of bridles and on leggings and knee-breeches. The place of honor in the room is given, as well it might be, to a small cannon, the first cannon brought into California. It was made in 1717, and was brought by Father Junipero Serra to San Diego in 1769. Afterward it was given to the San Gabriel Mission, but it still bears its old name, "San Diego." It is an odd little arm, only about two feet long, and requiring but six ounces of powder. Its swivel is made with a rest to set firm in the ground. It has taken many long journeys on the backs of mules, having been in great requisition in the early mission days for the firing of salutes at festivals and feasts.

Don Antonio was but a lad when his father's family removed from the city of Mexico to California. They came in one of

the many unfortunate colonies sent out by the Mexican Government, during the first years of the secularization period, having had a toilsome and suffering two months, going in wagons from Mexico to San Blas, then a tedious and uncomfortable voyage of several weeks from San Blas to Monterey, where they arrived only to find themselves deceived and disappointed in every particular, and surrounded by hostilities, plots, and dangers on all sides. So great was the antagonism to them that it was at times difficult for a colonist to obtain food from a Californian. They were arrested on false pretenses, thrown into prison, shipped off like convicts from place to place, with no one to protect them or plead their cause. Revolution succeeded upon revolution, and it was a most unhappy period for all refined and cultivated persons who had joined the colony enterprises. Young men of education and breeding were glad to earn their daily bread by any menial labor that offered. Don Antonio and several of his young friends, who had all studied medicine together, spent the greater part of a year in making shingles. The one hope and aim of most of them was to earn money enough to get back to Mexico. Don Antonio, however, seems to have had more versatility and capacity than his friends, for he never lost courage; and it was owing to him that at last his whole family gathered in Los Angeles and established a home there. This was in 1836. There were then only about eight hundred people in the pueblo, and the customs, superstitions, and ignorances of the earliest days still held sway. The missions were still rich and powerful, though the confusions and conflicts of their ruin had begun. At this time, the young Antonio, being quick at accounts and naturally ingenious at all sorts of mechanical crafts, found profit as well as pleasure in journeying from mission to mission, sometimes spending two or three months in one place, keeping books, or repairing silver and gold ornaments.

The blow-pipe which he made for himself at that time his wife exhibits now with affectionate pride, and there are few things she enjoys better than translating, to an eager



TRACING FROM A MISSION CASH-BOOK: A CIPHER STANDS FOR ONE MEXICAN SILVER DOLLAR, A HALF CIPHER STANDS FOR HALF A DOLLAR, AND A STROKE STANDS FOR A QUARTER.

listener, his graphic stories of the incidents and adventures of that portion of his life.

While he was at the San Antonio Mission, a strange thing happened. It is a good illustration of the stintless hospitality of those old missions, that staying there at that time were a notorious gambler and a celebrated juggler who had come out in the colony from Mexico. The juggler threatened to turn the gambler into a crow; the gambler, after watching his tricks for a short time, became frightened, and asked young Antonio, in serious good faith, if he did not believe the juggler had made a league with the devil. A few nights afterward, at midnight, a terrible noise was heard in the gambler's room. He was found in convulsions, foaming at the mouth, and crying:

"Oh, father! father! I have got the devil inside of me! Take him away."

The priest dragged him into the chapel, showered him with holy water, and exorcised the devil, first making the gambler promise to leave off his gambling forever. All the rest of the night the rescued sinner spent in the chapel, praying and weeping. In the morning, he announced his intention of becoming a priest, and began his studies at once. These he faithfully pursued for a year, leading all the while a life of great devotion. At the end of that time, preparations were made for his ordination at San José. The day was set, the hour came: he was in the sacristy, had put on the sacred vestments, and was just going toward the church door, when he fell to the floor, dead. Soon after this the juggler was banished from the country, trouble and disaster having everywhere followed on his presence.

On the first breaking out of hostilities between California and the United States, Don Antonio took command of a company of Los Angeles volunteers, to repel the intruders. By this time he had attained a prominent position in the affairs of the pueblo; had been alcalde and, under Governor Michelorena, inspector of public works. It was like the fighting of children, the impetuous attempts that heterogeneous little bands of Californians, here and



SWIVEL GUN. FIRST CANNON TAKEN INTO CALIFORNIA.



A VERANDA IN LOS ANGELES.

there, made to hold their country. They were plucky from first to last, for they were everywhere at a disadvantage, and fought on, quite in the dark as to what Mexico meant to do about them—whether she might not any morning deliver them over to the enemy. Of all Don Antonio's graphic narratives of the olden time, none is more interesting than those which describe his adventures during the days of this contest. On one of the first approaches made by the Americans to Los Angeles, he went out with his little haphazard company of men and boys to meet them. He had but one cannon, a small one, tied by ropes on a cart axle. He had but one small keg of powder which was good for anything; all the rest was bad, would merely go off "pouf,

pouf," the señora said, and the ball would pop down near the mouth of the cannon. With this bad powder he fired his first shots. The Americans laughed; this is child's play, they said, and pushed on closer. Then came a good shot, with the good powder, tearing into their ranks and knocking them right and left; another, and another. "Then the Americans began to think, these are no pouf balls; and when a few more were killed, they ran away and left their flag behind them. And if they had only known it, the Californians had only one more charge left of the good powder, and the next minute it would have been the Californians that would have had to run away themselves," merrily laughed the señora as she told the tale.

This captured flag, with important papers, were intrusted to Don Antonio to carry to the Mexican head-quarters at Sonora. He set off with an escort of soldiers, his horse decked with silver trappings, his sword, pistols—all of the finest: a proud beginning of a journey destined to end in a different fashion. It was in winter time; cold rains were falling; by night he was drenched to the skin, and stopped at a friendly Indian's tent to change his clothes. Hardly had he got them off when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. The Indian flung himself down, put his ear to the ground, and exclaimed, "Americanos! Americanos!" Almost in the same second they were at the tent's door. As they halted, Don Antonio, clad only in his drawers and stockings, crawled out at the back of the tent, and creeping on all fours reached a tree up which he climbed, and sat safe hidden in the darkness among its branches listening, while his pursuers cross-questioned the Indian, and at last rode away with his horse. Luckily, he had carried into the tent the precious papers and the captured flag: these he intrusted to an Indian to take to Sonora, it being evidently of no use for him to try to cross the country thus closely pursued by his enemies.

All night he lay hidden; the next day he walked twelve miles across the mountains to an Indian village where he hoped to get a horse. It was dark when he reached it. Cautiously he opened the door of the hut of one whom he knew well. The Indian was preparing poisoned arrows: fixing one on the string and aiming at the door, he called out, angrily, "Who is there?"

"It is I, Antonio."

"Don't make a sound," whispered the Indian, throwing down his arrow, springing to the door, coming out and closing it softly. He then proceeded to tell him that the Americans had offered a reward for his head, and that some of the Indians in the rancheria were ready to betray or kill him. While they were yet talking, again came the sound of the Americans' horses' hoofs galloping in the distance. This time there seemed no escape. Suddenly Don Antonio, throwing himself on his stomach, wriggled into a cactus patch near by. Only one who has seen California cactus thickets can realize the desperateness of this act. But it succeeded. The Indian threw over the cactus plants an old blanket and some refuse stalks and reeds; and there once more, within hearing of all his baffled pursuers said, the hunted man lay, safe, thanks to Indian friendship. The crafty Indian assented to all the Americans proposed, said that Don Antonio would be sure to be caught in a few days, advised them to search in a certain rancheria

which he described, a few miles off, and in an opposite direction from the way in which he intended to guide Don Antonio. As soon as the Americans had gone, he bound up Antonio's feet in strips of raw hide, gave him a blanket and an old tattered hat, the best his stores afforded, and then led him by a long and difficult trail to a spot high up in the mountains where the old women of the band were gathering acorns. By the time they reached this place, blood was trickling from Antonio's feet and legs, and he was well-nigh fainting with fatigue and excitement. Tears rolled down the old women's cheeks when they saw him. Some of them had been servants in his father's house and loved him. One brought gruel; another bathed his feet; others ran in search of healing leaves of different sorts. Bruising these in a stone mortar, they rubbed him from head to foot with the wet fiber. All his pain and weariness vanished as by magic. His wounds healed, and in a day he was ready to set off for home. There was but one pony in the old women's camp. This was old, vicious, blind of one eye, and with one ear cropped short; but it looked to Don Antonio far more beautiful than the gay steed on which he had ridden away from Los Angeles three days before. There was one pair of ragged shoes of enormous size among the old women's possessions. These were strapped on his feet by leathern thongs, and a bit of old sheepskin was tied around the pony's body. Thus accoutered and mounted, shivering in his drawers under his single blanket, the captain and flag-bearer turned his face homeward. At the first friend's house he reached he stopped and begged for food. Some dried meat was given to him, and a stool on the porch offered to him. It was the house of a dear friend, and the friend's sister was his sweetheart. As he sat there eating his meat the women eyed him curiously. One said to the other, "How much he looks like Antonio!"

At last the sweetheart, coming nearer, asked him if he were "any relation of Don Antonio?"

"No," he said. Just at that moment his friend rode up, gave one glance at the pitiful beggar sitting on his porch, shouted his name, dashed toward him, and seized him in his arms. Then was a great laughing and half-weeping, for it had been rumored that he had been taken prisoner by the Americans.

From this friend he received a welcome gift of a pair of trowsers, many inches too short for his legs. At the next house his friend was as much too tall, and his second pair of gift trowsers had to be rolled up in thick folds around his ankles.

Finally, he reached Los Angeles in safety. Halting in a grove outside the town, he



waited till twilight before entering. Having disguised himself in the rags which he had worn from the Indian village, he rode boldly up to the porch of his father's house, and in an impudent tone called for brandy. The terrified women began to scream; but his youngest sister, fixing one piercing glance on his face, laughed out gladly, and cried:

"You can't fool me; you are Antonio."

Sitting in the little corner room, looking out, through the open door on the gay garden and breathing its spring air, gay even in midwinter, and as spicy then as the gardens of other lands are in June, I spent many an afternoon listening to such tales as this. Sunset always came long before its time, it seemed, on these days.

Occasionally, at the last moment, Don Antonio would take up his guitar, and, in a voice still sympathetic and full of melody, sing an old Spanish love song, brought to his mind by thus living over the events of his youth. Never, however, in his most ardent youth, could his eyes have gazed on his fairest sweetheart's face with a look of greater devotion than that with which they now rest on the noble, expressive countenance of his wife, as

he sings the ancient and tender strains. Of one of them, I once won from her, amid laughs and blushes, a few words of translation:

"Let us hear the sweet echo  
Of your sweet voice that charms me.  
The one that truly loves you,  
He says he wishes to love;  
That the one who with ardent love adores you,  
Will sacrifice himself for you.  
Do not deprive me,  
Owner of me,  
Of that sweet echo  
Of your sweet voice that charms me."

Near the western end of Don Antonio's porch is an orange tree, on which were hanging at this time twenty-five hundred oranges, ripe and golden among the glossy leaves. Under this tree my carriage always waited for me. The señora never allowed me to depart without bringing to me, in the carriage, farewell gifts of flowers and fruit; clusters of grapes, dried and fresh; great boughs full of oranges, more than I could lift. As I drove away thus, my lap filled with bloom and golden fruit, canopies of golden fruit over my head, I said to myself often: "Fables are prophecies. The Hesperides have come true."

H. H.

## ONE CHAPTER.

IT was a very short chapter, and I often wish there had been more of it. But this is all there was. It was while I was at Wiesbaden. The doctors sent me there when my rheumatism got so bad; and though I had my faithful Cummings with me,—she is an excellent creature, though a little short-spoken and careless about candle-ends,—I should have been lonely enough but for Phil Merritt. Phil was an American, and that is what she said they called her, though her real name was Phyllis—much prettier and more ladylike, to my notions. But American ways are, of course, not our ways, and I suppose I should only be thankful she had a Christian name at all. However, I'm old-fashioned, and have never been out of England before, and may not be quite up with the age. Anyway, I was particularly glad that Phil was an American, for, while I know more about that country than most English women, having read those remarkable works of Mrs. Whitney's and Mrs. Stowe's and Miss Wetherell's, still it is always pleasantest to study the peculiarities of other nationalities from personal observation.

Well, Phil and I were great friends, in

spite of my sixty winters and her twenty-four summers. We first met in the hall of the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons, as I was toiling laboriously upstairs one day after my mineral bath, and thinking what a wonderful cook Dame Nature was to contrive chicken broth out of pure chemicals, with not so much as the ghost of a hen thrown in; and Phil, being naturally a very good-hearted, amiable girl, always on the lookout to do a kind deed, gave me her arm to my room, which chanced to be quite near hers; and after that not a day passed but she ran in to see me.

She was an orphan, living with her uncle and aunt—enormously rich people, I presume, for all Americans are millionaires. Why, as a sample, there's one family named Vandertilt, all whose men are common engineers and dine every day in their smocks, whose wealth exceeds that of the Rothschilds and the crowned heads of Europe taken together. But Phil dressed as simply as any English girl, and though she must, of course, have had a trunkful of diamonds somewhere, she never appeared in them, or at least never when I saw her. Uncommonly quiet, pretty taste she had. She was a little bit of a thing,

with the brightest, clearest, wisest brown eyes that ever were, and a face like a bird's, so quick and alert and knowing, and just brimming over with life and intelligence,—quite an American face I should fancy, it was so clear-cut and dark. I suppose she had a little Indian blood in her veins, as all old American families must have. She had an American voice too, wonderfully distinct and articulate, though lower-pitched than I should have expected, and with no perceptible nasal twang; and she had American hands and feet—there wasn't a glove or a shoe in the place small enough to fit her—and American manners, something altogether different from our girls, lady-like and yet positive, modest and yet independent and thoroughly self-possessed,—an air of always knowing exactly what she was about, and being provided with the very best of reasons for her every action. A most reliable, satisfactory, companionable girl she was,—a remarkable girl, indeed, in every way, and gave me a deal of information about her country, for there wasn't a thing the dear child didn't know something about, from politics down—or up, rather, since politics are at a vilely low stand in America. It whiled away the time delightfully to me, having her run in so to chat; for I hadn't a friend in the place besides, and owing to my rheumatism (it is not gout; none of our family have ever been high-livers) I wasn't able to leave my room except just for the baths.

"Don't you get tired reading?" she asked me one day. "Or shall I lend you some books? I have quite a little library with me." And she glibly ran over the names of a number of books written by people I had never heard of—Bryant, Aldrich, Howells, Hawthorne, Holmes, etc.—and whom, indeed, I didn't care to know. American literature is, I am afraid, on a par with its politics, and Josh Billings and Walt Whitman, who stand at its head, strike one brought up on our classics as very peculiar. It's safest to keep to their historians. Luke Twain and Cooper are really reliable, I am told, and the "Conquest of Mexico," by the latter, is said to read quite like Monte Cristo. Phil sat looking at me a moment through those glasses of hers that give her such a superhumanly wise aspect when she puts them on.

"You must find the days very dull, Miss Andrews," she said, sitting down on the floor in front of my china stove and peering in to see if it needed more wood. "I must find you some amusement. Why don't you write a book?"

"My dear!" I cried. "Me write!"

"Why, yes," she answered. "Just to fill up the time, you know. You can't read forever,

or crochet forever, and you must get dull with only Cummings for society."

"I'm never dull when I have you, my dear," I said. "Only please, Phil, don't put on any more wood; it's rather too hot here now!" (The dear child, with her American extravagance, would have emptied my whole wood-basket into the fire at once, and I expected it to hold out another day, at least.) "But what ever put the idea of me writing into your head, my love? Though, to be sure, I had quite a pretty talent for making verses when I was a child, but I think I've outgrown it now; one mostly does."

"Coax it back," said Phil, folding her tiny hands in her lap, and gazing meditatively at the fire, which brought out the red lights in her dark-brown hair in a very pretty way. "Coax it back. One mostly can. And truly, Miss Andrews, you have read so many books you must have a world of facts, and plots, and incidents, stored away in your brain by this time. Why don't you stir them all together and mix us up one good, new, fresh novel worth the reading?"

"With you for the heroine, my dear?" I suggested, laughing. "Indeed, I think that might do very well."

"No," said Phil, with that emphatic tone of hers that there is never any use in gain-saying. "I won't be a heroine. I decline to be put in a book. I won't stay in it if you put me there. I warn you I'll walk right out of the first chapter and spoil it all. You'll have to take somebody else."

"And whom shall I take?" I asked. "I think you are the very one."

"No, I'm not," answered Phil, screwing up her pretty lips: she had a sweet, charming mouth, though it was easy to see by it, too, what a will my young lady had of her own. "I haven't a particle of sentiment about me, you know; not the scrappiest bit. I'm matter-of-fact and prosaic through and through. I couldn't fall in love, and I couldn't flirt to save my life. Anyway, I just won't be written about."

"And whom else shall I write about, my love?" said I, still laughing at her earnestness—Phil was always so energetic and decided about everything.

She got up and walked to the window. "What a pity you can't come down to the table d'hôte," she said; "there is any number of characters ready-made there, every day. There's the old Russian countess—if only you knew her! She's a whole comedy and foot-lights in herself. And—and—let me see—that Mme. Latoux and the little German Fräulein—really, they *must* go into books some day. They were born to have histories. It's their destiny."

"And how about heroes?" I said. "Women by themselves wouldn't do, would they, dear?"

"Well, as for heroes, Miss Andrews;—" Phil mused a little, then suddenly sat down and began winding a skein of worsted for me. "I really don't know," she said, with her head bent down over her work, "that you could find a better hero anywhere, for a thrilling three-volume novel, than in the young man who sits next to me."

"Why, my dear!" I exclaimed, "this is something new. What young man? Why haven't you mentioned him before?"

"He has only just come."

"Is he English?"

"No."

"American?"

"I can't say. He might be German from his looks, American from his manners, French from his dress, and cosmopolitan from his language."

"American from his manners!" I repeated, at the moment forgetting the nationality of my young friend. "My poor, dear child, what a trial it must be to have him next you!"

Phil looked up at me with a little smile. "I meant that he had perfect manners," she said, quietly. I recollected myself, and was mortified enough.

"What does he look like?" I asked hastily, to change the ground.

"Tall, slight, soldierly, with light hair and mustache, and blue eyes," replied Phil, dreamily. "An aristocratic face, and small, well-shaped hands. He must be an American."

"Has he spoken to you?"

"Not yet; he will, though."

"My dear——"

"Oh, certainly," interrupted Phil, rising to light my candles. "He's very nice, and the only young man in the house. It would be neglecting my chances not to know him. At home, of course, we shouldn't speak without an introduction and credentials being given on both sides; but over here it's different. One can so easily let an acquaintance slide, you know, if it turn out badly. By the way, I suppose you don't know what slide means in that sense, Miss Andrews?"

"Yes, yes, my dear; it's slang for cut. I understand well enough, though I'm a little set against using those nasty words myself. We considered slang a beastly habit in my strait-laced days. We'll let that second candle slide too, however, Phil, please. One is quite enough for this little room." (I am persuaded that dear child couldn't so much as spell the word economy.) "Are you going now? Well, I hope you'll eat your dinner to-mor-

row with better appetite for your fine company, my dear."

The next day Phil appeared again, establishing herself in her usual place in front of the stove-door. I had taken care to have Cummings hide away most of the wood in the closet, so that there wasn't much left for her to dispose of, and I didn't mind.

"And how about the young man?" I asked. "Is he still here?"

"He will be here till I go," answered Phil.

"He is a very nice young man, indeed. He has lovely brown eyes, soft, and dreamy, and kind-looking,—eyes just like a dog. I love dogs' eyes, don't you?"

"You said he had blue eyes yesterday."

"Did I? Oh, yes. I said he looked like a German. Well, I got a better look at them to-day, you see, and they're not blue, but brown, and full of expression. I'm afraid he's a flirt. Flirts' eyes always are full of expression."

"You haven't been flirting with him, I hope, Phil, and he an utter stranger too, my dear? I am sure your aunt couldn't allow that."

"Oh, I never flirt, Miss Andrews. I'm not that style at all. But he's not a stranger now. Why, I know him quite intimately. I asked him for the salt as soon as we had taken our seats, and after that we talked steadily on right through till dessert. I know all about him,—enough to write his biography. I was right. He's an American. He's from Philadelphia."

"Ah, that's east of the Rocky Mountains, isn't it, my dear?" I asked, glad to show my geographical acquaintance with her country. Phil hesitated a moment, as if to locate it in her mind. She is always so exact.

"Well, yes; a little east," she said presently.

"Is it near where you live?" I continued.

"Yes, rather near," Phil answered, poking at my fire. "Only a few hundred miles off. I live in Rochester, in Western New York, you know."

"So you told me, my dear. Western New York. That's where the gold mines are, I understand, and the Indians. By the way, I wonder if you ever met a friend of mine; his name was Phipps, George Montague Phipps; his family sent him out for his health and he settled there,—Dallas, I think the place was,—he liked it so much."

"Dallas is in Texas," said Phil. "The young men don't come over to Rochester from there much, but I'll keep a lookout for him. I don't believe he is as nice as my young man here, however."

"And why is he here, my dear? For his health? Nobody ever comes here in October excepting for his health, you know."

"He is here for his mother. She is an invalid and doesn't appear at table. His name is Oscar Heyerman."

"Why, that's a German name, Phil."

"His father was German, I believe. He's really a charming young man, so intelligent, so cultivated, so handsome. You would lose your heart to him at once."

"Don't lose yours to him, my child."

"Better not, I think," replied Phil, with a sage shake of the head. "There's a wonderfully pretty little German girl sits the other side of him. He looked at her a great deal to-day, quite stared at her, in fact,—and he spoke to her just as we left the table. I foresee she is going to be my rival."

"She must be very nice and bright indeed, my dear, to be any proper rival of yours," I said, looking at Phil affectionately. "I am sure any man would rather talk to you than to most any other girl I know. You have so much common sense too, Phil, as well as looks."

"Yes, common sense is rather my forte," Phil acknowledged gravely. "The romance and sentiment were altogether left out, and the place filled in with good, plain, ugly common sense. But it's much less attractive to outsiders than nonsense, in the long run. I don't stand a ghost of a chance beside that simpering little German *mädchen* with her pink cheeks and baby ideas. You see, if Oscar says a word to me to-morrow. I shall break my heart."

"Don't say that, Phil, please," I begged. "There's so many a true word spoken in jest."

"Oh," said Phil, and for all further comment made a succession of horrible grimaces with such rapidity and astounding diversity that I nearly died with laughing at her, though I shook my head rebukingly all the time.

There proved to be no immediate danger, however, of Oscar's becoming interested in the little German girl. He devoted himself, on the contrary, entirely to Phil. She had something new to tell me about him every day when she ran in. Either she had met him by chance at the *Kursaal*, and had such a pleasant whispered talk with him while her aunt droned over the papers; or he had sat by her during the afternoon outdoor concert, or walked with her about the beautiful *Kursaal* grounds; or he had been shopping with her down through the long, pocket-despoiling arcades, and had helped her choose the pretty little trifle she brought to me.

"Do you like it?" she would say roguishly in the middle of my thanks. "It is Oscar's taste."

He made the fourth too, I fancy, on their drives to the Russian chapel, and the Rob-

ber's cave, and to Biebrich and other outlying places of interest, though I only knew it by Phil's accidentally repeating some remark or droll comment that he had made at the time. I don't think she quite liked me to know just how often he was invited to accompany them. She looked a little confused one day when I confessed how I had been watching at the window to see them start out, and was so disappointed to find they had gone in a close carriage. Indeed, after that I don't think he was invited so much. She didn't speak of his driving with them again. However, he walked with her uncle and herself to Sonnenburg Castle one day; she told me that. Her uncle was old, and I imagine left the two young people to scramble about the ruins quite by themselves,—Americans are so lax as guardians!—and she had a dainty little bunch of wild flowers pinned coquettishly in with the lace at her throat when she came back. She was fond of wearing flowers, and generally had a rose or cluster of violets somewhere about her dress, and if I chanced to ask where it came from, the answer was invariably the same, said with a demure twinkle of her pretty eyes: "Oscar, of course. What other young man is there here to give it to me?"

It was really wonderful how much interest her talk of Oscar lent to our meetings, and how eagerly I waited for the next bit of news, whatever it might turn out to be.

"He's certainly getting very much interested in you, Phil," I said anxiously one day. It was pleasant, but it troubled me a little too, living so right in the midst of a love story.

Phil laughed and shook her heavy braids.

"Indeed he is," I insisted. "I can see it plain enough, for all I'm not there to watch you two foolish young things with my curious old eyes. Old maids can put two and two together better than some clever arithmeticians, may be; and I only hope, my dear, that your aunt approves."

"Aunt Anne has nothing to say about me; I am quite independent of everybody," Phil rejoined with that determined look coming to her mouth that suited so well with her glasses and her straight, square way of holding her trim little figure. "I may make what friends I choose."

"It's that that worries me about you, my dear," I said as gently as I could. "I feel as if you hadn't anybody to look after you rightly, my poor child. And now this young man,—why, he may be a gambler for aught we know. He may have dreadful habits."

"One little half-bottle of cheap *Hochheimer* every day for dinner," interposed Phil with a laugh.

"But, my dear child, there's no knowing



how many whole bottles of Cliquot, besides any number of awful American drinks with wicked names, he may consume upstairs in private. One can't judge entirely about young men from just their down-stairs doings. I wonder if he is high-principled,—if he is a really good young man? You never mention seeing him at church. Oh, my dear, somebody ought to look after you a little, I do think. Somebody ought to look after you."

"Come and look after him instead," said Phil, who was standing in the window. "There he goes now. Don't you want to see him? He is almost as good to look at from the back as from the front."

She pushed aside the window curtain as she spoke; and though it is such pain to move, curiosity so far overmastered me that I hastily left my easy-chair, and dragged myself across the room to her side.

"Where?" I said breathlessly, straightening my cap as I best could, lest the young fellow should chance to look up. Even at sixty one doesn't like to be seen all awry.

"Such a pity!" said Phil, dropping the curtain again almost in my face. "You're just one second too late. He's gone around the corner. It's a great pity you didn't see him. You would never have suspected him of anything bad again. He has a charming face, so good, so trustworthy, and so—affectionate, one might say. I'm sure he is a lovely character. You should only hear the way he speaks of his mother. He is a devoted son."

I looked at Phil anxiously. She did not look at me, but stood with her forehead pressed against the window, tapping her little fingers on the sill.

"Don't, Phil, dear," I said gently. "It makes me nervous." She stopped at once, and glanced up at me with her head bent on one side like a little bird. Her eyes were brighter than any stars, and there was an odd, provoking smile on her clearly chiseled lips. "Phil," I said, laying my two hands on her shoulders, "I've not been young in my time for nothing, dear, and I see—I see."

"See what?" asked Phil. She banished all the knowingness out of her face, and put on a look of innocence that would have become a year-old babe, in less than no time.

"Don't be vexed," I said, "but how can I help seeing that, for all your pretended lack of romance, you are getting interested in that young man day by day."

Phil broke suddenly away from me and dashed to the wood-basket, bending over it with a little inarticulate sound.

"Don't put any more on, dear," I entreated, piteously. "Really, you don't know

how little it takes to keep a fire alight in those stoves. And you aren't vexed, are you, Phil? I couldn't help speaking, dear. I don't doubt he's all that's honorable and worthy if you think so, only you are so young, and—and—in England things are so different. I cannot get quite used to your American independence. It seems so odd parents and guardians should never have anything whatever to say in the matter of the children's marriages."

"Oh, but they do,—a little," said Phil, frowning gravely at the stove as she ran her finger absently along its cracks, knocking out the plaster upon the floor. "We always invite them to the wedding."

"And if they wont come?"

"We disinherit them. But it doesn't generally happen. But, my dear Miss Andrews, you are worrying about Oscar Heyerman and me. Now let me set your dear, kind heart at rest at once. He isn't thinking of me at all. I told you he would like that simpering German girl better. He does."

She spoke very low, and dropped her head a little. Something in her attitude or voice touched my heart, and reminded me of the days when—well, when I found out Jack cared for Hannah. My foolish old eyes got moist all of a sudden, and I crossed the room to her quickly, as if I hadn't an ache in my miserable bones, and tried to take her in my arms. "My dear, my dear," I whispered, all of a tremble, "don't give up hope yet. May be it isn't so. May be it isn't so. May be he'll come back to you yet." And then I remembered how Jack never did come back, and I sort of choked, and Phil just gave that queer little sound again and fled out of the room. How I longed to follow and comfort her! I felt so troubled about her I could scarcely sleep all that night. Poor, dear child, it had indeed gone far with her! It seemed very hard to stop quietly upstairs and know that all the time that inane little German miss was fooling my Phil's lover away just with two silly pink cheeks. "As if any man couldn't choose better than that!" I said indignantly to myself; for somehow, when I had found out that my poor child loved him and had lost him, all doubt of his worthiness instantly vanished from my mind, and I only fell to wishing I could do something to bring him back and make her happy. I never closed an eye till three o'clock, and after that the whole time I was dreaming and dreaming of how Phil stood at the altar all in white, and blazing with diamonds from head to foot, and how Oscar stood by her side with his back to me, so that I didn't see his face even then, and how he called out



right in the middle of the service for a gin cocktail (I think that was it), and how it was poor old I, in my dingy wrapper and cap, who had to come hobbling up the chancel-steps to give the bride away.

I didn't see Phil all the next day. Poor child! she saw I had surprised her secret, and though I didn't expect this delicacy of feeling on the part of an American girl, still I admired it in her, and only loved her the better for it. How I should have felt, had any one ever so much as suspected what I felt for Jack!

But by the day after, when still Phil did not come, it seemed as if I couldn't stand it not to know anything; and when the dinner was begun, I sent Cummings down-stairs just to peep in through the door and see which one Mr. Heyerman was talking to the more — my Phil, or the little tow-headed German idiot. Cummings didn't like being sent down on such an errand, and sniffed very disagreeably, and said she had never been engaged to do spy's work, and may be there was them as would do spying better, who wouldn't be so willing as she was to turn an old dress for me as had better be give away at once and done with, and not waste more time over it. However, she went down at last, though still expostulatory, and back she came in less than no time, her tongue clacking angrily all along the passage-way.

The head waiter had espied her peering through the crack of the door, and ordered her away. 'Twas no place for ladies' maids at no time, he had said, unless may be she wanted to come in and help serve the tables. Such an indignity had never been put on her at no time of her life before, she said, and that's what came from doing a nasty job at some one else's bidding. I had the greatest ado in the world to soothe her down, and get anything else out of her. Miss Merritt? Yes, she snarled, she *had* seen Miss Merritt, and Miss Merritt had seen her, and had nodded to her; that's what had directed the head waiter's attention to her, and the impertinence of that man she should *never* forget, not to her dying day. The German young lady? Yes, she had seen her, too. A sweet pretty dear she was, much more lady-like and genteel-looking than Miss Merritt. The young gentleman? There wasn't any young gentleman. There was an old man seated between the young ladies, if that's what I wanted to know,—a white-haired, deaf old gentleman. She heard Miss Merritt screeching at him that it didn't matter, when he upset his soup-plate over her dress. And if I was ever going to ask her to go down to that door again, I might look out for another

maid at the year's end, if I pleased. She had spoke her mind, and that was all she had to say.

I didn't know what to make of it,—not of Cummings's anger (that would wear off with time and judicious treatment, and a maid must be allowed tantrums as well as a mistress), but of her report; and I worried and worried, till late that afternoon Phil came in. She was in one of her brightest, gayest moods. I knew in a moment she had put it on as a mask. Women are always up to such little innocent hypocrisies, and it takes a woman to catch them at it. I didn't mean to say anything, but I couldn't help blurting it right out:

"My dear, Cummings says he wasn't there."

Phil never changed color nor winced when I spoke of him so suddenly. She is a brave little thing. She looked right up at me.

"No," she said. "Oscar dined out to-day. It was lonely for the little Fräulein."

And she never alluded to him once again the whole afternoon, though I several times skillfully led the conversation that way, in case she might like to unburden her poor heart to me. I wished her at least to feel that I was all readiness and all sympathy. But she is a very self-contained, reserved, intensely proud little creature, and I am afraid it was gall to her to feel how much I had already guessed of the truth. Poor child, I almost wished I could tell her about Jack, so as to take out the sting of it to her, letting her know that others had felt just the same. But never a word more would she speak that day of Oscar. She laughed, she joked, she made fun; her clear voice never wavered; her bright eyes never drooped; she was as cheery and sweet-tempered as if she had never known a sorrow. It seemed to me that my old heart must break for her. I haven't forgotten even yet how I behaved—how I danced and laughed with the best that very day when Jack was married! Only once her courage gave way a little,—the poor, overburdened young thing. It was in the dusk, and we were both very still, I thinking compassionately of her, and she—ah, well, I could guess, when I heard a little faint sigh from where Phil sat, or, rather, what started to be a sigh, and was checked in the rising. I put out my hand and touched hers. It seemed as if I *must* tell her how I felt for her. She gave a start, and then her usual little gay laugh.

"You have caught me," she said. "I am fain to confess it, Miss Andrews. I am homesick to-night,—awfully homesick."

I pressed her hand without speaking. There are moments when words seem so cold.

"Do you know," she continued, looking at me gratefully, and a little wistfully, "I would give all Europe—yes, all Europe and a good part of America besides, just for five minutes with my dear, dear little dog Dandy again!"

Her dog Dandy, indeed! Ah, poor child, poor child! Heaven looks leniently, I am sure, upon such innocent, womanly lies as these.

So the days slipped by, and I never came any nearer her confidence. If I asked about Oscar, she would frankly answer, and she occasionally mentioned that she had met him in the street, or seen him at the concert, or run across him in the reading-room flirting outrageously with the pretty German girl, right under her mamma's ugly nose. But she was very guarded in all that she said about him now, and in the way she said it. No stranger would ever have suspected that any deeper feeling underlay the careless tone in which she said his name. *But I knew.*

And so time wore around till one night she ran in later than usual, just as I was going to bed. Cummings looked thundery at once. She is like clock-work, and whoever puts her back, by so much as a minute, throws her all out of beat, and like as not stops her short.

"It's going on half-past nine, Miss Andrews," she said stiffly, as if I had begged for a little extra grace that I shouldn't have, and she immediately laid out my night-gown and cloth slippers with most suggestive and unbecomingly conspicuousness.

"I won't stay a minute," said Phil, with an intelligent glance toward the articles, and an appeasing nod to Cummings, who, with a grim determination not to be appeased, looked with fixed disapprobation at a nail in the wall, and pretended not to see Phil at all. "I leave so early to-morrow morning, I thought I would say my real good-bye to-night."

"What!" I cried aghast. "Oh, Phil, dear, are you really going to-morrow?"

"So it seems," answered Phil. "And none too soon. Why, we sail from Liverpool in three weeks, you know, and Paris is to be bought out first. And right glad I am to get away from this rainy old Wiesbaden. May I never have the ill luck to be at a German watering-place again out of the season. I should have died of *ennui* but for you, Miss Andrews."

"And oh, my child, think what you have been to me!" I said, with my eyes all at once getting weak, and my voice uncomfortably husky. "I have just lived on your visits. I don't know how ever I am to get along without you. And—how can others spare you any better?"

"Others?" repeated Phil, opening her bright eyes with that questioning look which

seemed always to turn her whole face into an interrogation point.

"Yes, dear," I said, sinking my voice a little because of Cummings, who, under pretense of arranging my bed, was pushing forward the chair with the night-gown into yet more unavoidable range of vision. "I mean Oscar."

Phil dropped her eyes suddenly. I saw her face change.

"He's gone," she said bluntly.

"Gone?" I gasped. "My dear, when—where—you don't mean it?"

"He went this morning," answered Phil, her voice as steady as mine was shaky. "I really don't know where he went, but probably the little *Fräulein* does. She left yesterday."

"And you really don't know?" I echoed incredulously. "Phil, child, don't you expect to see him again? not to meet him anywhere ever again?"

"Not ever again," repeated Phil steadily.

"It is good-bye to Mr. Oscar Heyerman forever."

And she kissed her little atom of a hand saucily toward the window. The action jarred on me. It seemed like such a mockery of the poor dear's real feelings. I could not bear to have her so brave. It would have been more natural to seem weaker. I shook my head and sighed.

"Ah, Phil," I said, thinking of Jack and of the long pain that that word *forever* covered,—*"Ah, Phil, things seem mysterious and life looks long when one is young; but it's astonishing how short the same thing looks seen from the other end, dear. Even forevers lose their sting before one is quite through with life."*

Phil stood looking at me. She was smiling a little, and gradually the smile spread and deepened. "You dear old Miss Andrews," she said, coming suddenly close and putting her arms about me, "I wish there might not be any forever about my good-bye to you. I've brought you one of my American books as a parting souvenir. It's a sweet little story, and will help you to think of me. And don't be too lonely when I am gone. Whom will you miss more, me or Oscar?"

"Don't talk so lightly, Phil, dear," I whispered. "Not just at the last like this. Don't you think I know?"

"No," answered Phil aloud. "I don't think you know at all. Good-night. Good-night, Cummings." And she was gone before I knew it.

"Poor child, poor child!" I murmured, as I surrendered myself to Cummings's not over-tender mercies. "So young, too. It's very hard on her."

"What's hard on her?" said Cummings, snatching off my cap with a venomousness which seemed to say she fancied it Phil's head.

"Oh, nothing," I answered, unwilling to betray my brave child's secret to any unloving ears. "I was only thinking it was hard that those two young people—she and that young man—shouldn't really ever meet again. I can't help hoping they may, even yet."

"What young man?" said Cummings, in her hard unsympathetic voice, pulling off my shoes as if she were a dentist and each foot were a tooth she was extracting. "I never see any young man. There aint any young man."

"Oh, but Cummings," I expostulated gently, "I mean Mr. Oscar Heyerman, you know. He's gone away."

"I'm thinking he can't be gone when he didn't ever come," retorted Cummings, stubbornly. "There's a Mr. and a Mrs. Oscar Heyerman on the *liste des étranngers*, right enough; but there aint any young man as ever I see. And so you needn't be worriting about him when you ought to ha' been asleep this half-hour gone, and me a-waiting all the time to put you where you should be."

"Cummings," I replied with dignity, "you are speaking very unbecomingly. Will you hand me my night-cap?"

"I'd just like to ha' seen her young man, that's all," said Cummings, jerking open my top drawer with a vindictive snap. "I don't believe there never was a bones-and-flesh young man at all, for I aint seen him."

"It isn't to be supposed you should have seen him, Cummings," I returned. "You have other things to occupy your attention than looking out for young men, I hope. And now you may put out the candle. The moonlight is bright enough for me to go to bed by without it."

But somehow I couldn't sleep that night either. It was such a very queer idea this of Cummings, that there wasn't any young man. It was just like her sour, cross-grained nature to take such a cynical stand. She'll never get to Heaven, I'm afraid, if her getting there is to be entirely a matter of faith. Still, it was an uncomfortable idea certainly, and gave me a shock like a cold-water bath.

Phil ran in bright and early the next morning, all dressed for the journey in her trim, close-fitting ulster, with her broad felt hat set jauntily back of the saucy little curls over her forehead, that were just as obstinate as she was, and would always go their way and not hers; and as she bent over me in the bed, the very first thing I said to her was, "Phil, Cummings says there wasn't ever any young man."

Phil stopped short on her way down to kiss me. "Cummings doesn't know," she said quietly.

"But there was, wasn't there, dear?" I entreated helplessly. "Phil, dear, there certainly was, wasn't there?"

Phil pursed up her lips and meditated some little time with her head on one side. Then she put on her glasses and looked down at me, wise as any Minerva.

"You will never know either," she said. "I know, of course, but I am never, never going to tell. Good-bye."

"Phil—oh, Phil!" I cried, catching at her dress in desperation. "Oh, indeed, you must not leave it so,—you *must* tell me! Wasn't there any young man? not any young man at all?"

"Was there or was there not?" said Phil, backing off toward the door, with always that provoking little smile on her lips and a defiant brightness in her eyes; "what can it possibly matter to anybody living but only me? It is my secret. I have a right to it. And I shall not ever, ever tell."

And that's the way she left it. That is why there isn't any more of it. You see she kept to her word and walked right out of my story at the end of the first chapter, and how the story ended I never knew myself. When I look at the book she left me (it's by a Mr. Aldrich, and indeed it's a clever little tale, though very disappointing), I wonder if it is possible she got any inspiration from that? But I don't know, and I never shall know, and I am still puzzling over it. Was it true or was it false? Was there or was there not a young man? When I think of Jack, I am sure that there must have been; and when I think of Phil, why I really do not know.

Grace Denio Litchfield.



A GREAT city is usually credited, and truly, with worldly motives, which make the prosperous portion of its inhabitants pushing, selfish, proud, and self-satisfied. Here Jews and Gentiles, Europeans and Americans, are all striving for the common prizes of life, and on these prizes, it would seem, their imagination is centered. Yet for nearly a century, in fact ever since New York was worthy the name of city, a quiet man moved daily among the crowd, busy as others about commerce and manufactures, society and social aims. He raised a family of influential children, and was pleasantly associated in business and society with nearly every person of consideration in New York, his native city, where he was born February 12, 1791. Yet, in all this daily contact with men, his chief objects were distinct from theirs, and he kept his own individuality and way of looking at things intact from the beginning. It has been said that Americans lose their individuality more easily than the people of other nations; Mr. Cooper certainly is an example to the contrary. No worldly enticements nor persuasions ever changed his own way of regarding things, and he had a consistent and singularly straightforward method in considering unusual subjects.

An association of eleven years with Mr. Cooper, as head of the "Woman's Art School," gave me an opportunity to observe him in the life-work which most earnestly engaged all his powers. His practical ingenuity in connection with steam-engines, his success in running the first locomotive in America, his new application of iron-work for building purposes, the improvements he aided in New York, such as the locating of Union and Madison squares and Tompkins Square as breathing spots for the city, are well known; his faith in the Atlantic cable and like enterprises, when other men doubted their success, are remembered; but only an eye-witness of it could imagine the time, and thought, and ingenuity he gave, year after year, to his favor-

ite scheme for the raising and bettering of his fellow-creatures in the "Cooper Union." In this connection, it may not be amiss to give a brief outline of this institution:

The three great branches of the "Cooper Union" are the night schools, where several thousand men are taught each season a scientific and literary course, besides drawing in its various branches; the day schools for women, comprising the "Woman's Art School," a school for telegraphy, and a type-writing class recently established; and a free library and reading-room, open day and evening, to which 400,000 visits are annually paid.

In the "Woman's Art School" about five hundred young women are taught different kinds of art work. Half of these are instructed in various industrial branches, in an absolutely free class; and the rest, at a very small cost, have the best teachers of drawing and painting in New York. Ever since the school was started in 1857 or 1858, the names of some of the best artists in New York have been connected with the free school; and in its list of teachers are such men as Jervis McEntee, N. A., and Dr. Rimmer formerly, and at the present time R. Swain Gifford, N. A., Wyatt Eaton, J. Alden Weir, William Sartain, A. N. A., Douglas Volk, and other well-known painters. The "Woman's Art School" is furnished with one of the finest collections of casts in this country, which include the chief of the Elgin marbles and many of the great classical statues. Bass-reliefs from the Renaissance period, such as the beautiful figures from Donatello and Della Robbia, together with the best ornamental models from the schools at South Kensington, afford the pupils excellent subjects for study. A small but well-selected art library consists of the works of Ruskin, Taine, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Leonardo da Vinci, Lalanne, Fergusson, and many other authorities; while the illustrated volumes of Racinet, Owen Jones, and books on pottery, engraving, design, etching, besides art period-

icals, cultivate the ideas and taste of the pupils. Lectures are given each winter on art; and such men as William Page, N. A., Louis C. Tiffany, A. N. A., William H. Goodyear, of the Metropolitan Museum, Hubert Herkomer, A. R. A., afford the pupils information in all the new ideas on art.

It is somewhat aside from the purpose of this article to speak of the practical results of the "Woman's Art School"; but, as it was a subject on which Mr. Cooper liked to dwell, it may be of special interest to the reader. Besides learning a profession, at the very time they are studying, half the pupils in the free classes wholly or partly support themselves by teaching, designing, engraving on wood, and other artistic occupations; and the annual report of this year shows that the present pupils and the last year's graduates have earned between \$27,000 and \$28,000, while probably of \$10,000 more earnings no account has been given. Many of the beautiful engravings in this magazine, in "St. Nicholas," and in the Patent Office Reports, are cut in the engraving room of the "Woman's Art School" at the Cooper Union.

Observing, in the early years of my connection with the "Institute," how much fonder Mr. Cooper was of scientific and mechanical work than of art, I was often surprised that he should ever have undertaken this great Art School. It was finally explained to me that, under the auspices of some of the most cultivated and intelligent ladies of New York, such as Miss Mary Hamilton, who was afterward Mrs. George L. Schuyler, Mrs. Jonathan Sturges, and others, a "School of Design" was begun before the "Cooper Union" was established. In this school were classes in drawing for mechanical purposes and in designing for paper, cotton, and woolen manufactures, both branches being suited to women. The school had prospered under the constant oversight of a committee of ladies, and when at length the Cooper Union was completed in 1857 or 1858, this class was offered to Mr. Cooper, who, seeing that it was likely to be successful in a line which he had marked out, accepted the transfer of this school of design to his foundation.

It is difficult to analyze mental processes; but it seems as if the same faculties which enabled Mr. Cooper to see the possibilities of machinery, opened his eyes to the advantage of practical education for young men and women who have their bread to earn. At a time when the colleges of this country insisted on Latin and Greek, Mr. Cooper realized that, to make young men of moderate means useful and happy, scientific

knowledge and special study for their own business was most important; and in founding the Woman's Art School, it is a question whether he has not settled the doubt of the desirableness of a "higher education" for women. Certainly he had women taught, systematically, what would fit them for intellectual occupations, before any college so taught them.

Nowadays *special* study has become a great part of the instruction in the best American colleges; but Mr. Cooper was one of the first educators in America to carry out the idea that a practical and necessitous people had better learn what they could apply to use. But Mr. Cooper's aim was not merely to promote material prosperity. He always used his influence in his schools to raise the standard of character. Young men were taught elocution in the night classes, primarily to enable them to assist in political discussion, and to make them interested in public affairs. For women, Mr. Cooper aimed to secure quiet, healthful, and dignified pursuits.

"I have always tried to do the *best* I knew how," he said to me one day, "and then people have wanted what I made. I determined to make the *best* glue, and found out every method and ingredient looking to that end, and so it has always been in demand." This habit of his mind was a pervading influence in the Institute.

Reminiscences of Mr. Cooper ought not to take the form of a sermon; yet it seems impossible for any one who contemplated him in his daily relations to the Cooper Union not to be impressed with the fact that the first and most positive lesson of his life was a spiritual one. He was occupied with the various departments of the schools, the reading-room, or the sanitary or building arrangements; and yet, even when he talked about the very bricks and mortar of the building, through the crucible of his benevolence these material objects seemed converted into "something rich and strange," through the "spiritual uses," as Swedenborg designates them, which were his motives for them all.

Nearly every week Mr. Cooper was at the Institute; but we never heard a word from his lips, nor saw a look in his face, nor heard a tone of his voice, which could have been wished otherwise. His influence was not only negatively good, but his presence always acted as a moral tonic.

From the first time I saw Mr. Cooper, eleven years ago, till the last occasion on which he visited the Cooper Union, I was struck with the fact that his ideas and actions were always what is called "at first hand." He rarely referred to what anybody



else thought or said; and with the exception of the verses he had committed to memory and thought about, till they formed part of the very substance of his mind, he never mentioned books. Some people take hold of things better if they see and examine them for themselves, and a glance at a landscape or a look at a person conveys much more than any description. Others prefer "fireside travels"; and I remember a distinguished professor who once said to me that he enjoyed flowers even more in poems than he did in reality.

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

Not so, Mr. Cooper. The sight of a person or a thing stimulated his mind at once to new conditions, and his imagination became fertile to plan and arrange. He was a curious instance of a man who was intensely practical, yet never commonplace; and his desire for material results was always united with a still more earnest wish to develop self-respect, independence, and a love of usefulness in the young people who studied at the Institute.

Mr. Cooper was an early riser, and by half-past nine, nearly every day, his plain, small carriage, with its one steady horse, might be seen standing near the Seventh street entrance of the Institute. Mr. Cooper usually went about the building by himself, and his cheerful, intelligent face, which never looked haggard though it was old, and his slightly stooping form, in a plain black coat and a soft black felt hat, from beneath whose brim fell his silky white hair, might be seen for hours every day, sometimes on the staircases, often in the school-room. For a time he sat in the main office, talking with some business man employed in the building, or he conversed with me about the school. He rarely used the elevator till toward the end, but preferred to climb the numerous flights of stairs even up to the very top story; and many a time it has given me a shiver of anxiety to see him holding by the baluster as, by himself, he went down the long stone staircases. He was the kindest and most amiable of men in saving other people anxiety or pain; and sometimes when I begged him to let me go with him or to allow the office boy to take his arm, he said he did not need him; yet he suffered us to accompany him, when he saw that we really desired it. Of late years, the policeman, the janitor, and more recently a young servant went with him; but he did not like to be waited on, and always preferred to stand when he was talking to a woman.

When in the school-rooms he never wanted any disturbance made on his account. Till within the last year or two, he was in the Woman's Art School several times a week, and he generally came quite early, before ten o'clock. Often he brought visitors to see the building; but, unless some stranger came to view the pupils' work, he did not wish me to accompany the party. He came noiselessly into the long west corridor, and it was often only when I saw his silvery head retreating into the distance that I knew Mr. Cooper had been to visit us. At times when he appeared feeble, I joined him; walking along behind him, one would have conjectured that he was only looking about in the most casual way. Of late years his slow step, his venerable form slightly shrunk about the shoulders, and his gentle bearing were a sight which kept my own thoughts intent on him. Often on these occasions Mr. Cooper would pause, turn around, and, leaning up against one of the cases which lined the room, begin to talk on some subject of importance, or his reflective observations showed that his mind was busily employed.

One day he stood watching the portrait class, who, to the number of thirty pupils or more, were drawing likenesses of the same model from different positions. One scholar made the face in profile; another had it turned a little into the shadow; a third saw more of the full face; while others worked still further into or away from the light. He had stood observing the scene for a few minutes, when he said, "Such a sight as this should be a lesson in charity, when we perceive how the same person may be so different, according to the way he is looked at by various people."

During the first year of my acquaintance with Mr. Cooper, I frequently told him stories of our pupils who were very poor, or were making extraordinary efforts to remain in the Art School. Finding, however, that such cases could never be mentioned without his immediately volunteering to aid them, as a matter of honor I soon ceased to speak to him of instances which would enlist his sympathy. In spite of this, however, now and then some case came up of a girl in unusually difficult circumstances. She had, perhaps, come from the far West or the South, and was away from her friends; or was one of many children, or had saved, painfully, the money to keep her at the Cooper Union. The story was told to explain or illustrate some outside matter, and it did not occur to me that Mr. Cooper would feel it as an appeal to his charity. But so constant was his habit of sympathy, and so strong his desire to do

good, that on such occasions his hand would be instantly in his pocket, and before I could perceive what he was about, a bill was slipped into my hand, as if he were hardly willing I should think what he was doing, and he said, "This may help her, perhaps, to get better food"; or, "You can see if she needs anything specially; but do not say where it came from." These words were spoken in a tone so full of kindness, and yet so absolutely without ostentation, that I never did tell the recipient. The feeling in Mr. Cooper was too sacred a prompting to be soiled with any touch of earthly vanity. Truly he did not *wish* his left hand to know what his right hand was doing; and, by instantly speaking on some other subject, he tried to make me forget the incident which had occurred.

Many a time, stories about pupils who had become prosperous through their education at the Cooper Union were repeated to him either by letters or by the people themselves, or I told him incidents which it seemed but due that he should know. Such meed of praise, so far from ever raising an expression of vanity or pride in him, was received in the meekest spirit; and yet these *were* the results for which he was giving time, and money, and life. "All I want," he said, "is, that these poor women shall earn decent and respectable livings, and especially that they shall be kept from marrying bad husbands."

This subject of unhappy marriages seemed to be a very prominent one in Mr. Cooper's mind. That women were often imposed upon, were ill-used and broken down, he had a lively conviction; and all his chivalry and sense of fatherly protection were enlisted to save them, so far as he could, from these ordinary misfortunes. While the world is now occupied with the question of what women can be taught, their "higher education," and many kindred subjects, Mr. Cooper's acute genius discovered, as by intuition, many years ago, the relation of women of the middle class to society, to industries, and the family. He saw that many of them could not marry, and he realized what must be the forlorn position of a number of elderly daughters of a poor man. He had noted the dangerous likelihood of giddy, ignorant young girls marrying anybody for a home, even if the men they married were dissipated or inefficient; and he had the tenderest pity for poor widows or deserted wives. He talked many times, and at great length, on these subjects, and all circumstances and any sort of incident brought up this desire of his heart, to help women to be happy, independent, and virtuous.

One of the last times he was at the school,

and while a celebrated New York clergyman was giving a course of Lenten lectures to women, Mr. Cooper, with his face all animated with his feeling about it, said: "Dr. — is of the wealthy class, and he has been used to deal with wealthy women. The world does not look like the same place to him that it does to me. If he could be in my place for a month, and read the letters I get from poor and suffering women, he would think that it would be best to have them taught anything which they could learn to enable them to lessen all this trouble."

Compensation is one of the great laws of life, and a chief blessing which comes to those who have struggled and known all sorts of classes of society is the wider horizon gained of human nature. Mr. Cooper was perhaps as true a democrat as ever lived. I never could perceive that social distinctions made the least impression on him. He recognized wealth and influence as means of doing good, and he saw that they increased the scope for improvement and happiness. But the people who moved in different stations of life were the same to him; and men and women were alike interesting as they were his fellow-creatures, to whom he could be a brother-man.

There are many anecdotes to illustrate how completely his heart beat in harmony with every class, and how his fellow-citizens had learned to prize him. His familiar face was known all over New York, and whenever his plain carryall appeared, it was immediately recognized, let it be in Fifth Avenue, in Broadway, or in the poorest streets of the city. Whether it was an Irishman driving his loaded cart, or a fine carriage, everybody yielded Mr. Cooper the "right of way." Such homage as this can only be voluntary, and it is a singular contrast to the forced deference which compels every vehicle to give way to the equipages of the court in foreign countries.

At the time that Mr. Edward Cooper was nominated for Mayor of New York, naturally many of the foreign population knew nothing of him personally. A gentleman at the head of much of the German law practice at that time, when among his clients, was consulted about the candidate. "We are not acquainted with Mr. Edward Cooper," the Germans said, "but he must be a good man, as he is Mr. Peter Cooper's son, and so we shall vote for him."

It is rare to find a man like Mr. Cooper who, in his relations with women, has not a "certain condescension" in his feeling toward them. He may be charmed with them, he may love them dearly, or he may enjoy their

wit or be disgusted with folly or strong-mindedness; but he scarcely ever seems to regard them as fellow-creatures, simply.

It would seem, from his association with people of all classes, that Mr. Cooper had become, humanly, a cosmopolitan, and the few simple needs which are common to all mankind were always patent to his catholic heart. He often came into school with some distinguished man, foreign or native; and he showed the work of the Institute and its classes to the Empress of Brazil, the Prince of Wales, Count de Lesseps, Dean Stanley, and the scientific and the fashionable, with the same unconsciousness and simplicity that he did to rough but intelligent men from Western towns, or a party of women and children who had come in to see the "sights" of New York from a farm-house in New Jersey.

Mr. Cooper was fond of taking visitors by the arm as he walked about the building, and, in pleasant tones and with cheerful and cheering looks, the good old man would speak to them of his hopes and objects and of what he had accomplished. Carlyle in one of his letters to Emerson, describing Mr. Webster, says, "he was perfectly bred, though not with English breeding." Observing Mr. Cooper with all sorts of people, one never saw him when his manners were not perfect as a true gentleman. Not a shade of obsequiousness, or pride, or boasting, or vanity, nor a thought of himself personally, sullied the dignity and sweet gravity of his bearing.

His opinions were positive, and he stated them definitely; and his illustrations were often simple and even homely. It would be difficult to tell the occasions, so numerous were they, which drew from him the poems and little rhymes which were his solace and delight. He told them to strangers in their visits to the school, or often he repeated to the pupils verses of which he was specially fond. Among those he particularly liked were lines from "Pope's Essay on Man," which appealed strongly to him by its common sense and the knowledge it showed of human nature. I believe he knew the whole of the poem, but the parts he oftenest quoted were those that are nearly as familiar as proverbs.

"Look round our world; behold the chain of love,  
Combining all below and all above."

And there is hardly any one familiar with Mr. Cooper who has not heard more times than once:

"O happiness! our being's end and aim!  
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name,—

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
For which we bear to live or dare to die."

"Remember, man, 'the universal cause  
Acts not by partial but by general laws,'  
And makes what happiness we justly call  
Subsist not in the good of one, but all."

"Health consists with temperance alone,  
And peace, O virtue, peace is all thine own."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

"Know then this truth (enough for man to know),  
Virtue alone is happiness below."

"Our own bright prospect to be blest,  
Our strongest motive to assist the rest."

Of all other parts of this poem, the last was the one, perhaps, about which he cared most, and which most closely harmonized with his own theory of life:

"God loves from whole to parts; but human soul  
Must rise from individual to the whole.  
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:  
The center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,  
Another still, and still another spreads,—  
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;  
His country next, and next all human race;  
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind  
Take every creature in of every kind;  
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,  
And heaven beholds its image in his breast."

One day, I remember, an elderly gentleman, a stranger, sat with him in the office for an hour or more, listening to Mr. Cooper's relation of his experiences, personal and external. The gentleman was of a reflective turn of mind as well as Mr. Cooper; and soon Mr. Cooper was pouring into his ear the store of poetry, hymns, aphorisms, and wise sayings which were and had long been his mental support. Each turn of expression seemed filled with Mr. Cooper's own feeling, and these beautiful and wise words, no doubt, had, through long familiarity, in their turn molded his own mind.

Anybody who has heard Mr. Cooper speak in the hall of the Cooper Union is acquainted with this habit of recalling favorite verses and sayings, and can remember the rapt look in his face as he repeated them. When his mind was absorbed with contrivances of a practical nature, such as the affairs of a needy man or woman, his words were spontaneous, and his thoughts occupied with the question in hand; but when alone or in simple conversation, his mind flowed habitually into well-remembered words or verses; and I think I have never known a person who recalled so well or cared so much for favorite quotations, nor one on whose tongue they were so frequent.

When busy in the general office of the Cooper Union, with masons, carpenters, or people on business, if by chance any woman met him, Mr. Cooper was always ready to listen to her story, and to forward her desires to enter the Art School or the class in telegraphy. Frequently I was called, to find that Mr. Cooper wished to see me. He usually stood while talking; and on these occasions I found him with some woman at his side, who wished to become a pupil of the Art School.

"This is the lady who superintends the school," he said, as he introduced me. "You must tell her what you want." And then in an aside to me, but never except to explain his participation, he said: "She is very needy. She has three brothers and sisters to take care of"; or more often he told me he had met the person in the office, and she had asked him to introduce her. But since my connection with the Art School, on no occasion did Mr. Cooper ever interfere with the working of the rules; and he always ended by saying, even after his most interested statements: "But you must not take her unless it is best; and I do not want you to break in on any regulation." His tenderness of heart to present distress never interfered with his sense of justice to those who were far away and had applied to come to the Cooper Union, but were unable to make personal appeals to his kindness.

When one considers the rough and often brusque ways of business men, the considerate respect Mr. Cooper always showed in his manners for all persons in his employ is especially observable. His tone was of pleading for the unfortunate or reasoning about changes which he liked to suggest; but I never saw him use his authority. A gentleman who was most intimately related to him once said that he had never heard a cross or hasty tone in Mr. Cooper's voice; and when I recollect his uniform gentleness and perfect consideration, it is no longer remarkable that a man who had risen, by his own abilities, to a position of such trust and honor as Mr. Cooper, should have kept his simple relations with people intact during so long a life.

In one of the addresses at his funeral, when clergymen of three different denominations occupied the pulpit, one of them referred to Mr. Cooper as an example whom people of any religious belief might imitate, without regard to their theology, because of his great love of humanity. Swedenborg dwells on what he designates as a "life of uses," as the highest goal to which man can attain. This was

preëminently Mr. Cooper's standard, and his ingenuity was incessantly directed to think what he could hear of or plan that would benefit his fellow-creatures and enable them to be independent, useful, self-respecting, and intelligent. Type-writing seemed to him a good channel for the employment of women, and on one of his last visits to the Art School he explained to me his views about it. "It is a light and easy occupation; it is much used by business men," he said; and finally added, speaking as if his life and health were of no importance except as he could use them for some good end: "If my life and strength can last till I get such a class started here in the building, I shall be very glad." There was something pathetic as the saintly old man said these words; and at the same time it was inspiring to think that the end and aim of even such a life as his, in its highest development and purpose, was to arrange and invent what was useful for his fellow-creatures. To this he applied all his knowledge and experience; and all his acquaintance with mechanical contrivances, and what he knew of developing business interests, were made to subserve in raising and cheering as many men and women as possible, in their blind and ignorant efforts to fill useful and independent places in the world. The very last time I saw Mr. Cooper, and when his waning strength left his countenance languid and weary, his eye brightened and he straightened himself up firmly, as he told me that "the type-writing class was started, and he wanted me to go upstairs and see it."

A few years since, Mr. Cooper added a large section to the top of the Cooper Union, about two hundred feet long, from Seventh to Eighth street, and nearly a hundred wide. This was a great pleasure and comfort to him; he watched every brick as it was laid, and he delighted to explain how strong it was, and how bright and fine the new rooms were, and the beautiful view which could be seen from them over the harbor and neighboring country. He had meant to have pictures and machinery exhibited here; but when it proved that this section of the building was better fitted for the men's class-rooms, he abandoned his own plans to carry out the ideas of those on whom he could depend for advice.

Mechanical contrivances of all sorts were his delight, and when, in company with his faithful janitor, whose knowledge and good sense were in harmony with his own, he went about looking at the steam-heating apparatus, the ventilators, the elevator, and any new arrangements which had been made, he was



full of suggestions whose practical value we soon learned to appreciate. If I told him that we had not air enough, that the steam-pipes near the pupils' seats were too hot, his invention was stimulated in a moment to contrive some remedy for the evil. He often said to me, as he looked about the rooms: "Let me know if you can think of any improvement, and I shall be glad to do it if I can." And so there has been a constant addition to the conveniences, the studies, the healthful arrangements, and the books and casts for the school. Unlike many institutions, there has always been a feeling here that nothing was suffered to fall into a *rut*. When the books in the art library became worn, they were re-bound or replaced; casts were duplicated and new ones added; and carpenters, glaziers, and plumbers were permanently employed, so that the rooms could be kept in good condition. Any one with experience knows what cheer there is in such a state of things. It is so much easier for teachers and pupils, and all connected with such an establishment, when they are sure they are not neglected nor their interests ignored.

So completely was the pecuniary machinery organized, that though during the eleven years of my connection with the Cooper Union great numbers of people were to be paid monthly, no teacher of the Woman's Art School has ever had his or her money delayed a week; only by accident has it been delayed even a day. Peace and quiet and perfect order were the direct result of Mr. Cooper's influence and habits of life.

As I said before, Mr. Cooper cared little for art *per se*. And so he looked with some suspicion and incredulity on the headless Torso of "Victory," in the Elgin Marbles, and could see no beauty in the "Fates"; but he was well content to trust such matters to more experienced judges, and to reiterate his usual words: "If the young women can only learn, so that they can get decent and respectable livings!"

Human nature is a great mystery, and in the different periods of our life one stage does not well understand the others. How little can the child know the state of mind of the man! and in middle life how slightly are we sure that we comprehend the feelings and thoughts of old age! The world, to a youth, is full of hope; in the midst of the struggle, the accomplishment, and the disappointments of maturity, it looks different; and old age probably conceals thoughts, such as other periods cannot understand, of what things are vain and what are of value, as the bodily powers and desires fade away and the

certainty of death becomes more near and real. Some qualities in us are endued with an everlasting youth, and it is these which we embody as our conception of the Immortals. Benevolence, charity, a love of nature, such parts of us as these, appear to be the same in young and old; and in our idea of angelic natures we carry such qualities forward into another world. It was a strange and new problem of life to watch so aged a man as Mr. Cooper, and observe of what human nature was capable at so advanced a period of development. Often, when I looked at him and saw his clear eye kindle with enthusiasm for good, or his look melt with pity; when I saw him so kind and loving as he spoke of his daughter or young grandchildren, and so full of sympathy for the poor; and especially when I observed his step drooping and feeble, and his head bowed, as he first came into the school after a night when he had slept poorly, and then, at the tale of some helpless girl whom his benevolence had benefited, saw him grow bright again and his eyes light up and his breath become deeper,—on such occasions it did really seem as if new life came into him, and, as Swedenborg expresses it, as if it was "the spirit of an angel which informed him."

To the day when he was taken with his last illness, his sight was perfectly good, his hearing as sharp as ever, and there was no trace on his sincere and peaceful face of the querulousness or peevish discontent that is so often seen in old age. The highest lesson taught by Mr. Cooper was the lesson of his own life. As much as, or more than any one I ever knew, Mr. Cooper solved the problem: "Is life worth living?"

Observing him carefully for a long series of years, it appeared that certain parts of his nature were cultivated intentionally, as the result of a wisdom which discriminated what was really worth caring for from what was not worthy of pursuit. Personal ambitions or selfish aims had no weight with him, and disappointments and annoyances which would have left deep wounds with many passed off from him with scarcely an observation. He was most kind and loving; but if he were usefully employed, no domestic loss or separation from friends seemed to touch his happiness seriously. He spoke often of his preference for plain living, and his habits were as simple as those of a child. Love of pomp or display never touched him in the slightest, and he had an innocent openness of character which concealed nothing. Never, under any circumstance, did he show a particle of malignity, revenge, or meanness. If people disappointed him, he passed over



the wound it made and let his mind dwell on something more satisfactory. Swedenborg's phrase, "the wisdom of innocence," often occurred to my mind in observing Mr. Cooper. He knew what was wise, and to that his heart was given. Sensitive as any young man in all works of sympathy or kindness, the mean and bad ways of the world fell off from his perception.

So his life passed in New York and in the Cooper Union, serene, happy and contented. With "honor, love, obedience, hosts of friends," he was an example and encouragement to those who had not gained the quiet heights on which his inner self habitually dwelt.

On the evening of the yearly reception of the Woman's Art School, which occurred the latter part of May, Mr. Cooper stood or sat at the south corner of the east corridor to receive the thousands of people who attended the reception. The guests consisted of old and present pupils and their friends, and vast numbers of the outside public. Surrounded by his family, the venerable founder of the Cooper Union was always present,—the chief attraction of the evening. For many of the first years of my acquaintance with him, Mr. Cooper stood during these receptions almost the entire time, shaking hands with men, women, and children. The teachers and officers of the building were usually near him on these occasions, and it was very interesting to observe the various manners of the crowd who approached him. Sweet, simple, and dignified, he welcomed each person cordially. "How do you do? How do you do?" he said, over and over again, till we who cared for him tried to screen him from the press of visitors. An old man and woman would approach: "It is many years since we saw you last," they said, grasping his hands. "Mr. Cooper, we must put our little boy's hand in yours," said a young couple with a child five or six years old at their side. Then a group of boys would come along and stand curiously regarding him from a short distance. "That's Mr. Cooper," they whispered in an under-tone. Young men came along and stopped to talk to him and shake his hand, till some of us whispered to them that they must not stay to tire him. Occasionally, the salutations were very amusing, especially those of mechanics or workmen, who called him "Uncle Peter," with the evident intention of respectful endearment; and these people were met with the same affability as the rest. Not infrequently my own nerves were a little disturbed by some good but inconsiderate person, who, grasping his hand and looking at him with mingled affection and surprise, told him, "When I saw you a year

ago, Mr. Cooper, I thought it was the last time you would be here. I am glad to see you alive now." But by none of these remarks was Mr. Cooper in the least perturbed. "I have had a long life; it can't be for a very great while now," he answered. "God bless you, Mr. Cooper, for all you have done for me," said many a man and woman as they passed him. And so the evening wore away, and ten thousand people had come and gone through the great, bright halls and school-rooms; and Mr. Cooper's presence had put a good thought or feeling into everybody's heart. I can see him now, with his smiling face and interested look, and his soft white hair waving over his shoulders, amid flowers, lights, and the cheerful music, while his presence brooded like a benediction over the swaying and surging crowd. The same scene was repeated the next night at the "Men's Reception" and on the "Commencement Night," when he never failed to speak some useful lessons to the men and women before him, and to tell them how their lives might be better and happier and more useful; but a greater and better lesson than anything he could say was the sight of what he *was* and had *done*.

New Yorkers know the touching and unique spectacle at his funeral (his death occurred April 6, 1883, in his ninety-third year), and remember the unbroken line of respectful and sorrowing faces which silently contemplated the funeral procession in its course of three miles from the church in Twentieth street to the Battery. Broadway was absolutely emptied of business and vehicles while the body of this good friend of every one in New York was being carried to the grave. Every class of society was represented in the great crowd, and rich and poor alike had the same sorrowful look on their faces. In the poorer cross-streets, mothers held up their little children to look at the funeral, and rough-looking and wretched people of every nation seemed touched with a better feeling, while, as the hearse passed between the great business houses of Broadway, burly and prosperous merchants stood silent and with heads uncovered. The sight, looking down the main street of the city, was most impressive. At that hour of the afternoon, the great artery of New York is always crowded with carriages and vehicles. Horses and wagons are closely wedged together, and the mass moves along almost solid for miles. But now, when the funeral carriages turned two abreast into Broadway from Fourth street, not another vehicle broke the stillness, and the bare pavement was seen as far as the eye could reach. On either broad sidewalk was the mass of

upturned, silent faces. When the procession reached Fulton and Wall streets, it seemed nearly impossible to believe that life could be kept back from where these streets join Broadway; yet such was the love for Mr. Cooper that all remained silent to the end, and it was only when the carriages which had followed the hearse turned again, after leaving it, into Broadway that the crowd surged back and life resumed its usual course, ebbing and flowing as before.

The recollection of a great court funeral is still vivid in my mind, when the young

Queen Mercedes of Spain was buried. At this funeral the Spanish nobility laughed and flirted behind their fans, in the very church, while the Requiem Mass was being performed and the funeral sermons were being preached. The sight was a sad lesson on the vanity of worldly greatness, when one compared it with the spectacle of the silent procession of persons who moved for many hours up the aisles of the church to look once again on the dead face of Mr. Cooper, their loved and revered friend.

Susan N. Carter.



#### GEORGE FULLER.

ON the walls of the New York Academy of Design, in 1878, there hung a picture called "Turkey Pasture in Kentucky," which attracted much attention. Simple in theme, sober in tone, telling no "story," and making no daring technical appeal to notice, it was yet remarked by the popular eye and was found, I think, by artists and all sensitive observers much the most interesting picture of the year. Who, it began very soon to be asked, is this Mr. Fuller, whose name is so unfamiliar, whose work is so original and so charming,—who is, apparently, making his *début*, yet whose essays are so complete and ripe and masterly? If he is, as he seems to be, a "new man," he shows the trade-mark neither of Paris nor of Munich; and if he is a product of home culture he shows even less affinity with the traditions of our own elder school. Where does he come from that he has learned to paint in so peculiar yet so fine a way?

Glancing at the catalogue we found that Mr. Fuller was not in any sense a "new man," but an artist of long standing—actually an Associate of the Academy itself, elected so long ago as 1857. Where and why, then, had he secluded himself so entirely and so persistently as to come now a stranger before the younger generation of to-

day? The answer to these questions may be given in a brief sketch of Mr. Fuller's life—a sketch most interesting because so unlike the usual histories of artistic development, whether in our own country or another.

Mr. Fuller was born of Puritan stock at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the year 1822. An instinct for art had already shown itself in several members of his family, and from childhood his own tastes led him toward a painter's brush and palette. He went to Illinois at the age of fourteen with a party of railroad engineers, and remained two years, during which time he was much in the company of the sculptor Henry Kirke Brown. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty Mr. Fuller was again at Deerfield, following a school course, but making constant essays in painting, chiefly in the way of portraiture. In 1842 he wrote for counsel to Mr. Brown, then established in a studio at Albany, and gladly accepted the sculptor's invitation to go thither and study under his tuition. At Albany he remained nearly a year, when Mr. Brown went to Europe and Mr. Fuller to Boston where, painting portraits as before, he devoted himself also to the study of whatever works of art the city then afforded—especially the pictures of Stuart, Allston, and Alexander. A few years later he removed to New York,

and, at an age when most painters have finished their student courses, went diligently to work in the life-classes of the Academy. His first public success seems to have been gained in 1857, when he was already thirty-five years old. He then exhibited a portrait of his first friend in art, Mr. Brown, and on the strength of its good qualities was elected an Associate of the National Academy.

It is curious to read the list of those who were at this time Mr. Fuller's friends and fellow-workers, and to remember how he now stands side by side in his art with the youngest and most innovating of our painters. H. K. Brown, the two Cheneys, Henry Peters Gray, Quincy Ward, Sanford Gifford, Daniel Huntington,—these were among his most constant associates; while to-day we find him joining hands with the young "Society of American Artists," and feel that the "A. N. A." which follows his name is much less characteristic than the place held by that name on the Society's member-list and juries.

After a year in New York Mr. Fuller spent three winters at the South, making studies of negro life some of which have been utilized in his later work. Then, after a year in Philadelphia, he went for the first time to Europe, not to study in any academy but to learn from nature and from the treasures of earlier days in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Florence, Rome, and Sicily. In 1860, he returned to America, but not to the public practice of his art. Dissatisfied with his previous efforts and filled with visions and ideals proper to his own nature, he seems to have felt that if he was ever to work his way to ripe performance it would be through his own strength, and not through help from school or patron or fellow-craftsman. He shut himself up in his Deerfield home, took seriously to farming, and the world of exhibitions, of artists, and of critics knew him no more. He was invisible for many years—almost forgotten save by a few old friends who remembered the promise of his earlier work. The proof that he had not ceased to cultivate art while compelling nature to his needs, was not shown till 1876, when some friends who had penetrated the Deerfield studio persuaded him to exhibit in Boston fourteen pictures of different kinds, which at once gained him local fame and patronage. Two years later he appeared again on the walls of the New York Academy, after so long an absence that he came (I repeat), as a stranger and an aspirant—his place to be won afresh, his success dependent on the suffrages of a new generation of artists and of art lovers. He returned, not a beginner but a veteran in art, yet as a *débutant* once more. And to how different an artistic

world from the one he had known in years gone by! The great exodus of students to Parisian and Bavarian schools, of amateurs to foreign studios and galleries, had begun a few years before. Its results were just returning to us in the shape of a more cultivated and critical public, used to the best foreign work and of a throng of vigorous, eager, cosmopolitan young painters, all alike disregardful of older American traditions and filled with new ideas on every subject, from the definition of the abstract term "art" down to the most concrete professional questions of the studio. But in this new world Mr. Fuller's voice sounded not an alien but a consonant note. The artists—I mean the younger brood, and not the brother Academicians who "skied" his pictures—were the first and the most enthusiastic in his praise. Their estimate of his talent, and their feeling that it was akin, in these his later efforts, to their own ideas rather than to those of his actual contemporaries, was before long shown by his election into the Society of American Artists. In contrast with this ready recognition has been the action of the National Academy, the brevet rank of which he has held so long. Elected Associate in 1857, placed indisputably by his recent successes among the very first of American painters,—and in certain points, perhaps, beyond them all,—Mr. Fuller has not yet been named Academician. We do not feel that it is he who has been injured by such omission of his due. But to read the list of those whom the Academy has promoted over his head within the past six years, affords a factor which should not be omitted in our estimate of the value of its official titles.

In 1879 Mr. Fuller showed at the Academy the "Romany Girl" and a quite marvelous canvas called "And She Was a Witch"; in 1880 he sent the "Quadroon" and a boy's portrait; and in 1881, the loveliest of all his works—the "Winifred Dysart." To the exhibitions of the young Society he has also contributed year by year, chiefly portraits or landscapes, until in 1882 he sent two large figures, conceived in the same mood as the "Winifred," called "Lorette" and "Priscilla Fauntleroy," and last spring another, not dissimilar, called "Nydia." Among other canvases shown from time to time, under different circumstances, have been the "Herb Gatherer," the "Dandelion Girl," the "Psyche," a Cupid-like "Boy and Bird," and a wooded landscape with figures, now in Mr. Cottier's possession. And in his studio he has just now a large picture of a "Girl with a Calf," more akin in sentiment, perhaps, to the "Romany Girl" than to any other of his works.

Mr. Fuller's summer studio is still at Deer-

field, but his winter work is now done in Boston. Some German philosopher once decided that an artist may do his work contentedly under one of two opposite conditions: either in rooms filled with beauty or in rooms denuded of everything; either surrounded by objects with which his tastes are in unison and his works in keeping, or isolated as completely as possible from all things whatsoever. Which of these two environments he prefers will depend upon his temperament—upon his craving for or independence of external, visual stimulants. The sort of environment with which no really artistic temperament could content itself would be one half-way between these two extremes—an environment of commonplace, unsuggestive, distracting, Philistine ugliness. Whether Mr. Fuller consciously objects to and discards the artistic litter which surrounds most modern painters, or whether he unconsciously neglects it because bare walls and his own ideals are all he needs, I cannot say. But his Boston studio fulfills with almost literal exactness the German's second postulate. If it is not "artistic," it is certainly not "Philistine" or suggestive of a tolerance for ugliness. It is a place to work in, and that is all—a large square room, with one great window overlooking Boston Common; two or three chairs and easels, a platform for the model, and what we may call, if we will, a "dado" of unfinished canvases turned against the wall. There was only one thing more when I first saw the studio, but that thing was significant. Hung on the empty wall was a single little canvas, a gorgeous, vague, entrancing bit of Monticelli's color, shining like a star from the surrounding void. Here was the one resting-point, apparently, that the artist's eye demanded—a key-note, as it were, a term of comparison, an inspiring draught to which he might turn at will.

In person, Mr. Fuller offers at first sight a strong contrast to the spirituality of his art—tall, massively built, with a large head and a patriarchal beard of white. Had we theories on such matters, we should expect very different things from such a form and physiognomy—some sort of vigorous "realism," most probably, instead of the delicate, idealizing art he gives. But the dissonance is in outward seeming only. Mr. Fuller's words and thoughts on art, his judgments of the results of others, and his estimate of his own aims and his own productions, are not only suggestive and interesting in themselves but valuable as giving an insight into the meaning and sentiment of his work.

To mark now the chief characteristic of that work, I may say that it is distinctly ideal in

its essence—opposed in its aims as in its technical methods to what we know as "realistic" art. All art-products fall into one of these two classes, though the limits of the two meet, of course, and some few men may stand on the wavering boundary line between them. The distinction between the one kind of work and the other is never to be based on choice of subject. Nor does it rest primarily on technical manner, though, indeed, a painter's manner is most apt to conform to the nature of his aims and his conceptions, since it is but his means toward expressing these. The true difference, however, is as between the nature of one painter and of another. Every artist, like every philosopher, is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian. It is not the thing he chooses to paint, but the way in which he sees and feels that thing, that marks a man as an "idealist" or a "realist." Michael Angelo was an idealist while painting divine creative power or the wrath of judgment days; Millet, while depicting peasants at their toil. Dürer was a realist when painting the Madonna, Vereschagin is when drawing the dead on the field of battle. Even in portraiture proper this same difference between dispositions makes itself as clearly felt—Rembrandt on the one hand, Holbein on the other; Holbein a realist, though limning philosophers and queens; Rembrandt an idealist, though portraying the tawdry patriarchs of the *ghetto*.

In drawing this distinction I would not, of course, have it for a moment understood that I call *any* art "realistic" in the sense of its being a mere copyism of external facts. All art, of whatever kind, however denuded, apparently, of imagination or poetic sentiment,—the art of Holbein or Jordaens or Metsu, even the so nearly literal and therefore so inartistic art of Denner, as well as the art of Raphaël or Corot,—is, as Emerson has put it, "nature passed through the alembic of man." The difference between Denner and the idealist—still more between a great artist like Holbein and the idealist—is a difference of quantity only; lies in the degree to which a painter modifies, transmutes, transfigures, in rendering a theme from nature. But this difference in degree may be so immensely wide that we are quite justified in drawing the distinction made above. And to draw it clearly is one of our most important tasks when we would make an estimate of any painter's character.

Mr. Fuller's art is not only of the idealistic school, but, considering his time and place, is peculiarly marked in this respect. The near-as-may-be reproduction of nature is a thing absolutely alien to his aims. To take nature



as his basis (as every artist must), to keep true to her general facts (as every artist should) and through them to her meaning, but to make natural effects speak with a stronger, clearer, more poetic voice, coming from the artist's own feelings and ideas when in nature's presence,—this may, perhaps, roughly define Mr. Fuller's theory of art. To-day, and in this new world, such an artistic temperament is uncommon. It is so rare, indeed, that many prophets who are hopeful of our artistic future yet believe that it will be a future devoid of idealism to a most marked degree. For myself, I do not think this. But it is the worst of futilities to argue over the hidden things to come. I will only plead, therefore, that although such a temperament as Mr. Fuller's must be confessed exceptional with us to-day, yet in the mere existence of one such temperament (not that I myself think it is the only one), we have ground for hopeful prophecy.

In subject most of Mr. Fuller's pictures are extremely simple, and without exception they are all conceived in a purely pictorial spirit, depending for their interest not at all on any "literary" or other extrinsic element. Many of them are large single figures, simple in pose, denuded of all accessories, connected with no incident upon the canvas, still less with any that a name might suggest to the beholder. In the "Winifred Dysart,"\* for example, which seems to me the most perfect of them all with the possible exception of the "Turkey Pasture," we see against a shadowy landscape background, with a very high horizon-line and a glimpse of cloud-streaked sunset sky above, the three-quarter-length figure of a young girl dressed in a pale grayish-lilac gown, her arms and neck uncovered, holding in one hand a small empty jug, and looking out of the canvas with a straight though veiled and dreamy gaze. Nothing could be more simple and unstudied than her pose, with both arms hanging loosely by her side. But nothing could be more naively graceful. It is full of pure poetry, this picture,—not poetry of a literary sort, as the factor is too often introduced in art, but of a truly pictorial kind. We are told nothing of the girl; there is no "motive" used, no "anecdote" suggested. It is herself that interests and fascinates us,—and less by actual beauty, though this exists to a high degree, than by psychical charm, if I may so express myself, by a spiritual emanation which shines from her face and form, and from the artist's every touch.

\* This picture was engraved by Mr. Closson for the "American Art Review" in 1881, and the "Romany Girl" was reproduced by Mr. Cole in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for July, 1880.

He has made us see not only what he saw in a model placed before him, but what he divined, imagined, or created in her presence,—her inner as well as her outer nature. And as this was a poetical conception, and as it is expressed by consonant technique, the result is painted poetry. No more fascinating, haunting, individual, living figure has come from a contemporary hand. And it preserves its individuality in presence of the art of past days also,—has had no prototype or inspiration in the work of any other brush.

In the "Romany Girl" a rather more forceful chord is struck, but with hardly less of elusive charm, and nothing less of individuality or beauty. The wild-eyed, half bold, passionate, yet tender, face, the supple action expressed in the quiescent figure, the soul that speaks from the features as distinctly as does the so different soul in the "Winifred,"—these are the elements which place the canvas amid really creative works. The "Quadroon," with less of beauty and charm, has almost the same impressiveness. Sitting in the corn-field, with her arms resting on her knees, her great, sad, half-despairing eyes turned to ours, she reveals the mystery, the suffering of her race. No pictured scene of slave-life, with action, accessories, and story, could be more expressive, more pathetic. These simple single figures, as Mr. Fuller has created them, are so full of meaning, of character, of individuality, as well as of idyllic charm, that each becomes to us an actual being—remembered not as a mere pictured form, but as a true poetical identity.

The two pictures shown in 1882 seemed to me less perfect than these others, not quite so beautiful or so characteristic,—the results, apparently, of visions which had not been so compellingly clear in the painter's own mind. The "Priscilla Fauntleroy," however, was only a degree less charming than the "Winifred." It seemed captious to criticise her, even in the only possible way one could,—by comparing her with her elder sister. Mr. Fuller is his own severest critic. If his finest works have made us hypercritical he has but himself to blame.

In the "Priscilla," by the way, we have what may seem, at first sight, to be a subject of "literary" interest, emanating, to some degree at least, from an author's creative power and not altogether from the artist's. But this exception among Mr. Fuller's pictures is such in appearance rather than in fact. If Hawthorne's ideal in "The Blithedale Romance" has inspired him, it has served merely as a point of departure for the working of his own imagination. The canvas is not illustrative in the popular sense, nor does it depend



for its value to any great extent upon its adherence to its ostensible theme. We may or we may not find Hawthorne's Priscilla in this shy, startled girl, with one hand raised in a gentle, half-bewildered gesture to her face. But in either case we find a charming picture, and one suggesting a definite personality filled with delicacy and with grace. And this should be the case with every creation of the sort; whether or no it affords a complete realization of its extrinsic theme, its chief value should be intrinsic. Its pictorial quality should have been first in the artist's mind and should be first to the spectator's sense; and the artist should have clearly realized an inward ideal of his own, whether or no in strict accordance with his author's.

The primarily pictorial quality of Mr. Fuller's art is strongly shown when he comes to actual portraiture. It must be an eminently "paintable" face, I should think, that would tempt his brush, and a face that he could transmute, at least, into some kind of beauty. With ugliness, even of a characteristic and expressive sort, his idyllic impulse has no concern. Children and young girls and half-grown, blooming boys,—these are the models he most often takes; though I have seen a portrait of a very old lady, painted not long ago, which proves him sensible to the beauty of old age too, and able to give its character with force and truth as well as poetry. Given sympathetic models, Mr. Fuller's portraits have a rare psychologic interest, and his sympathetic models, being of the classes I have just noted, are those with which psychologic expression is most difficult to attain, since it must be divined under the smooth, unmarked flesh of youth, and rendered without strong accentuation of any kind. Yet we cannot but feel that of quite as much interest to their author have been their strictly pictorial possibilities. Indeed, I heard him say once to a would-be sitter: "Don't expect too much. I shall make it something of a portrait and a good deal of a picture." His portraits are, in a word, like his other works, of the idealizing and not the realistic school. And about them he most often throws the same vague, misty glamour he gives to his purely imaginary creations,—an atmosphere that results partly from his way of seeing nature, and partly from the technical method which that way of seeing has induced.

Of his landscapes the same words may be used. They are not so much definite pictures of definite localities as idealized studies of color, light, and foliage. One of the best is that owned by Mr. Cottier, with its wonderful effect of distance beyond the scat-

tered tree-trunks and its magical illumination. The most remarkable, however, is the lovely pastoral he calls the "Turkey Pasture in Kentucky," with which he reappeared at the Academy of Design in 1878. The landscape is wonderful in its strongly poetic yet truthful expression of light, of sun and shadow, and of color. In grace of composition, in suggested life and motion and vigor in the figures, it is, however, almost equally remarkable—one of the loveliest, and surely one of the most original and therefore most valuable, creations of recent art.

Such pictures as the "Herb Gatherer" and the "And She Was a Witch" resemble this last in giving us small figures in beautiful landscape settings. But they differ through the presence of a dramatic, even tragic, element we have not yet encountered. The "Herb Gatherer" is rather small in size, and shows us the aged, shrunken figure of a withered crone, finding her painful way through a weedy pasture, carrying the simples she has sought. An uncanny, witch-like atmosphere pervades the canvas. The face of the woman suggests past beauty, perhaps, but present converse with bitter thoughts; and the burden she bears speaks of strange, forbidden decoctions. The picture casts a spell over us—a spell such as is cast by much of Hawthorne's writing, though in the one case as in the other it is hard to explain just how the subtle influence is diffused. In the "Witch" picture the same effect is wrought with more distinctly tragic factors, and with even more intensity. The scene is a wooded landscape with tall thin tree-trunks; in the distance a woman led away to the dread tribunal; in the foreground a girl—her grand-daughter, one supposes—fleeing in terror to the door of her humble dwelling. Beautiful in its externals it is weirdly impressive and haunting in its meaning, though here, again, the sentiment is suggested merely, without the aid of very definite incident or story, a great deal being left to the spectator's own imagination.

Mr. Fuller is among the most conscientious—it might be better to say, the most loving—of workmen. No time, no effort, no thought, no pains seem to him too much to bestow on his creations. He works on them sometimes for years before he allows the world to see them, in the effort (always, I suppose, appearing fruitless to the true artist) to make the outward form tally with the inner vision. Indeed, it is but hesitatingly that I venture to describe any canvases still in Mr. Fuller's hands, knowing well his way of suddenly blotting out, after many years, perhaps, what to others may

seem one of his most perfect essays, and beginning it all over from the start. And a collector who buys one of Mr. Fuller's pictures has sometimes, if he could only profit by them, a whole little gallery of other pictures under the outer and ostensible creation. With regard to the aims and ideas with which he approaches his work I may, perhaps, quote a few words of his own—words which, however, it is but fair to say, were not written for the public eye. "I have long since learned," he says, "to look on the painter's stubborn means as a lion in the path, to be overcome without leaving evidence of the struggle. What sad days those were, twenty years ago or more, when every tyro noted down carefully the palettes of Rembrandt, Rubens, Reynolds, and Stuart, thinking thereby to gain some notion of their power; and, if this was not enough, turning to the 'Hand-book of Oil Painting,' by Walker, wherein were laid down thirty tints of red, blue, and yellow, for the painting of the human head. Experience teaches one, in time, to throw such rubbish aside; to realize that one must see for himself; that all rules fail to guide him in color; that the great painters were not alike in their ways of working, but that all were true to their perception of the pervading truth, to their sense of gradation, their control of their subject (common ground whereon Holbein is a colorist with Titian), and that the attainment of *gradation* is utterly above and regardless of any means used. To make one part keep its place or relation to the whole comes more through our feeling than our seeing. For myself, I am much controlled by the work before me, being greatly influenced by suggestions which come through much scraping off, glazing, scumbling, etc., in trying to extricate myself from difficulties which my way of working entails upon me—always striving for general truth. Indeed, the object to be attained must always be reached through our own methods. The great painters tell us this, and leave us to fight it out. They only insist upon gradation, the law of which governs values, tone, and harmony, so no detail must interfere with its truth. The main thing is to express broadly and simply, hiding our doing, realizing representation, not reproduction,—to get ourselves above our matter. A picture is a world in itself. The great thing is, first, to have an idea—to eliminate and to clear away the obstructions that surround it. It is more what is left out than what is put in. The manipulation admired by some, the true painter seeks to hide. The question must forever be, What is below the surface? Color is intuitive. It belongs to the imagination. It

affects the mind like the tones in music, and lives only in the minor key."

Of his own picture of the "Girl and Calf," now in hand, I heard him say: "What shall I make of it? I don't know yet. The subject is all there, of course, but what is the subject in a picture? Nothing. It is the *treatment* that makes or mars. (By *treatment* meaning, of course, the personal sentiment as well as the technical manner an artist brings to bear.) 'A Girl and a Calf'—what is that? We have all seen such figures a thousand times, and taken no interest. It is my business to bring out something the casual eye does not perceive—to accentuate, to interpret. Just how I shall do it must come to me as I work—or the picture will be nothing." These are the words of an idealist, but words which, in more or less of their entirety, will be echoed by every true artist of whatever school. The disciples of modern dash and brilliancy will, however, doubtless see no virtue in "hiding their doing," since this very "doing," independently of what is done, is too often to-day a picture's and an artist's highest claim to honor. That it is a high claim when well sustained, I do not question; yet, if there were more significance and individuality of matter behind some of the current ease and grace and strength of manner, modern art would be greatly the gainer.

Mr. Fuller's technical manner has been the subject of much discussion and disagreement—a sure proof of its originality if of nothing more. To some observers it seems not only original but very beautiful, with its subdued yet glowing color, its somewhat willful chiaroscuro, its almost diaphanous textures, its misty vagueness of effect, and its involved, half-hesitating touch. To others it has seemed a drawback, an imperfection, or even an affectation,—a mannerism that clouds the better elements of his art. For myself, however, it is impossible thus to separate Mr. Fuller's matter from his manner—to imagine one as disassociated from the other. His soft rich color, his vague backgrounds, his shadowy outlines, his broadened details, his misty touch, seem a very part and parcel of his conceptions and his aims. And this impression was only confirmed when I saw one of his earlier works, a portrait painted long ago before the European trip and the Deerfield hermit-life. It was the head of a comparatively young man with a fair complexion and a brown beard. It was fine in color, though without the perfect harmony of tone we know to-day, perfectly simple in execution, much more definite, more detailed, more "realistic," more naive,—and more commonplace,—than we might believe had ever been

possible to his hand. Only in the character suggested with much sympathetic force, in its evidence not only to the nature of the model but also to the mood of the painter, could one see any trace of the poetizing artist of to-day. The painter's meaning seemed out of harmony with his speech. We longed to see the same face copied in the language he has taught himself since it first was painted,—a language so much more delicate, more abstract, more dreamy, and therefore so much better fitted to express the mood of such an artist.

As a colorist, Mr. Fuller's charm is to me very great. His range is called narrow, though there is an essential difference, I think, between the cool green scale he adopts in some of his landscapes—the delicate grayish harmony of the "Winifred," the deeper, browner tone of the "Romany Girl," the rosy glow of the "Nydia"—and the soft golden hue he gives to many of his portraits. It is probably his ever-present mistiness of technique, and the fact that with all his modulations he always holds to the "minor key" he loves, that has made his color seem to careless observers more unvarying than it really is. Sometimes it is perfect in its beauty, and always, once more, extremely individual. It is not in brilliancy that its excellence consists. It is in harmony, in complete tone, in the way things are made to keep in place and reveal their forms and relationships without recourse to the least violence of contrast. There is no accentuation in Mr. Fuller's canvases, never a vivid hue, a really high light or a really low dark. There is no emphasis whatever, either in a color or in its application, but always delicacy, self-restraint, suavity, mellowness, low, soft-toned, misty harmony. Yet there is no lack of strength, it seems to me, in his best examples, and certainly no want of complete gradation or of the definite expression of those broad facts he seeks to give. The "Turkey Pasture" is the most radiant of all his works, the "Winifred" perhaps the most delicately and rarely colored. But one of the most delightful of all in color was a portrait I saw in his Boston studio—the three-quarter-length figure of a young girl standing against a background of russet-hued landscape, fine in its suggestion of breeze and life. The dress was white,—but the word gives little notion of the subtle tone by which the artist had subdued its crudeness and brought it into keeping with the glowing background.

As there are no accessories in Mr. Fuller's compositions, so there are, as I have already implied, few details in his execution and little insistence upon textures. All is broadened, simplified, poetized,—taken out of the world

of even comparatively detailed imitation, and brought into the realm of somewhat ethereal but clearly realized imaginings.

The chief charge that has been brought against the artist's work is that of monotony—not only in the matter of color just referred to, but in its essence as a whole. Looking at his technical manner merely, it may seem well founded; but it is not, I think, a charge of a very serious sort. The versatility of some painters may multiply their crowns of glory, but cannot enhance the radiance of any single one. We delight in the versatility—the wide scope of thought, the radical change of mood, and the variety of treatment—of certain artists we could name. But we do not grumble at the almost changeless mood, the almost uniform expression of such a one as Corot. And so with Mr. Fuller. The man who could paint the "Winifred" and the "Turkey Pasture" is a true creative artist; and we go outside the legitimate bounds of criticism when we cavil because he cannot also give us other and quite different things. Yet, even so, I feel it is with his art in general as it is with his color,—there is less monotony than some would have us think. There is much diversity, indeed, if we look deeper than the surface of his paint. It is true that he who has seen one Fuller will never mistake another. But it is not true, as I have heard it bluntly put, that he who has seen one has seen them all. The uniformity of his handling is great, and is the more remarked on account of its strong individuality—its difference from the work of other men. But in their meaning, their conception, their inner essence as apart from their language, there is, it seems to me, a vital difference between such pictures as the "Nydia" and the "Witch," between such as the "Winifred" and the "Herb Gatherer."

An interesting characteristic of Mr. Fuller's art, perhaps the most interesting of all when considered with his ideal tendencies, is the evidently American flavor of the work it gives us. There are idealists as well as realists who might have been born in any land. Mr. Albert Ryder, for example, to take an instance close at hand, may be counted in with such; and in much of his work the greatest of our painters, Mr. John La Farge, though the latter, in some of his more recent decorative works, has given us the American type of face with much distinctness. But Mr. Fuller is never, and could never be, anything but a palpable American in his art. He is as American as the most thorough-going young realist who paints New York streets by the electric light or negro boys eating water-melons. Nay, far more American than the most of these; for, as I have said, the spirit, the quality of a

"TURKEY PASTURE IN KENTUCKY," ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLISSON FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FULLER, OWNED BY W. H. ASHCROFT, ESQ., BROOKLINE, MASS.



man's art do not depend upon his subject matter; and it so happens that many of our younger men approach local subjects with a sort of cold cosmopolitan vision, while Mr. Fuller feels his more subtly characteristic themes with a characteristically American soul. No one, it seems to me, but an American could have painted the "Winifred Dysart"—that etherealization of our own native type of beauty. No one else could so preserve the elusive yet distinct American look of all his portrait sitters, though veiling their features in the haze of his vaporous methods. Even his "Romany Girl" is an American gypsy,—a wild creature of our own woods and not of any other.

Another picture which reveals this quality in a noteworthy way is the "Nydia," exhibited last spring. It is not so interesting in character as some of its fellows, for the face of the single figure is seen in something less than profile; but it is a most charming and gracious vision. In refinement and delicacy of feeling, in perception of the peculiar beauty of early youth, of freshness and innocence and shy grace, it is akin, as I heard one observer say who knew whereof he spoke, "to the creations of a Reynolds or a Greuze." But just as surely as Sir Joshua's young girls are English, just so distinctly is this little so-called Nydia an American, though poetized, transmuted, if you will, into almost ethereal guise. The evidence thereof is intangible, elusive, inexplicable in words, as is always the evidence to such imponderable facts,—lying, possibly, in the mere poise of the head and outline of the nose and cheek. But it is unmistakable none the less; so I need hardly say that the chosen name is a misnomer,—that no one could divine Bulwer's blind girl of Thessaly in this dainty, rosy little maiden, not even with the help of certain shadowy, volcanic suggestions in the background. Nor need I add that the would-be Nydia, like the would-be Priscilla, shows that Mr. Fuller's art is always really independent of literary inspiration. To my mind it is a mistake for an artist of his temperament ever to attempt illustration even of the vaguest and most general sort. It must hamper his brush a little, although such a brush cannot even seriously *try* to bend itself to outward requirements. And though no title can help or trouble those who care for a canvas for its own pictorial sake, yet there are many persons who think the suggestions of a name are the main things to be looked for in a picture, and who resent their non-realization as they resent the breaking of a contract.

Of course, with such subjects as he chooses and such methods as he adopts, the national

accent of Mr. Fuller's art is never of a sharp, still less of an aggressive sort. He is not the man to answer Walt Whitman's appeal to our artists to

"Formulate the modern;  
To limn with absolute faith the mighty, living present;  
To exalt the present and the real;  
To teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade."

It is nothing so definite as this with Mr. Fuller. His is more the sort of brush that says:

"An odor I'd bring as of forests of pine in Maine."

It is a flavor, not a message from the national life, that we perceive in his creations. But it is a flavor both acute and all-pervading; so, at least, it seems to me—for criticism of this kind cannot be dogmatic, but must be a mere putting on record of personal impressions.

But if I may trust such impressions still a little further, I will add that to me Mr. Fuller's art is not only American, but distinctly local. It has an aroma—I will not say of Boston, but perhaps of Concord; it is a painter's version of the vague, transcendental New England poesy that is fast dying out of this generation, but the essence of which is preserved to us in the writings of the last. Hawthorne's name has occurred more than once already to my pen, and it is, I think, one which well suggests the quality of Mr. Fuller's art. Such a canvas as the "Witch" recalls Hawthorne's mood to even dull perceptions—not more by its choice of subject than by its subtly artistic, dreamy, thrice-peculiar methods of expression. But more convincing still is the fact that when the "Winifred Dysart" was first exhibited, and people were speculating about its name, almost every one said: "I am sure it must be some character of Hawthorne's, though I cannot fix its place"; while the truth is, that the name was invented by Mr. Fuller merely as a title by which the canvas might be distinguished in the public memory.\*

The creating, for his own needs, of a novel, personal, as well as beautiful way of working with his colors, is what makes a man a master, an originator among technicians, as distinct from an accomplished (even consummately accomplished) scholar. And imagination—the power of individual vision, of characteristic, fresh conception—is what makes him an *artist* as distinct from even a masterly

\* It is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. Fuller has just now sketched a picture suggested by the witch trials in Massachusetts. It is somewhat novel in composition for him, containing many figures; but, both from a pictorial and an expressional point of view, promises to be one of the best of his creations.





"PSYCHE." (ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FULLER. OWNED BY MISS E. M. TOWER.)



"THE ROMANY GIRL." ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FULLER.  
[REPRINTED FROM THE JULY, 1880, NUMBER OF THIS MAGAZINE.]

technician. Not one alone, but both these important factors are to be found in Mr. Fuller's work. His imagination is not of a powerful kind. His poetry is seductive, not compelling; idyllic, not passionate; marks him a dreamer, not a seer. But it is true poetry, and proper to himself alone. His technique, on the other hand, is not brilliant, not audacious, not the marvelous legerdemain with which our eye is dazzled by many lesser artists—who may often be more wonderful *painters* than those with rarer mental gifts. But it is most artistic, most expressive; when at its best, extremely beautiful; and always and from the outset all his own—learned from no forerunner, and communicable to no successor. Original and lovely ideas told in an original and charming speech—a summing up which puts Mr. Fuller on a high plane,

like to the best of his guild in kind, though not necessarily in degree. His long retirement from the public sight was a dangerous experiment. With a lower nature, a less individual endowment, it would probably have resulted in weaknesses of many kinds—in rigid mannerisms, in self-conceit, in want of balance (mental and technical), in loss of critical insight into his own work and that of others. But to Mr. Fuller it meant fifteen years of patient, humble, conscientious, enthusiastic, self-reliant yet self-criticising effort, in wise disregard of popular advisings. It meant the persistence of his own ideal and the development of his expressional means in a consonant and personal way. And it has resulted in pure, lovely, and above all—to repeat the main facts once more—in original and ideal work.

*M. G. Van Rensselaer.*

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DR. SEVIER.\*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

VIII.

A QUESTION OF BOOK-KEEPING.

A DAY or two after Narcisse had gone looking for Richling at the house of Madame Zénobie, he might have found him, had he known where to search, in Tchoupitoulas street.

Whoever remembers that thoroughfare as it was in those days, when the commodious "cotton-float" had not quite yet come into use, and Poydras and other streets did not so vie with Tchoupitoulas in importance as they do now, will recall a scene of commercial hurly-burly that inspired much pardonable vanity in the breast of the utilitarian citizen. Drays, drays, drays! Not the light New York things; but big, heavy, solid affairs, many of them drawn by two tall mules harnessed tandem. Drays by threes and by dozens, drays in opposing phalanxes, drays in long processions, drays with all imaginable kinds of burden: cotton in bales, piled as high as an omnibus; leaf tobacco in huge hogsheads; cases of linens and silks; stacks of rawhides; crates of cabbages; bales of prints and of hay; interlocked heaps of blue and red plows; bags of coffee, and spices, and corn; bales of bagging; barrels, casks, and tierces; whisky, pork, onions, oats, bacon, garlic, molasses, and other delicacies; rice, sugar—what was there not? Wines of France and Spain, in pipes, in baskets, in hampers, in octaves, queensware from England; cheeses, like cart-wheels, from Switzerland; almonds, lemons, raisins, olives, boxes of citron, casks of chains, specie from Vera Cruz; cries of drivers, cracking of whips, rumble of wheels, tremble of earth, frequent gorge and stoppage. It seemed an idle tale to say that any one could be lacking bread and raiment. "We are a great city," said the patient foot-passengers, waiting long on street corners for opportunity to cross the way.

On one of these corners paused Richling. He had not found employment, but you could not read that in his face; as well as he knew himself, he had come forward into the world prepared amiably and patiently to be, to

do, to suffer anything, provided it was not wrong or—ignominious. He did not see that even this is not enough in this rough world; nothing had yet taught him that one must often gently suffer rudeness and wrong. As to what constitutes ignominy, he had a very young man's—and, shall we add? a very American—idea. He could not have believed, had he been told, how many establishments he had passed by, omitting to apply in them for employment. He little dreamed he had been too select. He had entered not into any house of the Samaritans, to use a figure; much less, to speak literally, had he gone to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Mary, hid away in uncomfortable quarters a short stone's throw from Madame Zénobie's, little imagined that, in her broad irony about his not hunting for employment, there was really a little seed of truth. She felt sure that two or three persons who had seemed about to employ him had failed to do so because they detected the defect in his hearing, and in one or two cases she was right.

Other persons paused on the same corner where Richling stood, under the same momentary embarrassment. One man, especially busy-looking, drew very near him. And then and there occurred this simple accident—that at last he came in contact with the man who had work to give him. This person good-humoredly offered an impatient comment on their enforced delay. Richling answered in sympathetic spirit, and the first speaker responded with a question:

"Stranger in the city?"

"Yes."

"Buying goods for up-country?"

It was a pleasant feature of New Orleans life that sociability to strangers on the street was not the exclusive prerogative of gamblers' decoys.

"No; I'm looking for employment."

"Aha," said the man, and moved away a little. But in a moment Richling, becoming aware that his questioner was glancing all over him with critical scrutiny, turned, and the man spoke.

"D'you keep books?"

Just then a way opened among the vehicles;

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the man, young and muscular, darted into it, and Richling followed.

"I *can* keep books," he said, as they reached the farther curb-stone.

The man seized him by the arm.

"D'you see that pile of codfish and herring where that tall man is at work yonder with a marking-pot and brush? Well, just beyond there is a boarding-house, and then a hardware store; you can hear them throwing down sheets of iron. Here; you can see the sign. See? Well, the next is my store. Go in there—upstairs into the office—and wait till I come."

Richling bowed and went. In the office he sat down and waited what seemed a very long time. Could he have misunderstood? For the man did not come. There was a person sitting at a desk on the farther side of the office, writing, who had not lifted his head from first to last. Richling said:

"Can you tell me when the proprietor will be in?"

The writer's eyes rose, and dropped again upon his writing.

"What do you want with him?"

"He asked me to wait here for him."

"Better wait, then."

Just then, in came the merchant. Richling rose, and he uttered a rude exclamation:

"I forgot you completely! Where did you say you kept books at, last?"

"I've not kept anybody's books yet, but I can do it."

The merchant's response was cold and prompt. He did not look at Richling, but took a sample vial of molasses from a dirty mantel-piece and lifted it between his eyes and the light, saying,

"You can't do any such thing. I don't want you."

"Sir," said Richling, so sharply that the merchant looked round, "if you don't want me, I don't want you; but you mustn't attempt to tell me that what I say is not true!" He had stepped forward as he began to speak, but he stopped before half his words were uttered, and saw his folly. Even while his voice still trembled with passion and his head was up, he colored with mortification. That feeling grew no less when his offender simply looked at him, and the man at the desk did not raise his eyes. It rather increased when he noticed that both of them were young—as young as he.

"I don't doubt your truthfulness," said the merchant, marking the effect of his forbearance; "but you ought to know you can't come in and take charge of a large set of books in the midst of a busy season, when you've never kept books before."

"I don't know it at all."

"Well, I do," said the merchant, still more coldly than before. "There are my books," he added, warming, and pointed to three great canvassed and black-initialed volumes standing in a low iron safe, "left only yesterday in such a snarl, by a fellow who had never kept books, but knew how, that I shall have to open another set! After this I shall have a book-keeper who has kept books."

He turned away.

Some weeks afterward Richling recalled vividly a thought that had struck him only faintly at this time: that, beneath much superficial severity and energy, there was in this establishment a certain looseness of management. It may have been this half-recognized thought that gave him courage to say, advancing another step:

"One word, if you please."

"It's no use, my friend."

"It may be."

"How?"

"Get an experienced book-keeper for your new set of books——"

"You can bet your bottom dollar!" said the merchant, turning again and running his hands down into his lower pockets. "And even he'll have as much as he can do——"

"That is just what I wanted you to say," interrupted Richling, trying hard to smile; "then you can let me straighten up the old set."

"Give a new hand the work of an expert!"

The merchant almost laughed out. He shook his head and was about to say more, when Richling persisted:

"If I don't do the work to your satisfaction, don't pay me a cent."

"I never make that sort of an arrangement; no, sir!"

Unfortunately, it had not been Richling's habit to show this pertinacity, else life might have been easier to him as a problem; but these two young men, his equals in age, were casting amused doubts upon his ability to make good his professions. The case was peculiar. He reached a hand out toward the books.

"Let me look over them for one day; if I don't convince you the next morning in five minutes that I can straighten them, I'll leave them without a word."

The merchant looked down an instant, and then turned to the man at the desk.

"What do you think of that, Sam?"

Sam set his elbows upon the desk, took the small end of his pen-holder in his hands and teeth, and looking up, said:

"I don't know; you might——try him?"

"What did you say your name was?"

asked the other, again facing Richling. "Ah, yes. Who are your references, Mr. Richmond?"

"Sir?" Richling leaned slightly forward and turned his ear.

"I say, who knows you?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody! Where are you from?"

"Milwaukee."

The merchant tossed out his arm impatiently.

"Oh, I can't do that kind o' business."

He turned abruptly, went to his desk, and, sitting down half-hidden by it, took up an open letter.

"I bought that coffee, Sam," he said, rising again and moving farther away.

"Umhum," said Sam; and all was still.

Richling stood expecting every instant to turn on the next and go. Yet he went not. Under the dusty front windows of the counting-room the street was roaring below. Just beyond a glass partition at his back a great windlass far up under the roof was rumbling with the descent of goods from a hatchway at the end of its tense rope. Salesmen were calling, trucks were trundling, shipping clerks and porters were replying. One brawny fellow he saw, through the glass, take a herring from a broken box, and stop to feed it to a sleek, brindled mouser. Even the cat was valued; but he—he stood there absolutely zero. He saw it. He saw it as he never had seen it before in his life. This truth smote him like a javelin: that all this world wants is a man's permission to do without him. Right then it was that he thought he swallowed all his pride; whereas he only tasted its bitter brine as like a wave it took him up and lifted him forward bodily. He strode up to the desk beyond which stood the merchant with the letter still in his hand, and said:

"I've not gone yet! I may have to be turned off by you, but not in this manner!"

The merchant looked around at him with a smile of surprise mixed with amusement and commendation, but said nothing. Richling held out his open hand.

"I don't ask you to trust me. Don't trust me. Try me!"

He looked distressed. He was not begging, but he seemed to feel as though he were.

The merchant dropped his eyes again upon the letter, and in that attitude asked:

"What do you say, Sam?"

"He can't hurt anything," said Sam.

The merchant looked suddenly at Richling. "You're not from Milwaukee. You're a Southern man."

Richling changed color.

"I said Milwaukee."

"Well," said the merchant, "I hardly know. Come and see me further about it tomorrow morning. I haven't time to talk now."

"Take a seat," he said, the next morning, and drew up a chair sociably before the returned applicant. "Now, suppose I was to give you those books, all in confusion as they are; what would you do first of all?"

Mary fortunately had asked the same question the night before, and her husband was entirely ready with an answer which they had studied out in bed.

"I should send your deposit-book to bank to be balanced, and, without waiting for it, I should begin to take a trial-balance off the books. If I didn't get one pretty soon, I'd drop that for the time being, and turn in and render the accounts of everybody on the books, asking them to examine and report."

"All right," said the merchant, carelessly; "we'll try you."

"Sir?" Richling bent his ear.

"All right; we'll try you. I don't care much about recommendations. I generally most always make up my opinion about a man from looking at him. I'm that sort of a man."

He smiled with inordinate complacency.

So, week by week, as has been said already, the winter passed—Richling on one side of the town, hidden away in his work, and Dr. Sevier on the other, very positive that the "young pair" must have returned to Milwaukee.

At length the big books were re-adjusted in all their hundreds of pages, were balanced, and closed. Much satisfaction was expressed; but another man had meantime taken charge of the new books, one who influenced business, and Richling had nothing to do but put on his hat.

However, the house cheerfully recommended him to a neighboring firm which also had disordered books to be righted; and so more weeks passed. Happy weeks! happy days! Ah, the joy of them! John bringing home money, and Mary saving it!

"But, John, it seems such a pity not to have staid with A, B & Co.; doesn't it?"

"I don't think so. I don't think they'll last much longer."

And when he brought word that A, B & Co. had gone into a thousand pieces, Mary was convinced that she had a very far-seeing husband.

By and by, at Richling's earnest and restless desire, they moved their lodgings again. And thus we return by a circuit to the morning when Dr. Sevier, taking up his slate, read the summons that bade him call at the corner of St. Mary and Prytania streets.



## IX.

## WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

THE house stands there to-day. A small, pinched, frame, ground-floor-and-attic, double tenement, with its roof sloping toward St. Mary street and overhanging its two door-steps that jut out on the sidewalk. There the Doctor's carriage stopped, and in its front room he found Mary in bed again, as ill as ever. A humble German woman living in the adjoining half of the house was attending to the invalid's wants, and had kept her daughter from the public school to send her to the apothecary with the Doctor's prescription.

"It is the poor who help the poor," thought the physician.

"Is this your home?" he asked the woman softly, as he sat down by the patient's pillow. He looked about upon the small, cheaply furnished room, full of the neat makeshifts of cramped housewifery.

"It's mine," whispered Mary. Even as she lay there in peril of her life and flattened out as though Juggernaut had rolled over her, her eyes shone with happiness and scintillated as the Doctor exclaimed in under-tone,

"Yours!" He laid his hand upon her forehead. "Where is Mr. Richling?"

"At the office." Her eyes danced with delight. She would have begun, then and there, to tell him all that had happened,— "had taken care of herself all along," she said, "until they began to move. In moving, had been obliged to overwork—hardly fixed yet —"

But the Doctor gently checked her and bade her be quiet.

"I will," was the faint reply; "I will; but, — just one thing, Doctor, please let me say."

"Well?"

"John —"

"Yes, yes; I know; he'd be here, only you wouldn't let him stay away from his work."

She smiled assent, and he smiled in return.

"Business is business," he said.

She turned a quick, sparkling glance of affirmation, as if she had lately had some trouble to maintain that ancient truism. She was going to speak again, but the Doctor waved his hand downward soothingly toward the restless form and uplifted eyes.

"All right," she whispered, and closed them.

The next day she was worse. The physician found himself, to use his words, "only the tardy attendant of offended nature." When he dropped his finger-ends gently upon her temple she tremblingly grasped his hand.

"You'll save me?" she whispered.

"Yes," he replied, "we'll do that—the Lord helping us."

A glad light shone from her face as he uttered the latter clause. Whereat he made haste to add:

"I don't pray, but I'm sure you do."

She silently pressed the hand she still held.

On Sunday, he found Richling at the bedside. Mary had improved considerably in two or three days. She lay quite still as they talked, only shifting her glance softly from one to the other as one and then the other spoke. The Doctor heard with interest Richling's full account of all that had occurred since he had met them last together. Mary's eyes filled with merriment when John told the droller part of their experiences in the hard quarters from which they had only lately removed. But the Doctor did not so much as smile. Richling finished, and the physician was silent.

"Oh, we're getting along," said Richling, stroking the small, weak hand that lay near him on the coverlet. But still the Doctor kept silence.

"Of course," said Richling, very quietly, looking at his wife, "we mustn't be surprised at a backset now and then. But we're getting on."

Mary turned her eyes toward the Doctor. Was he not going to assent at all? She seemed about to speak. He bent his ear, and she said, with a quiet smile:

"When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

The physician gave only a heavy-eyed "Humph!" and a faint look of amusement.

"What did she say?" said Richling; the words had escaped his ear. The Doctor repeated it, and Richling, too, smiled.

Yet it was a good speech—why not? But the patient also smiled, and turned her eyes toward the wall with a disconcerted look, as if the smile might end in tears. For herein lay the very difficulty that always brought the Doctor's carriage to the door—the cradle would not rock.

For a few days more that carriage continued to appear, and then ceased. Richling dropped in one morning at Number 3½ Carondelet and settled his bill with Narcisse.

The young Creole was much pleased to be at length brought into actual contact with a man of his own years, who without visible effort had made an impression on Dr. Sevier.

Until the money had been paid and the bill receipted, nothing more than a formal business phrase or two passed between them. But as Narcisse delivered the receipted bill with an elaborate gesture of courtesy,

and Richling began to fold it for his pocket, the Creole remarked:

"I 'ope you will excuse the an'-a-'iting."

Richling re-opened the paper; the penmanship was beautiful.

"Do you ever write better than this?" he asked. "Why, I wish I could write half as well."

"No; I do not fine that well a-'itten. I cannot see 'ow that is—I nevva 'ite to the satzfaction of my abil'ty soon in the maw-nin's. I am dest'oying my chi'og'aphy at that desk yeh."

"Indeed?" said Richling; "why, I should think——"

"Yessh, 'tis the tooth. But consunning the chi'og'aphy, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I 'ave descovvud one thing to a maul cettainty, and that is, if I 'ave something to 'ite to a young lady, I always dizguise my chi'og'aphy. Hah! I 'ave learn' that! You will be aztonish' to see in 'ow many diffe'n' fawm' I can make my 'an'-a-'iting to appeah. That paz thoo my fam'ly, in fact, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. My hant, she's got a honcle w'at use' to be cluck in a bank, w'at could make the si'natu'e of the pwesiden', as well as of the cashieh, with that so absolute puffegtion, that they tu'n 'im out of the 'bank! Yessh. In fact, I thing you ought to know 'ow to 'ite a ve'y fine 'an', Mistoo 'Itchlin'."

"N-not very," said Richling; "my hand is large and legible, but not well adapted for—book-keeping; it's too heavy."

"You 'ave the 'ight physio'nomie, I am shu'. You will pe'haps believe me with difficulty, Mistoo 'Itchlin', but I assu' you I can tell if a man 'as a fine chi'og'aphy aw no, by juz lookin' upon his liniment. Do you know that Benjamin Fwanklin 'ote a v'ey fine chi'og'aphy, in fact? Also Voltaire. Yessh. An' Napoleon Bonaparte. Lawd By'on muz 'ave 'ad a beaucheouz chi'og'aphy. 'Tis impossible not to be, with that face. He is my favo'ite poet, that Lawd By'on. Moze people pwefeh 'im to Shakspere, in fact. Well, you muz go? I am v'ey 'appy to meck yo' acquaintance, Mistoo 'Itchlin', seh. I am so'y Doctah Seveeah is not theh pwesently. The negs time you call, Mistoo 'Itchlin', you muz not be too much aztonizh to fine me gone from yeh. Yessh. He's got to haugment me ad the en' of that month, an' we 'ave to-day the fifteenth Mawch. Do you smoke, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?" He extended a package of cigarettes. Richling accepted one. "I smoke lawgely in that weatheh," striking a match on his thigh. "I feel ve'y sultwy to-day. Well,"—he seized the visitor's hand,—"au 'evoi, Mistoo 'Itchlin'." And Narcisse returned to his desk happy in the conviction that Richling had gone away dazzled.

X.

## GENTLES AND COMMONS.

DR. SEVIER sat in the great easy-chair under the drop-light of his library table trying to read a book. But his thought was not on the page. He expired a long breath of annoyance, and lifted his glance backward from the bottom of the page to its top.

Why must his mind keep going back to that little cottage in St. Mary street? What good reason was there? Would they thank him for his solicitude? Indeed! He almost smiled his contempt of the supposition. Why, when on one or two occasions he had betrayed a least little bit of kindly interest,—what? Up had gone their youthful vivacity like an umbrella. Oh, yes!—like all young folks—their affairs were intensely private. Once or twice he had shaken his head at the scantiness of all their provisions for life. Well? They simply and unconsciously stole a hold upon one another's hand or arm, as much as to say, "To love is enough." When, gentlemen of the jury, it isn't enough!

"Pshaw!" The word escaped him audibly. He drew partly up from his half recline, and turned back a leaf of the book to try once more to make out the sense of it.

But there was Mary, and there was her husband. Especially Mary. Her image came distinctly between his eyes and the page. There she was, just as on his last visit,—a superfluous one—no charge,—sitting and plying her needle, unaware of his approach, gently moving her rocking-chair, and softly singing, "Flow on, thou shining river,"—the song his own wife used to sing. "Oh, child, child! do you think it's always going to be 'shining'?" They shouldn't be so contented. Was pride under that cloak? Oh, no, no! But even if the content was genuine, it wasn't good. Why, they oughtn't to be able to be happy so completely out of their true sphere. It showed insensibility. But, there again,—Richling wasn't insensible, much less Mary.

The Doctor let his book sink, face downward, upon his knee.

"They're too big to be playing in the sand." He took up the book again. "Tisn't my business to tell them so." But before he got the volume fairly before his eyes, his professional bell rang, and he tossed the book upon the table.

"Well, why don't you bring him in?" he asked, in a tone of reproof, of a servant who presented a card; and in a moment the visitor entered.

He was a person of some fifty years of age, with a patrician face, in which it was impossi-

ble to tell where benevolence ended and pride began. His dress was of fine cloth, a little antique in cut, and fitting rather loosely on a form something above the medium height, of good width, but bent in the shoulders, and with arms that had been stronger. Years, it might be, or possibly some unflinching struggle with troublesome facts, had given many lines of his face a downward slant. He apologized for the hour of his call, and accepted with thanks the chair offered him.

"You are not a resident of the city?" asked Dr. Sevier.

"I am from Kentucky." The voice was rich, and the stranger's general air one of rather conscious social eminence.

"Yes?" said the Doctor, not specially pleased, and looked at him closer. He wore a black satin neck-stock, and dark-blue buttoned gaiters. His hair was dyed brown. A slender frill adorned his shirt-front.

"Mrs."—the visitor began to say, not giving the name, but waving his index-finger toward his card, which Dr. Sevier had laid upon the table, just under the lamp,—*"my wife, Doctor, seems to be in a very feeble condition. Her physicians have advised her to try the effects of a change of scene, and I have brought her down to your busy city, sir."*

The Doctor assented. The stranger resumed:

"Its hurry and energy are a great contrast to the plantation life, sir."

"They're very unlike," the physician admitted.

"This chafing of thousands of competitive designs," said the visitor, "this great fretwork of cross purposes, is a decided change from the quiet order of our rural life. Hmm! There everything is under the administration of one undisputed will, and is executed by the unquestioning obedience of our happy and contented slave peasantry. I prefer the country. But I thought this was just the change that would arouse and electrify an invalid who has really no tangible complaint."

"Has the result been unsatisfactory?"

"Entirely so. I am unexpectedly disappointed." The speaker's thought seemed to be that the climate of New Orleans had not responded with that hospitable alacrity which was due so opulent, reasonable, and universally obeyed a guest.

There was a pause here, and Dr. Sevier looked around at the book which lay at his elbow. But the visitor did not resume, and the Doctor presently asked:

"Do you wish me to see your wife?"

"I called to see you alone first," said the other, "because there might be questions to

be asked which were better answered in her absence."

"Then you think you know the secret of her illness, do you?"

"I do. I think, indeed I may say I know, it is—bereavement."

The Doctor compressed his lips and bowed.

The stranger drooped his head somewhat, and, resting his elbows on the arms of his chair, laid the tips of his thumbs and fingers softly together.

"The truth is, sir, she cannot recover from the loss of our son."

"An infant?" asked the Doctor. His bell rang again as he put the question.

"No, sir; a young man—one whom I had thought a person of great promise; just about to enter life."

"When did he die?"

"He has been dead nearly a year. I——"

The speaker ceased as the mulatto waiting-man appeared at the open door, with a large, simple, German face looking easily over his head from behind.

"Tector," said the owner of this face, lifting an immense open hand, "Tector, if you bleace, Tector, you vill bleace ugscooce me."

The Doctor frowned at the servant for permitting the interruption. But the gentleman beside him said:

"Let him come in, sir; he seems to be in haste, sir, and I am not,—I am not, at all."

"Come in," said the physician.

The new-comer stepped into the room. He was about six feet three inches in height, three feet six in breadth, and the same in thickness. Two kindly blue eyes shone softly in an expanse of face that had been clean-shaven every Saturday night for many years, and that ended in a retreating chin and a dewlap. The limp, white shirt-collar just below was without a necktie, and the waist of his pantaloons, which seemed intended to supply this deficiency, did not quite, but only almost reached up to the unoccupied blank. He removed from his respectful head a soft gray hat, whitened here and there with flour.

"Yentlemen," he said, slowly, "you vill ugscooce me to interruptet you,—yentlemen."

"Do you wish to see me?" asked Dr. Sevier.

The German made an odd gesture of differential assent, lifting one open hand a little in front of him to the level of his face, with the wrist bent forward and the fingers pointing down.

"Uf you bleace, Tector, I toose; undt tat's te fust time I effer *tit* wanted a tector. Undt you mus' ugscooce me, Tector, to callin' on you, ovver I vish you come undt see mine——"

To the surprise of all, tears gushed from his eyes.

"Mine poor vife, Tector!" He turned to one side, pointed his broad hand toward the floor, and smote his forehead.

"I yoost come in fun mine paykery undt comin' into mine howse, fen — I see something" — he waved his hand downward again — "something — layin' on te — floor — face pleck ans a nigger's; undt fen I look to see who udt iss, — udt is *Mississ Reisen!* Tector, I vish you come right off! I couldn't shtayndt udt you toandt come right away!"

"I'll come," said the Doctor, without rising; "just write your name and address on that little white slate yonder."

"Tector," said the German, extending and dipping his hat, "I'm ferra much a-velcome to you, Tector; undt tat's yoost fot te pottekerra by mine corner sayt you vould too. He sayss, '*Reisen*,' he sayss, 'you yoost co to Tector Tsewier.'" He bent his great body over the farther end of the table and slowly worked out his name, street, and number. "Dtere udt iss, Tector; I put udt town on teh schlatze; ovver, I hope you ugscooce te hayndt wriding."

"Very well. That's right. That's all."

The German lingered. The Doctor gave a bow of dismissal.

"That's all, I say. I'll be there in a moment. That's all. Dan, order my carriage."

"Yentlemen, you vill ugscooce me?"

The German withdrew, returning each gentleman's bow with a faint wave of the hat.

During this interview the more polished stranger had sat with bowed head, motionless and silent, lifting it only once and for a moment at the German's emotional outburst. Then the upward and backward turned face was marked with a commiseration partly artificial, but also partly natural. He now looked up at the Doctor.

"I shall have to leave you," said the Doctor.

"Certainly, sir," replied the other; "by all means!" The willingness was slightly overdone and the benevolence of tone was mixed with complacency. "By all means," he said again; "this is one of those cases where it is only a proper grace in the higher to yield place to the lower." He waited for a response, but the Doctor merely frowned into space and called for his boots. The visitor resumed:

"I have a good deal of feeling, sir, for the unlettered and the vulgar. They have their station, but they have also — though doubtless in smaller capacity than we — their pleasures and pains."

Seeing the Doctor ready to go, he began to rise.

"I may not be gone long," said the physician, rather coldly; "if you choose to wait —"

"I thank you; n-no-o —" The visitor stopped between a sitting and a rising posture.

"Here are books," said the Doctor, "and the evening papers — '*Picayune*,' '*Delta*,' '*True Delta*.'" It seemed for a moment as though the gentleman might sink into his seat again. "And there's the '*New York Herald*.'"

"No, sir!" said the visitor quickly, rising and smoothing himself out; "nothing from that quarter, if you please." Yet he smiled. The Doctor did not notice that, while so smiling, he took his card from the table. There was something familiar in the stranger's face which the Doctor was trying to make out. They left the house together. Outside the street door the physician made apologetic allusion to their interrupted interview.

"Shall I see you at my office to-morrow? I would be happy —"

The stranger had raised his hat. He smiled again, as pleasantly as he could, which was not delightful, and said, after a moment's hesitation:

"— Possibly."

XI.

#### A PANTOMIME.

IT chanced one evening about this time — the vernal equinox had just passed — that from some small cause Richling, who was generally detained at the desk until a late hour, was home early. The air was soft and warm, and he stood out a little beyond his small front door-step lifting his head to inhale the universal fragrance, and looking in every moment, through the unlighted front room, toward a part of the diminutive house where a mild rattle of domestic movements could be heard, and whence he had, a little before, been adroitly requested to absent himself. He moved restlessly on his feet, blowing a soft tune.

Presently he placed a foot on the step and a hand on the door-post, and gave a low, urgent call.

A distant response indicated that his term of suspense was nearly over. He turned about again once or twice, and a moment later Mary appeared in the door, came down upon the sidewalk, looked up into the moonlit sky and down the empty, silent street, then turned and sat down, throwing her wrists across each other in her lap, and lifting her eyes to her husband's with a smile that confessed her fatigue.

The moon was regal. It cast its deep contrasts of clear-cut light and shadow among the thin, wooden, unarchitectural forms and weed-grown vacancies of the half-settled neighborhood, investing the matter-of-fact with mystery, and giving an unexpected charm to the unpicturesque. It was—as Richling said, taking his place beside his wife—midspring in March. As he spoke he noticed she had brought with her the odor of flowers. They were pinned at her throat.

"Where did you get them?" he asked, touching them with his fingers.

Her face lighted up.

"Guess."

How could he guess? As far as he knew, neither she nor he had made an acquaintance in the neighborhood. He shook his head, and she replied:

"The butcher."

"You're a queer girl," he said, when they had laughed.

"Why?"

"You let these common people take to you so."

She smiled with a faint air of concern.

"You don't dislike it, do you?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he said, indifferently, and spoke of other things.

And thus they sat, like so many thousands and thousands of young pairs in this wide, free America, offering the least possible interest to the great human army round about them, but sharing or believing they shared in the fruitful possibilities of this land of limitless bounty, fondling their hopes and recounting the petty minutiae of their daily experiences. Their converse was mainly in the form of questions from Mary and answers from John.

"And did he say that he would?" etc.

"And didn't you insist that he should?" etc.

"I don't understand how he could require you to," etc., etc. Looking at everything from John's side, as if there never could be any other, until at last John himself laughed softly when she asked why he couldn't take part of some outdoor man's work, and give him part of his own desk-work in exchange, and why he couldn't say plainly that his work was too sedentary.

Then she proposed a walk in the moonlight, and insisted she was not tired; she wanted it on her own account. And so, when Richling had gone into the house and returned with some white worsted gauze for her head and neck and locked the door, they were ready to start.

They were tarrying a moment to arrange this wrapping when they found it necessary to move aside from where they stood in order to let two persons pass on the sidewalk.

These were a man and woman who had at least reached middle age. The woman wore a neatly fitting calico gown; the man, a short pilot-coat. His pantaloons were very tight and pale. A new soft hat was pushed forward from the left rear corner of his closely cropped head, with the front of the brim turned down over his right eye. At each step he settled down with a little jerk alternately on this hip and that, at the same time faintly dropping the corresponding shoulder. They passed. John and Mary looked at each other with a nod of mirthful approval. Why? Because the strangers walked silently hand-in-hand.

It was a magical night. Even the part of town where they were, so devoid of character by day, had become all at once romantic with phantasmal lights and glooms, echoes and silences. Along the edge of a wide chimney-top on one blank, new hulk of a house, that nothing else could have made poetical, a mocking-bird hopped and ran back and forth, singing as if he must sing or die. The mere names of the streets they traversed suddenly became sweet food for the fancy. Down at the first corner below they turned into one that had been an old country road, and was still named Felicity.

Richling called attention to the word painted on a board. He merely pointed to it in playful silence, and then let his hand sink and rest on hers as it lay in his elbow. They were walking under the low boughs of a line of fig-trees that overhung a high garden wall. Then some gay thought took him; but when his downward glance met the eyes uplifted to meet his they were grave, and there came an instantaneous tenderness into the exchange of looks that would have been worse than uninteresting to you or me. But the next moment she brightened up, pressed herself close to him, and caught step. They had not owned each other long enough to have settled into sedate possession, though they sometimes thought they had done so. There was still a tingling ecstasy in one another's touch and glance that prevented them from quite behaving themselves when under the moon.

For instance, now, they began, though in cautious under-tone, to sing. Some person approached them, and they hushed. When the stranger had passed, Mary began again another song, alone:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

"Hush," said John, softly.

She looked up with an air of mirthful inquiry, and he added:

"That was the name of Dr. Sevier's wife."

"But he doesn't hear me singing."



"No, but it seems as if he did."  
And they sang no more.

They entered a broad, open avenue, with a treeless, grassy way in the middle, up which came a very large and lumbering street-car, with smokers' benches on the roof, and drawn by tandem horses.

"Here we turn down," said Richling, "into the way of the Naiades." (That was the street's name.) "They're not trying to get me away."

He looked down painfully. She was clinging to him with more energy than she knew.

"I'd better hold you tight," she answered. Both laughed. The nonsense of those we love is better than the finest wit on earth. They walked on in their bliss. Shall we follow? Fie!

They passed down across three or four of a group of parallel streets named for the nine muses. At Thalia, they took the left, went one square, and turned up by another street toward home.

Their conversation had flagged. Silence was enough. The great earth was beneath their feet, firm and solid; the illimitable distances of the heavens stretched above their heads and before their eyes. Here was Mary at John's side, and John at hers; John her property and she his, and time flowing softly, shiningly on. Yea, even more. If one might believe the names of the streets, there were Naiads on the left and Dryads on the right. A little farther on, Hercules; yonder corner the dark trysting-place of Bacchus and Melpomene; and here, just in advance, the corner where Terpsichore crossed the path of Apollo.

They came now along a high, open fence that ran the entire length of a square. Above it a dense rank of bitter-orange trees overhung the sidewalk, their dark mass of foliage glittering in the moonlight. Within lay a deep, old-fashioned garden. Its white shell walks gleamed in many directions. A sweet breath came from its parterres of mingled hyacinths and jonquils that hid themselves every moment in black shadows of lagustrums and laurestines. Here, in severe order, a pair of palms, prim as mediæval queens, stood over against each other; and in the midst of the garden, rising high against the sky, appeared the pillared veranda and immense, four-sided roof of an old French colonial villa, as it stands unchanged to-day.

The two loiterers slackened their pace to admire the scene. There was much light shining from the house. Mary could hear voices, and, in a moment, words. The host was speeding his parting guests.

"The omnibus will put you out only one block from the hotel," some one said.

DR. SEVIER, returning home from a visit to a friend in Polymnia street, had scarcely got well seated in the omnibus before he witnessed from its window a singular dumb show. He had handed his money up to the driver as they crossed Euterpe street, had received the change and deposited his fare as they passed Terpsichore, and was just sitting down when the only other passenger in the vehicle said, half-rising:

"Hello! there's going to be a shooting scrape!"

A rather elderly man and woman on the sidewalk, both of them extremely well dressed and seemingly on the eve of hailing the omnibus, suddenly transferred their attention to a younger couple a few steps from them, who appeared to have met them entirely by accident. The elderly lady threw out her arms toward the younger man with an expression on her face of intensest mental suffering. She seemed to cry out, but the deafening rattle of the omnibus, as it approached them, intercepted the sound. All four of the persons seemed, in various ways, to experience the most violent feelings. The young man more than once moved as if about to start forward, yet did not advance; his companion, a small, very shapely woman, clung to him excitedly and pleadingly. The older man shook a stout cane at the younger, talking furiously as he did so. He held the elderly lady to him with his arm thrown about her, while she now cast her hands upward, now covered her face with them, now wrung them, clasped them, or extended one of them in seeming accusation against the younger person of her own sex. In a moment the omnibus was opposite the group. The Doctor laid his hand on his fellow-passenger's arm.

"Don't get out. There will be no shooting."

The young man on the sidewalk suddenly started forward, with his companion still on his farther arm, and with his eyes steadily fixed on those of the elder and taller man, a clenched fist lifted defensively, and with a tense, defiant air walked hurriedly and silently by within easy sweep of the uplifted staff. At the moment when the slight distance between the two men began to increase, the cane rose higher, but stopped short in its descent and pointed after the receding figure.

"I command you to leave this town, sir!"

Dr. Sevier looked. He looked with all his might, drawing his knee under him on the cushion and leaning out. The young man had passed. He still moved on, turning back as he went a face full of the fear that men show when they are afraid of their own violence; and as the omnibus clattered away, he

crossed the street at the upper corner and disappeared in the shadows.

"That's a very strange thing," said the other passenger to Dr. Sevier, as they resumed the corner seats by the door.

"It certainly is!" replied the Doctor, and averted his face. For when the group and he were nearest together and the moon shone brightly upon the four, he saw, beyond all question, that the older man was his visitor of a few evenings before, and that the younger pair were John and Mary Richling.

## XII.

## "SHE'S ALL THE WORLD."

EXCELLENT neighborhood, St. Mary street, and Prytania was even better. Everybody was very retired though, it seemed. Almost every house standing in the midst of its shady garden,—sunny gardens are a newer fashion of the town,—a bell-knob on the gate-post, and the gate locked. But the Richlings cared nothing for this; not even what they should have cared. Nor was there any unpleasantness in another fact.

"Do you let this window stand wide this way when you are at work here, all day?" asked the husband. The opening alluded to was on Prytania street, and looked across the way to where the asylumed widows of "St. Anna's" could glance down into it over their poor little window-gardens.

"Why, yes, dear." Mary looked up from her little cane rocker with that thoughtful contraction at the outer corners of her eyes and that illuminated smile, that between them made half her beauty. And then, somewhat more gravely and persuasively: "Don't you suppose they like it? They must like it. I think we can do that much for them. Would you rather I'd shut it?"

For answer, John laid his hand on her head and gazed into her eyes.

"Take care," she whispered; "they'll see you."

He let his arm drop in amused despair.

"Why, what's the window open for? And anyhow, they're all abed and asleep these two hours."

They did like it, those aged widows. It fed their hearts' hunger to see the pretty unknown passing and repassing that open window in the performance of her morning duties, or sitting down near it with her needle, still crooning her soft morning song,—poor, almost as poor as they, in this world's glitter, but rich in hope and courage, and rich beyond all count in the content of one who finds herself queen of ever so little a house, where love is.

"Love is enough!" said the widows.

And certainly she made it seem so. The open window brought, now and then, a moisture to the aged eyes; yet they liked it open.

But without warning, one day, there was a change. It was the day after Dr. Sevier had noticed that queer street quarrel. The window was not closed, but it sent out no more light. The song was not heard, and many small, faint signs gave indication that anxiety had come to be a guest in the little house. At evening, the wife was seen in her front door and about its steps watching in a new, restless way for her husband's coming; and when he came it could be seen, all the way from those upper windows, where one or two faces appeared now and then, that he was troubled and care-worn. There were two more days like this one; but at the end of the fourth the wife read good tidings in her husband's countenance. He handed her a newspaper, and pointed to a list of departing passengers.

"They're gone!" she exclaimed.

He nodded, and laid off his hat. She cast her arms about his neck, and buried her head in his bosom. You could almost have seen Anxiety flying out at the window. By morning the widows knew of a certainty that the cloud had melted away.

IN the counting-room one evening, as Richling said good-night with noticeable alacrity, one of his employers, sitting with his legs crossed over the top of a desk, said to his partner:

"Richling works for his wages."

"That's all," replied the other; "he don't see his interests in ours any more than a tin-smith would, who comes to mend the roof."

The first one took a meditative puff or two from his cigar, tipped off its ashes, and responded:

"Common fault. He completely overlooks his immense indebtedness to the world at large, and his dependence on it. He's a good fellow, and bright; but he actually thinks that he and the world are starting even."

"His wife's his world," said the other, and opened the Bills Payable book. Who will say it is not well to sail in an ocean of love? But the Richlings were becalmed in theirs, and, not knowing it, were satisfied.

Day in, day out, the little wife sat at her window, and drove her needle. Omnibuses rumbled by, an occasional wagon or cart set the dust a-flying, the street venders passed, crying the praises of their goods and wares, the blue sky grew more and more intense as weeks piled up upon weeks; but the empty repetitions, and the isolation, and, worst of all, the escape of time—she smiled at all, and

sewed on and crooned on, in the sufficient thought that John would come, each time, when only hours enough had passed away forever.

Once she saw Dr. Sevier's carriage. She bowed brightly, but he—what could it mean?—he lifted his hat with such austere gravity. Dr. Sevier was angry. He had no definite charge to make, but that did not lessen his displeasure. After long, unpleasant wondering, and long trusting to see Richling some day on the street, he had at length driven by this way purposely to see if they had indeed left town, as they had been so imperiously commanded to do.

This incident, trivial as it was, roused Mary to thought; and all the rest of the day the thought worked with energy to dislodge the frame of mind that she had acquired from her husband.

When John came home that night and pressed her to his bosom, she was silent. And when he held her off a little and looked into her eyes, and she tried to better her smile, those eyes stood full to the lashes and she looked down.

"What's the matter?" asked he, quickly.

"Nothing!" She looked up again, with a little laugh.

He took a chair and drew her down upon his lap.

"What's the matter with my girl?"

"I don't know."

"How, you don't know?"

"Why, I simply don't. I can't make out what it is. If I could, I'd tell you; but I don't know at all." After they had sat silent a few moments:

"I wonder," she began—

"You wonder what?" asked he, in a rallying tone.

"I wonder if there's such a thing as being too contented."

Richling began to hum, with a playful manner:

"And she's all the world to me."

Is that being too —

"Stop!" said Mary; "that's it!" She laid her hand upon his shoulder. "You've said it. That's what I ought not to be!"

"Why, Mary, what on earth!"—His face flamed up.

"John, I'm willing to be *more* than all the rest of the world to you. I always must be that. I'm going to be that forever. And you"—she kissed him passionately—"you're all the world to me! But I've no right to be *all* the world to *you*. And you mustn't allow it. It's making it too small!"

"Mary, what are you saying?"

"Don't, John. Don't speak that way. I'm

not saying anything. I'm only trying to say something, I don't know what."

"Neither do I," was the mock-rueful answer.

"I only know," replied Mary, the vision of Dr. Sevier's carriage passing before her abstracted eyes and of the Doctor's pale face bowing austere within it, "that if you don't take any part or interest in the outside world, it'll take none in you; do you think it will?"

"And who cares if it doesn't?" cried John, clasping her to his bosom.

"I do," she replied. "Yes, I do. I've no right to steal you from the rest of the world, or from the place in it that you ought to fill. John —"

"That's my name."

"Why can't I do something to help you?"

John lifted his head unnecessarily.

"No!"

"Well, then, let's think of something we can do, without just waiting for the wind to blow us along—I mean," she added, appeasingly, "I mean without waiting to be employed by others."

"Oh, yes; but that takes capital."

"Yes, I know; but why don't you think up something—some new enterprise or something—and get somebody with capital to go in with you?"

He shook his head.

"You're out of your depth. And that wouldn't make so much difference, but you're out of mine. It isn't enough to think of something; you must know how to do it. And what do I know how to do? Nothing! Nothing that's worth doing!"

"I know one thing you could do."

"What's that?"

"You could be a professor in a college."

John smiled bitterly.

"Without antecedents?" he asked.

Their eyes met; hers dropped, and both voices were silent. Mary drew a soft sigh. She thought their talk had been unprofitable. But it had not; John laid hold of work from that day on in a better and wiser spirit.

## XIII.

## THE BOUGH BREAKS.

By some trivial chance, she hardly knew what, Mary found herself one day conversing at her own door with the woman whom she and her husband had once smiled at for walking the moonlit street with her hand in willing and undisguised captivity. She was a large and strong, but extremely neat, well-spoken, and good-looking Irish woman, who might have seemed at ease but for a faintly betrayed ambition.

She praised with rather ornate English the good appearance and convenient smallness of Mary's house; said her own was the same size. That person with whom she sometimes passed "of a Sunde" — yes, and moonlight evenings — that was her husband. He was "ferst ingineer" on a steam-boat. There was a little, just discernible waggle in her head as she stated things. It gave her decided character.

"Ah! engineer," said Mary.

"*Ferst ingineer*," repeated the woman; "you know there bees *ferst ingineers*, an' *secon' ingineers*, an' *therd ingineers*. Yes." She unconsciously fanned herself with the dust-pan that she had just bought from a tin peddler.

She lived only some two or three hundred yards away around the corner, in a tidy little cottage snuggled in among larger houses in Coliseum street. She had had children, but she had lost them; and Mary's sympathy when she told her of them — the girl and two boys — won the woman as much as the little lady's pretty manners had dazed her. It was not long before she began to drop in upon Mary in the hour of twilight and sit through it without speaking often, or making herself especially interesting in any way, but finding it pleasant notwithstanding.

"John," said Mary, — her husband had come in unexpectedly, — "our neighbor, Mrs. Riley."

John's bow was rather formal, and Mrs. Riley soon rose and said good-evening.

"John," said the wife again, laying her hands on his shoulders as she tiptoed to kiss him, "what troubles you?" Then she attempted a rallying manner: "Don't my friends suit you?"

He hesitated only an instant, and then said:

"Oh, yes, that's all right."

"Well, then, I don't see why you look so."

"I've finished the task I was to do."

"What! you haven't —"

"I'm out of employment."

They went and sat down on the little hair-cloth sofa that Mrs. Riley had just left.

"I thought they said they would have other work for you."

"They said they might have; but it seems they haven't."

"And it's just in the opening of summer, too," said Mary; "why, what right —"

"Oh!" — a despairing gesture and averted gaze — "they've a perfect right if they think best. I asked them that myself at first — not too politely, either; but I soon saw I was wrong."

They sat without speaking, until it had grown quite dark. Then John said, with a long breath, as he rose:

"It passes my comprehension."

"What passes it?" asked Mary, detaining him by one hand.

"The reason why we are so pursued by misfortunes."

"But, John," she said, still holding him, "is it misfortune? When I know so well that you deserve to succeed, I think maybe it's good fortune in disguise after all. Don't you think it's possible? You remember how it was last time — when A, B & Co. failed. Maybe the best of all is to come now!" She beamed with courage. "Why, John, it seems to me I'd just go in the very best of spirits, the first thing to-morrow, and tell Dr. Sevier you are looking for work. Don't you think it might —"

"I've been there."

"Have you? What did he say?"

"He wasn't in."

THERE WAS another neighbor with whom John and Mary did not get acquainted. Not that it was more his fault than theirs; it may have been less. Unfortunately for the Richlings, there was in their dwelling no toddling, self-appointed child commissioner to find his way in unwatched moments to the playground of some other toddler, and so plant the good seed of neighbor acquaintanceship.

This neighbor passed four times a day. A man of fortune, aged a hale sixty or so, who came and stood on the corner, and sometimes even rested a foot on Mary's door-step, waiting for the Prytania omnibus; and who, on his returns, got down from the omnibus step a little gingerly, went by Mary's house, and presently shut himself inside a very ornamental iron gate a short way up St. Mary street. A child would have made him acquainted. Even as it was, they did not escape his silent notice. It was pleasant for him, from whose life the early dew had been dried away by a well-risen sun, to recall its former freshness by glimpses of this pair of young beginners. It was like having a bird's nest under his window.

John, stepping backward from his door one day, saying a last word to his wife, who stood on the threshold, pushed against this neighbor as he was moving with somewhat cumbersome haste to catch the stage, turned quickly, and raised his hat.

"Pardon."

The other uncovered his bald head and circlet of white, silken locks, and hurried on to the conveyance.

"President of one of the banks down-town," whispered John.

That is the nearest they ever came to being acquainted. And even this accident might

not have occurred had not the man of snowy locks been glancing up at Mary as he passed instead of at his omnibus.

As he sat at home that evening he remarked:

"Very pretty little woman that, my dear, that lives in the little house at the corner; who is she?"

The lady responded, without lifting her eyes from the newspaper in which she was interested; she did not know. The husband mused and twirled his penknife between a finger and thumb.

"They seem to be starting at the bottom," he observed.

"Yes?"

"Yes; much the same as we did."

"I haven't noticed them particularly."

"They're worth noticing," said the banker.

He threw one fat knee over the other and laid his head in the back of his easy-chair.

The lady's eyes were still on her paper, but she asked:

"Would you like me to go and see them?"

"No, no—unless you wish."

She dropped the paper into her lap with a smile and sigh.

"Don't propose it. I have so much going to do—" She paused, removed her glasses, and fell to straightening the fringe of the lamp mat. "Of course, if you think they're in need of a friend—but from your description——"

"No," he answered, quickly, "not at all. They've friends, no doubt. Everything about them has a neat, happy look. That's what attracted my notice. They've got friends, you may depend." He ceased, took up a pamphlet, and adjusted his glasses. "I think I saw a sofa going in there to-day as I came to dinner. A little expansion, I suppose."

"It was going out," said the only son, looking up from a story-book.

But the banker was reading. He heard nothing, and the word was not repeated. He did not divine that a little becalmed and be-fogged bark, with only two lovers in her too proud to cry "Help," had drifted just yonder upon the rocks, and, spar by spar and plank by plank, was dropping into the smooth, unmerciful sea.

Before the sofa went, there had gone, little by little, some smaller valuables.

"You see," said Mary to her husband, with the bright hurry of a wife bent upon something high-handed, "we both have to have furniture: we must have it; and I don't have to have jewelry. Don't you see?"

"No, I——"

"Now, John!" There could be but one end to the debate; she had determined that. The first piece was a bracelet. "No, I

wouldn't pawn it," she said. "Better sell it outright at once."

But Richling could not but cling to hope and to the adornments that had so often clasped her wrists and throat or pinned the folds upon her bosom. Piece by piece he pawned them, always looking out ahead with strained vision for the improbable, the incredible, to rise to his relief.

"Is *nothing* going to happen, Mary?"

Yes; nothing happened—except in the pawn-shop.

So, all the sooner, the sofa had to go.

"It's no use talking about borrowing," they both said. Then the bureau went. Then the table. Then, one by one, the chairs. Very slyly it was all done, too. Neighbors mustn't know. "Who lives there?" is a question not asked concerning houses as small as theirs; and a young man in a well-fitting suit of only too heavy goods, removing his winter hat to wipe the standing drops from his forehead; and a little blush-rose woman at his side in a mist of cool muslin and the cunningest of millinery,—these, who always paused a moment, with a lost look, in the vestibule of the sepulchral-looking little church on the corner of Prytania and Josephine streets, till the sexton ushered them in, and who as often contrived, with no end of ingenuity, despite the little woman's fresh beauty, to get away after service unaccosted by the elders,—who could imagine that *these* were from so deep a nook in poverty's vale?

There was one person who guessed it: Mrs. Riley, who was not asked to walk in any more when she called at the twilight hour. She partly saw and partly guessed the truth, and offered what each one of the pair had been secretly hoping somebody, anybody, would offer—a loan. But when it actually confronted them, it was sweetly declined.

"Wasn't it kind?" said Mary; and John said, emphatically, "Yes." Very soon it was their turn to be kind to Mrs. Riley. They attended her husband's funeral. He had been killed by an explosion. Mrs. Riley beat upon the bier with her fists, and wailed with a far-reaching voice:

"O Mike, Mike! Me jew'l, me jew'l! Why didn't ye wait to see the babe that's unborn?"

And Mary wept. And when she and John reentered their denuded house, she fell upon his neck with fresh tears and kissed him again and again, and could utter no word, but knew he understood. Poverty was so much better than sorrow! She held him fast, and he her, while he tenderly hushed her, lest a grief, the very opposite of Mrs. Riley's, should overtake her.



## XIV.

## HARD SPEECHES AND HIGH TEMPER.

DR. SEVIER found occasion, one morning, to speak at some length, and very harshly, to his book-keeper. He had hardly ceased when John Richling came briskly in.

"Doctor," he said, with great buoyancy, "how do you do?"

The physician slightly frowned.

"Good-morning, Mr. Richling."

Richling was tamed in an instant; but to avoid too great a contrast of manner, he retained a semblance of sprightliness as he said:

"This is the first time I have had this pleasure since you were last at our house, Doctor."

"Did you not see me one evening, some time ago, in the omnibus?" asked Dr. Sevier.

"Why, no," replied the other with returning pleasure; "was I in the same omnibus?"

"You were on the sidewalk."

"No-o," said Richling, pondering. "I've seen you in your carriage several times, but you —"

"I didn't see you."

Richling was stung. The conversation failed. He recommenced it in a tone pitched intentionally too low for the alert ear of Narcisse.

"Doctor, I've simply called to say to you that I'm out of work and looking for employment again."

"Umhum," said the Doctor, with a cold fullness of voice that hurt Richling afresh. "You'll find it hard to get anything this time of year," he continued, with no attempt at under-tone; "it's very hard for anybody to get anything these days, even when well recommended."

Richling smiled an instant. The Doctor did not, but turned partly away to his desk, and added, as if the smile had displeased him:

"Well, maybe you'll not find it so."

Richling turned fiery red.

"Whether I do or not," he said rising, "my affairs sha'n't trouble anybody. Good-morning."

He started out.

"How's Mrs. Richling?" asked the Doctor.

"She's well," responded Richling, putting on his hat and disappearing in the corridor. Each footstep could be heard as he went down the stairs.

"He's a fool!" muttered the physician.

He looked up angrily, for Narcisse stood before him.

"Well, Doctah," said the Creole, hurriedly arranging his coat-collar, and drawing his handkerchief, "I'm goin' ad the poss-office."

"See here, sir!" exclaimed the Doctor, bringing his fist down upon the arm of his chair, "every time you've gone out of this office for the last six months you've told me you were going to the post-office; now don't you ever tell me that again!"

The young man bowed with injured dignity and responded:

"All a-ight, seh."

He overtook Richling just outside the street entrance. Richling had halted there bereft of intention, almost of outward sense, and choking with bitterness. It seemed to him as if in an instant all his misfortunes, disappointments, and humiliations, that never before had seemed so many or so great, had been gathered up into the knowledge of that hard man upstairs, and, with one unmerciful downward wrench, had received his seal of approval. Indignation, wrath, self-hatred, dismay, in undefined confusion, usurped the faculties of sight and hearing and motion.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, "I 'ope you fine you'seff O. K., seh, if you'll egscuse the slang expression."

Richling started to move away, but checked himself.

"I'm well, sir, thank you, sir; yes, sir, I'm very well."

"I bilieve you, seh. You ah lookin' well."

Narcisse thrust his hands into his pockets, and turned upon the outer sides of his feet, the embodiment of sweet temper. Richling found him a wonderful relief at the moment. He quit gnawing his lip and winking into vacancy, and felt a malicious good humor run into all his veins.

"I dunno 'ow 'tis, Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, "but I muz tell you the tooth, you always 'ave to me the appe'ance ligue the chile of p'ospe'ity."

"Eh?" said Richling, hollowing his hand at his ear,—"child of —"

"P'ospe'ity!"

"Yes—yes," replied the deaf man vaguely, "I—have a relative of that name."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Creole, "thass good faw luck! Mistoo 'Itchlin', look' like you a lill mo' hawd to yeh—but egscuse me. I s'pose you muz be advancing in business, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. I say I s'pose you muz be gittin' along!"

"I? yes; yes, I must."

He started.

"I'm 'appy to yeh it!" said Narcisse.

His innocent kindness was a rebuke. Richling began to offer a cordial parting salutation, but Narcisse said:

"You goin' that way? Well, I kin go that way." They went.

"I was goin' ad the poss-office, but —"

he waved his hand and curled his lip. "Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact, if you yeh of something suitable to me I would like to yeh it. I am not satisfied with that pless yondeh with Doctah Seveeah. I was compel this mawnin', biffu you came in, to 'epoove 'im faw 'is 'oodness. He called me a jackass, in fact. I woon allow that. I 'ad to 'epoove 'im. 'Doctah Seveeah,' says I, 'don't you call me a jackass ag'in!' An' 'e din call it me ag'in. No, seh. But 'e din like to 'ush up. 'Thass the rizz'n 'e was a lill miscutteous to you. Me, I am always polite. As they say, 'A nod is juz as good as a kick f'om a bline hoss.' You ah fon' of maxim, Mistoo 'Itchlin'? Me, I'm v'e'y fon' of them. But they's got one maxim what you may 'ave 'eard—I do not fine that maxim always come t'ue. 'Ave you evva yeah that maxim, 'A fool faw luck'? That don't always come t'ue. I 'ave discovered that."

"No," responded Richling, with a parting smile, "that doesn't always come true."

Dr. Sevier denounced the world at large, and the American nation in particular, for two days. Within himself, for twenty-four hours,

he grumly blamed Richling for their rupture; then for twenty-four hours reproached himself, and on the morning of the third day knocked at the door, corner of St. Mary and Prytania.

No one answered. He knocked again. A woman in bare feet showed herself at the corresponding door-way in the farther half of the house.

"Nobody don't live there no more, sir," she said.

"Where have they gone?"

"Well, reely, I couldn't tell you, sir. Because, reely, I don't know nothing about it. I haint but jest lately moved in here myself, and I don't know nothing about nobody around here scarcely at all."

The Doctor shut himself again in his carriage and let himself be whisked away, in great vacuity of mind.

"They can't blame anybody but themselves" was, by and by, his rallying thought. "Still"—he said to himself after another vacant interval, and said no more. The thought that whether *they* could blame others or not did not cover all the ground, rested heavily on him.

(To be continued.)

## THE PRETENDERS TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

If France were a republican nation, as many Americans, satisfied with their own fortunate lot, fondly suppose, this question of the various claimants to the French throne would surely be scarcely worth a moment's attention. But the alarm shown by the French Government whenever the question has been raised, the stringent measures adopted, and those proposed for the future, bear testimony to a feeling of insecurity. It cannot be doubted that a large part of the nation favors a constitutional government under a nominal king, one whose power would be restricted—a sort of president of a republican monarchy, if such a contradictory term may be admitted. A court of some kind is the great want felt in the luxurious city of Paris; a center of fashion and elegance, presided over by those whose undoubted rank would naturally call around them the most distinguished individuals of their own land and of other nations. In Paris, luxury is an absolute necessity, and Spartan virtues will never take root in that city of gayety and pleasure. The Parisian lives chiefly by the trades which thrive on the habits of a court and an aristocracy. When there is none, he seeks the patronage of

any one who will spend money lavishly; and then is seen what we see now, the degradation of the national taste, under the auspices of the meretricious leaders of pleasure.

That sooner or later the monarchy will be reëstablished, even many who are antagonistic to the principle feel to be more than a probability. Had the Prince Imperial lived, many think he would now be on the throne of France. The sensation produced by the illness and danger of the Comte de Chambord, the anxiety with which news of his condition was awaited, and the involuntary respect shown by even Republican politicians when writing of the almost unknown and exiled representative of the old royal race, is a striking proof of what we have said. If he had lived, it is probable that a reaction in his favor would have taken place. Still, the whole education, the chivalrous principles of the Comte de Chambord, seem to have rendered him unfit to reign over the French nation, such as it is now. No impartial observer can deny that the whole moral and intellectual tone of the nation has been lowered. That the profuse luxury and loose morality of the imperial régime did harm

must be acknowledged. But what do we see now? Never has public morality and decency been so outraged; never have crimes of the most horrible kind been so frequent. We see the reign of vice represented by low actresses of low theaters and women of bad reputation. All the journals relate their doings; their funerals are followed by literary men, who write their biographies and praise their "virtues"! As there are no royal ladies now to occupy public attention, and as private gentlewomen strive to remain unnoticed, these women are the queens of the day.

When the "vices of a court" are mentioned, is it not easy to inquire what could be worse than what we see now? Under Louis Philippe, the court was a pattern of domestic life and family affections. More that was worthy of blame might be brought forward against the Empire; still, whatever might have been the private lives of some of the courtiers, nothing serious could be urged against the Empress Eugénie, and all must feel respect for the Princesse Clotilde. That, under Henri V. (had the Comte de Chambord lived to obtain the throne), there could have been no danger of royal toleration of moral laxity at court, may be inferred from his traditions and training.

His full name was Henri Charles Ferdinand Marie Dieudonné de Bourbon—"Son of France" (*Fils de France*), Duc de Bordeaux, Comte de Chambord, and in the eyes of his adherents King of France, *de jure* if not *de facto*. They called him *Le Roi*.

Why *Dieudonné*—God-given? The heir-apparent of the childless Louis XVIII. was his brother, the Comte d'Artois, afterward Charles X., whose eldest son, the Duc d'Angoulême, married to the orphan daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was likewise without children. The hopes of the nation, as to the continuation of the dynasty, were consequently centered in the younger son of the Comte d'Artois, the Duc de Berry, married to the Princesse Caroline of Naples. One child was born, a daughter, who, in consequence of the Salic law, could not ascend the throne of France; if he should have no more, there would be an end to the elder branch of the Bourbons. It was then that the assassin Louvel struck down the young prince at the door of the opera-house, just as he turned away from the carriage to which he had taken the Duchess, his wife, who did not wish to remain till the end of the performance. The stab of the poniard had been directed with a sure hand, and the Duc de Berry died at the opera-house before morning, surrounded by the weeping royal family, and in the presence

of the old King, hastily summoned to witness the death of his murdered nephew, whose condition did not admit of his removal to the Tuileries palace.

Before his death, after vainly entreating for the pardon of his murderer, the Duke declared that his wife had hopes of an heir.

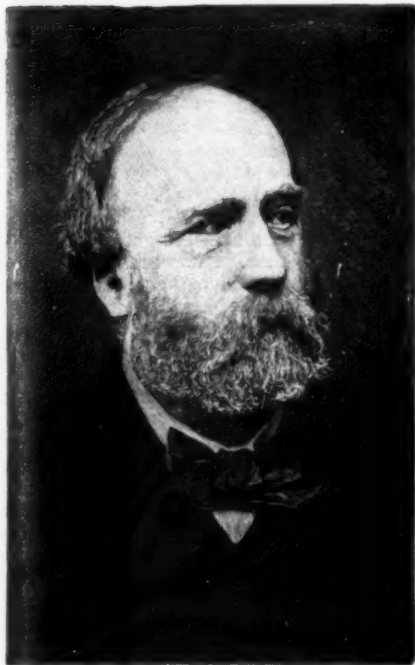
The child was born, and it was a boy, who, in thanksgiving, was named *Dieudonné*, God-given, and *Henri*, in memory of the ever popular founder of the Bourbon dynasty—Henri Quatre (Henry of Navarre).

The child of sorrow, the royal Benoni, grew up, educated with his charming sister, beloved by all, Louise of France, afterward Duchesse de Parma; a princess of great intelligence and of a masculine spirit, like many other daughters of the house of Bourbon; withal, irreproachable in her private life—a truly Christian wife and mother.

Henri was a bright and spirited boy; kind-hearted, with the characteristic kindness of the Bourbons, ever ready to respond to high and generous impulse; no bookworm, nor even very exemplary as a studious school-boy; but an engaging child, with the soul of a prince and, what is more, the soul of a gentleman.

At ten years of age he left France, an exile, having in vain been proclaimed king after the abdication of his grandfather, Charles X., which was immediately followed by that of his uncle, the Duc d'Angoulême. The family took refuge at Holyrood, the fated palace of the Stuarts, whose memories seemed to cast their gloomy shadow over the young heads of Henri and Louise. From Holyrood they went to Prague, and from Prague to Goritz, where Charles X. died. Meanwhile their mother, the Duchesse de Berry, had made an imprudent attempt to stir up the loyal western provinces of France in favor of her son; betrayed by the Hebrew Deutz, she was seized at Nantes by the emissaries of Louis Philippe, and detained as a state prisoner at the fortress of Blaye, near Bordeaux, where she was forced to confess a secret marriage with the Comte Lucchesi-Palli, which threw ridicule over the whole affair.

The extreme displeasure of the exiled King, on hearing of this act of indiscretion, was shown by the separation of the children from their mother, who, released by Louis Philippe after the birth of her child, followed her second husband to Venice, where she henceforward principally resided; while Henri and Louise were educated under the superintendence of their aunt, the austere Duchesse d'Angoulême. It was a gloomy life for them; but they grew up amiable, joyous, and full of noble spirit, loved by all who knew them. A terrible accident,



COMTE DE CHAMBORD. (DIED 1883.) (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BIANCO.)

which might have been fatal, partially crippled the young prince, and was certainly detrimental to his fine presence, from the persistent and marked lameness which remained; but he retained considerable beauty of feature. The clear, bright blue eyes had still a most peculiar and charming expression, in which were blended the dignity of exalted rank and the frank kindness of an honorable and excellent man, with the searching penetration of one accustomed to study character in those who sought his presence.

When the death of his grandfather and of his uncle the Duc d'Angoulême had removed all doubts as to his position, he announced his intention of being known simply as Comte de Chambord, from the name of an estate which, in happier days, had been presented to him by a national subscription. He lived henceforward chiefly at Frohsdorf, near Vienna, a plain manor, more suited to an ordinary country gentleman; but a visit to England was the occasion of a demonstration of loyalty on the part of the young French nobility, who gathered round the young and handsome pretender.

At Frohsdorf he chose to be called simply by the neutral title of "*Monseigneur*," and set aside all ceremonious etiquette. The Duchesse

d'Angoulême, however, although styled "The Queen" (*La Reine*), punctiliously conformed to ancient usage, and invariably rose from her seat when her nephew entered the room or left it.

A bride had to be found for the young Prince; no easy matter when political difficulties were considered. The Princesse Marie Thérèse, of Modena, consented to devote her life to the exile, to whom she brought a large fortune, which, with all that was known of her amiable qualities, seemed to satisfy all requirements. But, although of an elegant figure and distinguished appearance, she could not lay claim to that beauty of feature to which in France so much importance is attached; and more than this, the marriage was childless, a source of lasting grief to the Comtesse de Chambord, although this privation may now prove a blessing to France, in simplifying the question of the various pretenders.

The Revolution of 1848, with the downfall of Louis Philippe, seemed to open the way to the young heir of the elder Bourbons. After the dreadful insurrection of June, it was evident that the country longed for peace, longed for a definite ruler, and would receive joyfully any one coming as a savior. Everything was *à la Chambord*; *fleurs-de-lis*, the Bourbon emblem, were seen everywhere; all the young men wore white flowers in their button-holes, and all looked eagerly toward Henri Dieudonné.

But no response came, and the disappointment was universal. There was no one at hand to play the part of General Monk, and the cautious advisers of the young Prince, men who loved him, men who had the recollection of the past fresh in their minds, could not bear that their cherished Prince should play the part of a political adventurer, or run any personal risk. Had he come forward then, as probably his ancestor, Henri Quatre, would have done, it is more than likely that the victory would have been his. But, restrained by his too prudent advisers, he hesitated, and that interval gave time to Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to step forward. As the Emperor himself said, at a later period:

"One went away—the other did not come—so I reached the goal."\*

Another political mistake greatly to be regretted was the prohibition addressed by the Comte de Chambord to his adherents with regard to their acceptance of any public functions under other forms of government. The natural consequence has been that all the young Legitimist noblemen lived in idleness, and have become mere carpet knights; so

\* "*L'un est parti—l'autre n'est pas venu—je suis arrivé.*"



COMTE DE PARIS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOLIOT.)

that if the Comte de Chambord had been proclaimed King of France, he would have been forced to choose the members of the government outside of the group of his most devoted followers.

After the establishment of the Empire, the Comte de Chambord seemed resigned to play a passive part, only interrupted by occasional protestations and manifestoes, to which nobody paid much attention. He lived quietly, like a private gentleman, at Frohsdorf, Goritz, and Venice, making no attempt to disturb by force the established form of government in France. A sincere Catholic, and punctual in the observance of the religious obligations of that faith, he yet never played the part of a gloomy bigot; and his genial manners, his love of field sports, the cordial hospitality offered to all visitors in his plain, unpretending manner, endeared him to those who had the honor of being received there; and all French visitors were heartily welcomed, even when known to belong to antagonistic political parties.

The Comte de Chambord has been represented as a stranger to France by education, and as a mere Austrian gentleman, who knew nothing of France. This is a great mistake. No one was more French than the exiled

Count; no one spoke the French language with a more perfect accent, or more elegance of expression; no one loved France better, or sought more information as to her destinies from every source. Newspapers of every political shade were received at Frohsdorf, carefully read by his secretaries, and marked for his perusal.

Having been told from his childhood that he was a direct gift from the Almighty, that he was predestined from his birth, he had, perhaps, a too absolute conviction that he was a sort of Messiah, and that his day must come. "The word to be spoken belongs to France; the hour belongs to God"—was his maxim.

Well informed, but not pedantic, of quick intelligence and ready speech, the Comte de Chambord, by his conversation, left the impression on his hearers of a superior mind and a determined will. Some may be inclined to say—too determined. Be this a virtue or a defect,—for it is not always easy to mark the exact point where firmness ceases and obstinacy begins,—the Comte de Chambord never yielded a point of principle or listened to suggestions of mere expediency.

In opposition to him for many years was the young representative of the Orleans branch, the Comte de Paris. Like his cousin, he had lost his father by a violent death, and at ten years of age had been forced to fly from France, an exile, with an aged grandfather and a widowed mother. The Duchesse d'Orleans was, however, very different from the Duchesse de Berry, mother of the Comte de Chambord. A grave, well-informed German princess, as quiet and serious in her habits and mode of life as the Duchesse de Berry was vivacious and inconsiderate, there could be no question of withdrawing her sons from her influence. Their education was superintended by herself; she was an ambitious mother, and during her life there could be no reconciliation between the two rival branches of the Bourbons. In her sight, her son was the rightful King, and she would never have yielded to any compromise. But, while the Comte de Chambord inherited from his Italian mother her vivacity and grace, tempered in his case by the austere guidance of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Comte de Paris acquired the cold and grave exterior of the Duchesse d'Orleans and her love of intellectual pursuits. He is said to have been more a man of science and learning than a politician

*La parole est à la France, l'heure est à Dieu.*



or a statesman; his tastes were quiet, his habits were retired, and almost too simple for his position for those who think that princes should not forget the old saying that *majesty without its externals is a jest*, and that they must not be too much like other people.

This the Comte de Chambord recognized, and in his home there was just enough of necessary etiquette to mark the chief of the royal line. His table had the simplicity of a private home; but all was served on massive plate, engraved with the heraldic *fleur-de-lis* of the Bourbons. When dinner was announced, the Count and Countess walked out first and took the center places at the dinner-table; the visitors who were especially honored were placed on the left of the Count and the right of the Countess. These seats of honor were differently filled at every meal, by a graceful innovation of the host, that all might enjoy the privilege in turn. No one ventured to address him, but his kindness enabled every one to have an opportunity of conversing with him. In the case of any visitor of note, he was honored with a private interview in the study of the Comte de Chambord, who delighted in prolonged conversation and free discussion of every topic. The interview lasted during the pleasure of the royal host, who gave permission to retire by a significant smile and bend—motioning as if about to rise, but without actually leaving his seat.

The Comte de Paris, on the contrary, lives exactly like a private individual, and waives all etiquette. He is considered to be personally devoid of all ambition, but anxious to do what might be considered his duty. In the hope of smoothing difficulties with regard to the pacification of France after the war of 1870, he sought a reconciliation with the Comte de Chambord, who received his young cousin with open arms and the warmest feeling. The Comte de Paris has always, since then, proved most honorably faithful to the engagement taken, at that time, of never putting forward his own claims in opposition to those of the chief of his race. His partisans were inclined to regret the promise given, when the negotiations which had so nearly succeeded in placing the Comte de Chambord on the throne of France failed through his refusal to accept the tri-colored flag, which he rejected as the emblem of the Revolution, while the French army loved it as the emblem of military glory. Whatever may have been the feelings of the Comte de Paris on this occasion, the promise which he had given was faithfully and honorably kept. A compromise had been suggested which all regretted to see rejected by the Comte de Chambord: the tri-colored flag to be retained

by the army, and the white flag to be treated as a royal standard peculiar to the sovereign, like that used by Queen Victoria.

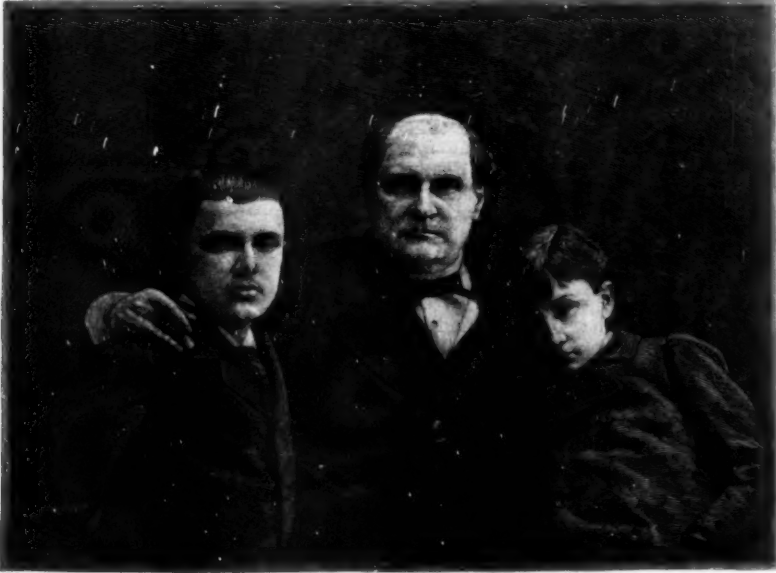
The *tricolore* had been accepted by Louis Philippe, and all his sons had "won their spurs" under its shade. It was not likely, therefore, to be distasteful to the Comte de Paris as an emblem of the liberal *citizen government* inaugurated by his grandfather, but repudiated by the principles of the elder branch represented by the Comte de Chambord. The Comte de Paris, however, has made no sign, no attempt to court popularity. He has continued, as before, to live the life of a private gentleman, studiously avoiding public notice, silent on political matters, and remarked only as the author of clever articles in reviews, chiefly on social questions, and of an elaborate "History of the Civil War in the United States," in which contest he served honorably. He is said to regard his position as a Pretender more in the light of a public duty than as the source of any advantage to himself or to his family.

Far different is the character of the Bonaparte claimant, Prince Jerome Napoleon ("Plon-plon"). His resemblance in feature to his illustrious uncle, the great Emperor, is most striking; but no less striking is the difference of expression, which is certainly not to the advantage of Prince Napoleon. All the revelations of that face are confirmed by popular report, and universal sympathy is felt for the admirable Princesse Clotilde, forced by necessity to live apart from the husband to whom she had been sacrificed through political considerations. No two individuals could be more ill-matched than the atheistical, dissipated Jerome Napoleon, as celebrated for his immoral life as for his coarse brutality of temper, and his supposed—what shall we call it?—*personal prudence* under fire, and the calm, dignified Italian Princess, fearless, like a true daughter of the house of Savoy; devout, almost to excess; with the tastes and habits of a nun, and the ardent faith of a martyr. She did not possess the beauty or the quick, brilliant wit which might have pleased him; she cared little for splendid dress or worldly pleasures. She spent almost too much time in devotional practices, which he abhorred. During the Empire, the home life of the Princesse Clotilde was austere, quiet, and, it must be owned, very monotonous; perhaps too much so to be quite judicious, under the circumstances in which she was placed. But everything that surrounded her shocked her feelings so much that she could only take refuge in silence and reserve. Her husband was openly an unbeliever, the enemy of the church to which she was de-

voted; and his conduct in other respects was a permanent and cruel insult to his wife.

When the Empire fell, the Princess went to reside at a country-seat, in Switzerland, on the Lake of Geneva. There she led the

in consequence of the determined opposition of Prince Napoleon, through motives of personal ambition, and the dutiful submission of the young heir, appointed by the boy-like will of the Prince Imperial,—as if the crown



PRINCE NAPOLEON AND HIS SONS, VICTOR AND LOUIS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.)

life of a Sister of Charity, tending the poor and the sick with her own hands, and depriving herself of everything that could possibly be spared, in order to give more to those in need. After the death of the King, her father, she retired, without any opposition from the Prince, her husband, to the palace of Moncalieri, near Turin, which had been left to her; there, at least, she was not obliged to endure the affronts which hitherto had not been spared to her. The sympathy of all went with her, and the unpopularity of Prince Napoleon consequently increased. Notwithstanding his remarkable intelligence, which cannot be denied, his eloquence as an orator, and the prestige of that Bonaparte face, so like that of the great Emperor, Prince Napoleon is universally disliked, and despised as much as he is disliked. Even the Bonapartists dare not put forward his claims; their chance of success would be too small.

The attempt to transfer their allegiance to Prince Victor, his son, has proved a failure,

of France could be given away by will to a chosen successor!

The young Prince Victor has not yet had time or opportunity to show what he really is. But popular rumor is all in his favor. He is said to have few of the characteristics of the Bonaparte race, and to be more peculiarly a prince of Savoy, on the side of his mother, with the physical characteristics of the Italian royal family, and the high spirit of that line.

Which of these various Pretenders will reach the goal—if any does? Who knows? With the fickle character of the French nation everything is possible. Some expect that the Comte de Paris, at no distant period, will be summoned to the throne of France, with a liberal constitution, freely accepted by him, according to the traditions of his family. But it is as easy to foresee, a few years further on, a Bonaparte reaction, and the young Prince Victor, having reached a riper age, reëstablishing another Empire.

*A. Bicknell.*

## THE IMPRESSIONS OF A COUSIN.\*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "The Portrait of a Lady," "Roderick Hudson," "Daisy Miller," etc.

### PART II.

JUNE 8.—Late this afternoon, about an hour before dinner, Mr. Frank arrived with what Mrs. Ermine calls his equipage, and asked her to take a short drive with him. At first she declined—said it was too hot, too late, she was too tired; but he seemed very much in earnest, and begged her to think better of it. She consented at last, and when she had left the room to arrange herself, he turned to me with a little grin of elation. I saw he was going to say something about his prospects, and I determined, this time, to give him a chance. Besides, I was curious to know how he believed himself to be getting on. To my surprise, he disappointed my curiosity; he only said, with his timid brightness:

"I am always so glad when I carry my point."

"Your point? Oh, yes. I think I know what you mean."

"It's what I told you that day."

He seemed slightly surprised that I should be in doubt as to whether he had really presented himself as a lover. "Do you mean to ask her to marry you?"

He stared a little, looking graver. "Do you mean to-day?"

"Well, yes, to-day, for instance; you have urged her so to drive."

"I don't think I will do it to-day; it's too soon."

His gravity was natural enough, I suppose; but it had suddenly become so intense that the effect was comical, and I could not help laughing. "Very good; whenever you please."

"Don't you think it's too soon?" he asked,

"Ah, I know nothing about it."

"I have seen her alone only four or five times."

"You must go on as you think best," I said.

"It's hard to tell. My position is very difficult." And then he began to smile again. He is certainly very odd.

It is my fault, I suppose, that I am too impatient of what I don't understand; and I don't understand this odd mixture of the per-

functory and the passionate, or the singular alternation of Mr. Frank's confessions and reserves.

"I can't enter into your position," I said. "I can't advise you or help you in any way."

Even to myself, my voice sounded a little hard as I spoke, and he was evidently discomposed by it. He blushed as usual, and fell to putting on his gloves.

"I think a great deal of your opinion, and for several days I have wanted to ask you."

"Yes, I have seen that."

"How have you seen it?"

"By the way you have looked at me."

He hesitated a moment. "Yes, I have looked at you—I know that. There is a great deal in your face to see."

This remark, under the circumstances, struck me as absurd. I began to laugh again. "You speak of it as if it were a collection of curiosities."

He looked away now. He wouldn't meet my eye, and I saw that I had made him feel thoroughly uncomfortable. To lead the conversation back into the commonplace, I asked him where he intended to drive.

"It doesn't matter much where we go—it's so pretty everywhere now." He was evidently not thinking of his drive, and suddenly he broke out: "I want to know whether you think she likes me."

"I haven't the least idea. She hasn't told me."

"Do you think she knows that I mean to propose to her?"

"You ought to be able to judge of that better than I."

"I am afraid of taking too much for granted; also, of taking her by surprise."

"So that—in her agitation—she might accept you? Is that what you are afraid of?"

"I don't know what makes you say that. I wish her to accept me."

"Are you very sure?"

"Perfectly sure. Why not? She is a charming creature."

"So much the better, then; perhaps she will."

"You don't believe it," he exclaimed, as

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if it were very clever of him to have discovered that."

"You think too much of what I believe. That has nothing to do with the matter."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Frank, apparently wishing very much to agree with me.

"You had better find out as soon as possible from Eunice herself," I added.

"I haven't expected to know—for some time."

"Do you mean for a year or two? She will be ready to tell you before that."

"Oh, no—not a year or two; but a few weeks."

"You know you come to the house every day. You ought to explain to her."

"Perhaps I had better not come so often."

"Perhaps not!"

"I like it very much," he said, smiling.

I looked at him a moment; I don't know what he has got in his eyes. "Don't change! You are such a good young man that I don't know what we should do without you." And I left him to wait alone for Eunice.

From my window, above, I saw them leave the door; they make a fair, bright young couple as they sit together. They had not been gone a quarter of an hour when Mr. Caliph's name was brought up to me. He had asked for me—me alone; he begged that I would do him the favor to see him for ten minutes. I don't know why this announcement should have made me nervous; but it did. My heart beat at the prospect of entering into direct relations with Mr. Caliph. He is very clever, much thought of, and talked of; and yet I had vaguely suspected him—of I don't know what! I became conscious of that, and felt the responsibility of it; though I didn't foresee, and indeed don't think I foresee yet, any danger of a collision between us. It is to be noted, moreover, that even a woman who is both plain and conceited must feel a certain agitation at entering the presence of Haroun-al-Raschid. I had begun to dress for dinner, and I kept him waiting till I had taken my usual time to finish. I always take some such revenge as that upon men who make me nervous. He is the sort of man who feels immediately whether a woman is well dressed or not; but I don't think this reflection really had much to do with my putting on the freshest of my three little French gowns.

He sat there, watch in hand; at least, he slipped it into his pocket as I came into the room. He was not pleased at having had to wait, and when I apologized, hypocritically, for having kept him, he answered, with a certain dryness, that he had come to transact an

important piece of business in a very short space of time. I wondered what his business could be, and whether he had come to confess to me that he had spent Eunice's money for his own purposes. Did he wish me to use my influence with her not to make a scandal? He didn't look like a man who had come to ask a favor of that kind; but I am sure that if he ever does ask it, he will not look at all as he might be expected to look. He was clad in white garments from head to foot, in recognition of the hot weather, and he had half a dozen roses in his button-hole. This time his flowers were for himself. His white clothes made him look as big as Henry VIII.; but don't tell me he is not a Jew! He's a Jew of the artistic, not of the commercial, type; and as I stood there, I thought him a very strange person to have as one's trustee. It seemed to me that he would carry such an office into transcendental regions, out of all common jurisdictions; and it was a comfort to me to remember that I have no property to be taken care of. Mr. Caliph kept a pocket-handkerchief, with an enormous monogram, in his large, tapering hand, and every other moment he touched his face with it. He evidently suffers from the heat. With all that, *il est bien beau*. His business was not what had at first occurred to me; but I don't know that it was much less strange.

"I knew I should find you alone, because Adrian told me this morning that he meant to come and ask our young friend to drive. I was glad of that; I have been wishing to see you alone, and I didn't know how to manage it."

"You see it's very simple. Didn't you send your brother?" I asked. In another place, to another person, this might have sounded impertinent; but evidently, addressed to Mr. Caliph, things have a special measure, and this I instinctively felt. He will take a great deal, and he will give a great deal.

He looked at me a moment, as if he were trying to measure what I would take. "I see you are going to be a very satisfactory person to talk with," he answered. "That's exactly what I counted on. I want you to help me."

"I thought there was some reason why Mr. Frank should urge Eunice so to go," I went on, refreshed a little, I admit, by these words of commendation. "At first she was unwilling."

"Is she usually unwilling—and does he usually have to be urgent?" he asked, like a man pleased to come straight to the point.

"What does it matter, so long as she consents in the end?" I responded, with a smile that made him smile. There is a singular stimulus, even a sort of excitement, in talking

with him; he makes one wish to venture. And this not as women usually venture, because they have a sense of impunity; but, on the contrary, because one has a prevision of penalties—those penalties which give a kind of dignity to sarcasm. He must be a dangerous man to irritate.

"Do you think she will consent, in the end?" he inquired; and though I had now foreseen what he was coming to, I felt that, even with various precautions which he had plainly decided not to take, there would still have been a certain crudity in it, when, a moment later, he put his errand into words. "I want my little brother to marry her, and I want you to help me bring it about." Then he told me that he knew his brother had already spoken to me, but that he believed I had not promised him much countenance. He wished me to think well of the plan; it would be a delightful marriage.

"Delightful for your brother, yes. That's what strikes me most."

"Delightful for him, certainly; but also very pleasant for Eunice, as things go here. Adrian is the best fellow in the world; he's a gentleman; he hasn't a vice or a fault; he is very well educated; and he has twenty thousand a year. A lovely property."

"Not in trust?" I said, looking into Mr. Caliph's extraordinary eyes.

"Oh, no; he has full control of it. But he is wonderfully careful."

"He doesn't trouble you with it?"

"Oh, dear, no; why should he? Thank God, I haven't got that on my back. His property comes to him from his father, who had nothing to do with me; didn't even like me, I think. He has capital advisers—presidents of banks, overseers of hospitals, and all that sort of thing. They have put him in the way of some excellent investments."

As I write this, I am surprised at my audacity; but, somehow, it didn't seem so great at the time, and he gave absolutely no sign of seeing more in what I said than appeared. He evidently desires the marriage immensely, and he was thinking only of putting it before me so that I, too, should think well of it; for evidently, like his brother, he has the most exaggerated opinion of my influence with Eunice. On Mr. Frank's part, this doesn't surprise me so much; but I confess it seems to me odd that a man of Mr. Caliph's acuteness should make the mistake of taking me for one of those persons who covet influence and like to pull the wires of other people's actions. I have a horror of influence, and should never have consented to come and live with Eunice if I had not seen that she is at bottom much stronger

than I, who am not at all strong, in spite of my grand airs. Mr. Caliph, I suppose, cannot conceive of a woman in my dependent position being indifferent to opportunities for working in the dark; but he ought to leave those vulgar imputations to Mrs. Ermine. He ought, with his intelligence, to see one as one is; or do I possibly exaggerate that intelligence? "Do you know I feel as if you were asking me to take part in a conspiracy?" I made that announcement with as little delay as possible.

He stared a moment, and then he said that he didn't in the least repudiate that view of his proposal. He admitted that he was a conspirator—in an excellent cause. All match-making was conspiracy. It was impossible that as a superior woman I should enter into his ideas, and he was sure that I had seen too much of the world to say anything so *banal* as that the young people were not in love with each other. That was only a basis for marriage when better things were lacking. It was decent, it was fitting, that Eunice should be settled in life; his conscience would not be at rest about her until he should see that well arranged. He was not in the least afraid of that word "arrangement"; a marriage was an eminently practical matter, and it could not be too much arranged. He confessed that he took the European view. He thought that a young girl's elders ought to see that she marries in a way in which certain definite proprieties are observed. He was sure of his brother; he knew how faultless Adrian was. He talked for some time, and said a great deal that I had said to myself the other day, after Mr. Frank spoke to me; said, in particular, very much what I had thought, about the beauty of arrangements—that there are far too few among Americans who marry; that we are the people in the world who divorce and separate most; that there would be much less of that sort of thing if young people were helped to choose,—if marriages were, as one might say, presented to them. I listened to Mr. Caliph with my best attention, thinking it was odd that, on his lips, certain things which I had phrased to myself in very much the same way should sound so differently. They ought to have sounded better, uttered as they were with the energy, the authority, the lucidity of a man accustomed to making arguments; but somehow they didn't. I am afraid I am very perverse. I answered—I hardly remember what; but there was a taint of that perversity in it. As he rejoined, I felt that he was growing urgent—very urgent; he has an immense desire that something may be done. I remember saying, at last,



"What I don't understand is, why your brother should wish to marry my cousin. He has told me he is not in love with her. Has your presentation of the idea, as you call it—has that been enough? Is he acting simply at your request?"

I saw that his reply was not perfectly ready, and for a moment those strange eyes of his emitted a ray that I had not seen before. They seemed to say, "Are you really taking liberties with me? Be on your guard; I may be dangerous." But he always smiles. Yes, I think he is dangerous, though I don't know exactly what he could do to me. I believe he would smile at the hangman, if he were condemned to meet him. He is very angry with his brother for having admitted to me that the sentiment he entertains for Eunice is not a passion; as if it would have been possible for him, under my eyes, to pretend that he is in love! I don't think I am afraid of Mr. Caliph; I don't desire to take liberties with him (as his eyes seemed to call it), or with any one; but, decidedly, I am not afraid of him. If it came to protecting Eunice, for instance; to demanding justice— But what extravagances am I writing? He answered, in a moment, with a good deal of dignity, and even a good deal of reason, that his brother has the greatest admiration for my cousin, that he agrees fully and cordially with everything he (Mr. Caliph) has said to him about its being an excellent match, that he wants very much to marry, and wants to marry as a gentleman should. If he is not in love with Eunice, moreover, he is not in love with any one else.

"I hope not!" I said, with a laugh; whereupon Mr. Caliph got up, looking, for him, rather grave.

"I can't imagine why you should suppose that Adrian is not acting freely. I don't know what you imagine my means of coercion to be."

"I don't imagine anything. I think I only wish he had thought of it himself."

"He would never think of anything that is for his good. He is not in the least interested."

"Well, I don't know that it matters, because I don't think Eunice will see it—as we see it."

"Thank you for saying 'we.' Is she in love with some one else?"

"Not that I know of; but she may expect to be, some day. And better than that, she may expect—very justly—some one to be in love with her."

"Oh, in love with her! How you women talk! You, all of you, want the moon. If she is not content to be thought of as Adrian

thinks of her, she is a very silly girl. What will she have more than tenderness? That boy is all tenderness."

"Perhaps he is too tender," I suggested.

"I think he is afraid to ask her."

"Yes, I know he is nervous—at the idea of a refusal. But I should like her to refuse him once."

"It is not of that he is afraid; it is of her accepting him."

Mr. Caliph smiled, as if he thought this very ingenious.

"You don't understand him. I'm so sorry! I had an idea that—with your knowledge of human nature, your powers of observation—you would have perceived how he is made. In fact, I rather counted on that." He said this with a little tone of injury which might have made me feel terribly inadequate if it had not been accompanied with a glance that seemed to say that, after all, he was generous and he forgave me. "Adrian's is one of those natures that are inflamed by not succeeding. He doesn't give up; he thrives on opposition. If she refuses him three or four times, he will adore her!"

"She is sure, then, to be adored—though I am not sure it will make a difference with her. I haven't yet seen a sign that she cares for him."

"Why, then, does she go out to drive with him?"

There was nothing brutal in the elation with which Mr. Caliph made this point; still, he looked a little as if he pitied me for exposing myself to a refutation so prompt.

"That proves nothing, I think. I would go to drive with Mr. Frank, if he should ask me, and I should be very much surprised if it were regarded as an intimation that I am ready to marry him."

Mr. Caliph had his hands resting on his thighs, and in this position, bending forward a little, with his smile he said, "Ah, but he doesn't want to marry *you*!"

That was a little brutal, I think; but I should have appeared ridiculous if I had attempted to resent it. I simply answered that I had as yet seen no sign even that Eunice is conscious of Mr. Frank's intentions. I think she is, but I don't think so from anything she has said or done. Mr. Caliph maintains that she is capable of going for six months without betraying herself, all the while quietly considering and making up her mind. It is possible he is right—he has known her longer than I. He is far from wishing to wait for six months, however; and the part I must play is to bring matters to a crisis. I told him that I didn't see why he did not speak to her directly—why he should operate in

this roundabout way. Why shouldn't he say to her all that he had said to me—tell her that she would make him very happy by marrying his little brother? He answered that this is impossible, that the nearness of the relationship would make it unbecoming; it would look like a kind of nepotism. The thing must appear to come to pass of itself, and I, somehow, must be the author of that appearance! I was too much a woman of the world, too acquainted with life, not to see the force of all this. He had a great deal to say about my being a woman of the world. In one sense, it is not all complimentary; one would think me some battered old dowager who had married off fifteen daughters. I feel that I am far from all that when Mr. Caliph leaves me so mystified. He has some other reason for wishing these nuptials than love of the two young people, but I am unable to put my hand on it. Like the children at hide-and-seek, however, I think I "burn." I don't like him, I mistrust him; but he is a very charming man. His geniality, his richness, his magnetism, I suppose I should say, are extraordinary; he fascinates me, in spite of my suspicions. The truth is that, in his way, he is an artist, and in my little way I am also one; and the artist in me recognizes the artist in him, and cannot quite resist the temptation to foregather. What is more than this, the artist in him has recognized the artist in me,—it is very good of him,—and would like to establish a certain freemasonry. "Let us take together the artistic view of life;" that is simply the meaning of his talking so much about my being a woman of the world. That is all very well; but it seems to me there would be a certain baseness in our being artists together at the expense of poor little Eunice. I should like to know some of Mr. Caliph's secrets, but I don't wish to give him any of mine in return for them. Yet I gave him something before he departed; I hardly know what, and hardly know how he extracted it from me. It was a sort of promise that I would, after all, speak to Eunice,— "as I should like to have you, you know." He remained there for a quarter of an hour after he got up to go: walking about the room with his hands on his hips; talking, arguing, laughing, holding me with his eyes, his admirable face—as natural, as dramatic, and at the same time as diplomatic, as an Italian. I am pretty sure he was trying to produce a certain effect, to entangle, to magnetize me. Strange to say, Mr. Caliph compromises himself, but he doesn't compromise his brother. He has a private reason, but his brother has nothing to do with his privacies. That was my last word to him.

"The moment I feel sure that I may do something for your brother's happiness—your brother's alone—by pleading his cause with Eunice, that moment I will speak to her. But I can do nothing for yours."

In answer to this, Mr. Caliph said something very unexpected: "I wish I had known you five years ago!"

There are many meanings to that; perhaps he would have liked to put me out of the way. But I could take only the polite meaning. "Our acquaintance could never have begun too soon."

"Yes, I should have liked to know you," he went on, "in spite of the fact that you are not kind, that you are not just. Have I asked you to do anything for my happiness? My happiness is nothing. I have nothing to do with happiness. I don't deserve it. It is only for my little brother—and for your charming cousin."

I was obliged to admit that he was right; that he had asked nothing for himself. "But I don't want to do anything for you, even by accident!" I said, laughing, of course.

This time he was grave. He stood looking at me a moment, then put out his hand.

"Yes, I wish I had known you!"

There was something so expressive in his voice, so handsome in his face, so tender and respectful in his manner, as he said this, that for an instant I was really moved, and I was on the point of saying, with feeling, "I wish indeed you had!" But that instinct of which I have already spoken checked me—the sense that, somehow, as things stand, there can be no *rapprochement* between Mr. Caliph and me that will not involve a certain sacrifice of Eunice. So I only replied: "You seem to me strange, Mr. Caliph. I must tell you that I don't understand you."

He kept my hand, still looking at me, and went on as if he had not heard me. "I am not happy—I am not wise nor good." Then, suddenly, in quite a different tone, "For God's sake, let her marry my brother!"

There was a quick passion in these words which made me say, "If it is so urgent as that, you certainly ought to speak to her. Perhaps she'll do it to oblige you!"

We had walked into the hall together, and the last I saw of him he stood in the open door-way, looking back at me with his smile. "Hang the nepotism! I *will* speak to her!"

Cornerville, July 6.—A whole month has passed since I have made an entry; but I have a good excuse for this dreadful gap. Since we have been in the country I have found subjects enough and to spare, and I have been painting so hard that my hand, of an evening, has been glad to rest. This place

is very lovely, and the Hudson is as beautiful as the Rhine. There are the words, in black and white, over my signature; I can't do more than that. I have said it a dozen times, in answer to as many challenges, and now I record the opinion with all the solemnity I can give it. May it serve for the rest of the summer! This is an excellent old house, of the style that was thought impressive, in this country, forty years ago. It is painted a cheerful slate-color, save for a multitude of pilasters and facings which are picked out in the cleanest and freshest white. It has a kind of clumsy gable or apex, on top; a sort of roofed terrace, below, from which you may descend to a lawn dotted with delightful old trees; and between the two, in the second story, a deep veranda, let into the body of the building, and ornamented with white balustrades, considerably carved, and big blue stone jars. Add to this a multitude of green shutters and striped awnings, and a mass of Virginia creepers and wistarias, and fling over it the lavish light of the American summer, and you have a notion of some of the conditions of our *villeggiatura*. The great condition, of course, is the splendid river lying beneath our rounded headland in vast silvery stretches, and growing almost vague on the opposite shore. It is a country of views; you are always peeping down an avenue, or ascending a mound, or going around a corner, to look at one. They are rather too shining, too high-pitched, for my little purposes; all nature seems glazed with light and varnished with freshness. But I manage to scrape something off. Mrs. Ermine is here, as brilliant as her setting; and so, strange to say, is Adrian Frank. Strange for this reason, that the night before we left town I went into Eunice's room and asked her whether she knew, or rather whether she suspected, what was going on. A sudden impulse came to me; it seemed to me unnatural that in such a situation I should keep anything from her. I don't want to interfere, but I think I want even less to carry too far my aversion to interference; and without pretending to advise Eunice, it was revealed to me that she ought to know that Mr. Caliph had come to see me on purpose to induce me to work upon her. It was not till after he was gone that it occurred to me he had sent his brother in advance, on purpose to get Eunice out of the way, and that this was the reason the young Adrian would take no refusal. He was really in excellent training. It was a very hot night. Eunice was alone in her room, without a lamp; the windows were wide open, and the dusk was clarified by the light of the street. She sat there, among things vaguely visible, in a white

wrapper, with her fair hair on her shoulders, and I could see her eyes move toward me when I asked her whether she knew that Mr. Frank wished to marry her. I could see her smile, too, as she answered that she knew he thought he did, but also knew he didn't.

"Of course, I have only his word for it," I said.

"Has he told you?"

"Oh, yes, and his brother, too."

"His brother?" And Eunice slowly got up.

"It's an idea of Mr. Caliph's as well. Indeed, Mr. Caliph may have been the first. He came here to-day, while you were out, to tell me how much he should like to see it come to pass. He has set his heart upon it, and he wished me to engage to do all in my power to bring it about. Of course, I can't do anything, can I?"

She had sunk into her chair again, as I went on; she sat there looking before her, in the dark. Before she answered me she gathered up her thick hair with her hands, twisted it together, and holding it in place, on top of her head, with one hand, tried to fasten a comb into it with the other. I passed behind her to help her; I could see she was agitated. "Oh, no, you can't do anything," she said, after a moment, with a laugh that was not like her usual laughter. "I know all about it; they have told me, of course." Her tone was forced, and I could see that she had not really known all about it—had not known that Mr. Caliph is pushing his brother. I went to the window and looked out a little into the hot, empty street, where the gas-lamps showed me, up and down, the hundred high stoops, exactly alike, and as ugly as a bad dream. While I stood there, a thought suddenly dropped into my mind, which has lain ever since where it fell. But I don't wish to move it, even to write it here. I staid with Eunice for ten minutes; I told her everything that Mr. Caliph had said to me. She listened in perfect silence—I could see that she was glad to listen. When I related that he didn't wish to speak to her himself on behalf of his brother, because that would seem indelicate, she broke in, with a certain eagerness, "Yes, that is very natural!"

"And now you can marry Mr. Frank without my help!" I said, when I had done.

She shook her head sadly, though she was smiling again. "It's too late for your help. He has asked me to marry him, and I have told him he can hope for it—never!"

I was surprised to hear he had spoken, and she said nothing about the time or place. It must have been that afternoon, during their

drive. I said that I was rather sorry for our poor young friend; he was such a very nice fellow. She agreed that he was remarkably nice, but added that this was not a sufficient reason for her marrying him; and when I said that he would try again, that I had Mr. Caliph's assurance that he would not be easy to get rid of, and that a refusal would only make him persist, she answered that he might try as often as he liked, he was so little disagreeable to her that she would take even that from him. And now, to give him a chance to try again, she has asked him down here to stay, thinking apparently that Mrs. Ermine's presence puts us *en règle* with the proprieties. I should add that she assured me there was no real danger of his trying again; he had told her he meant to, but he had said it only for form. Why should he, since he was not in love with her? It was all an idea of his brother's, and she was much obliged to Mr. Caliph, who took his duties much too seriously, and was not in the least bound to provide her with a husband. Mr. Frank and she had agreed to remain friends, as if nothing had happened; and I think she then said something about her intending to ask him to this place. A few days after we got here, at all events, she told me that she had written to him, proposing his coming; whereupon I intimated that I thought it a singular overture to make to a rejected lover, whom one didn't wish to encourage. He would take it as encouragement, or at all events Mr. Caliph would. She answered that she didn't care what Mr. Caliph thinks, and that she knew Mr. Frank better than I, and knew, therefore, that he had absolutely no hope. But she had a particular reason for wishing him to be here. That sounded mysterious, and she couldn't tell me more; but in a month or two I would guess her reason. As she said this she looked at me with a brighter smile than she has had for weeks; for I protest that she is troubled—Eunice is greatly troubled. Nearly a month has elapsed, and I haven't guessed that reason. Here is Adrian Frank, at any rate, as I say; and I can't make out whether he persists or renounces. His manner to Eunice is just the same; he is always polite and always shy, never inattentive and never unmistakable. He has not said a word more to me about his suit. Apart from this he is very sympathetic, and we sit about sketching together in the most fraternal manner. He made to me a day or two since a very pretty remark; viz., that he would rather copy a sketch of mine than try, himself, to do the place from nature. This, perhaps, does not look so *galant* as I repeat it here; but with the tone and

glance with which he said it, it really almost touched me. I was glad, by the way, to hear from Eunice, the night before we left town, that she doesn't care what Mr. Caliph thinks; only, I should be gladder still if I believed it. I don't, unfortunately; among other reasons, because it doesn't at all agree with that idea which descended upon me with a single jump—from heaven knows where—while I looked out of her window at the stoops. I observe with pleasure, however, that he doesn't send her any more papers to sign. These days pass softly, quickly, but with a curious, an unnatural, stillness. It is as if there was something in the air—a sort of listening hush. That sounds very fantastic, and I suppose such remarks are only to be justified by my having the artistic temperament—that is, if I have it! If I haven't, there is no excuse; unless it be that Eunice is distinctly uneasy, and that it takes the form of a voluntary, exaggerated calm, of which I feel the contact, the tension. She is as quiet as a mouse, and yet as restless as a flame. She is neither well nor happy; she doesn't sleep. It is true that I asked Mr. Frank, the other day, what impression she made on him, and he replied, with a little start and a smile of alacrity, "Oh, delightful, as usual!"—so that I saw he didn't know what he was talking about. He is tremendously sunburnt, and as red as a tomato. I wish he would look a little less at my daubs and a little more at the woman he wishes to marry. In summer, I always suffice to myself, and I am so much interested in my work that if I hope, devoutly, as I do, that nothing is going to happen to Eunice, it is probably quite as much from selfish motives as from others. If anything were to happen to her, I should be immensely interrupted. Mrs. Ermine is bored, *par exemple!* She is dying to have a garden-party, at which she can drag a long train over the lawn; but day follows day, and this entertainment does not take place. Eunice has promised it, however, for another week, and I believe means to send out invitations immediately. Mrs. Ermine has offered to write them all; she has, after all, *du bon*. But the fatuity of her misunderstandings of everything that surrounds her passes belief. She sees nothing that really occurs, and gazes complacently into the void. Her theory is always that Mr. Caliph is in love with Eunice,—she opened up to me on the subject only yesterday, because with no one else to talk to but the young Adrian, who dodges her, she doesn't in the least mind that she hates me, and that I think her a goose,—that Mr. Caliph is in love with Eunice, but that Eunice, who is queer enough for anything, doesn't like him, so that he has sent



down his step-brother to tell stories about the good things he has done, and to win over her mind to a more favorable view. Mrs. Ermine believes in these good things, and appears to think such action on Mr. Caliph's part both politic and dramatic. She has not the smallest suspicion of the real little drama that has been going on under her nose. I wish I had that absence of vision; it would be a great rest. Heaven knows, I see more than I want—for instance, when I see that my poor little cousin is pinched with pain, and yet that I can't relieve her, can't even advise her. I couldn't do the former even if I would, and she wouldn't let me do the latter even if I could. It seems too pitiful, too incredible, that there should be no one to turn to. Surely if I go up to town for a day next week, as seems probable, I may call upon William Ermine. Whether I *may* or not, I will.

July 11.—She has been getting letters, and they have made her worse. Last night I spoke to her—I asked her to come into my room. I told her that I saw she was in distress; that it was terrible to me to see it; that I was sure that she has some miserable secret. Who was making her suffer this way? No one had the right—not even Mr. Caliph, if Mr. Caliph it was, to whom she appeared to have conceded every right. She broke down completely, burst into tears, confessed that she is troubled about money. Mr. Caliph has again requested a delay as to his handing in his accounts, and has told her that she will have no income for another year. She thinks it strange; she is afraid that everything isn't right. She is not afraid of being poor; she holds that it's vile to concern one's self so much about money. But there is something that breaks her heart, in thinking that Mr. Caliph should be in fault. She had always admired him, she had always believed in him, she had always—What it was, in the third place, that she had always done I didn't learn, for at this point she buried her head still deeper in my lap and sobbed for half an hour. Her grief was melting. I was never more troubled, and this in spite of the fact that I was furious at her strange air of acceptance of a probable calamity. She is afraid that everything isn't right, forsooth! I should think it was not, and should think it hadn't been for heaven knows how long. This is what has been in the air; this is what was hanging over us. But Eunice is simply amazing. She declines to see a lawyer; declines to hold Mr. Caliph accountable; declines to complain, to inquire, to investigate in any way. I am sick, I am terribly perplexed—I don't know what to do. Her tears dried up in an instant as soon as I made the very obvious remark that

the beautiful, the mysterious, the captivating Caliph is no better than a common swindler; and she gave me a look which might have frozen me if when I am angry I were freezable. She took it *de bien haut*; she intimated to me that if I should ever speak in that way again of Mr. Caliph we must part company forever. She was distressed; she admitted that she felt injured. I had seen for myself how far that went. But she didn't pretend to judge him. He had been in trouble,—he had told her that; and his trouble was worse than hers, inasmuch as his honor was at stake, and it had to be saved.

"It's charming to hear you speak of his honor," I cried, quite regardless of the threat she had just uttered. "Where was his honor when he violated the most sacred of trusts? Where was his honor when he went off with your fortune? Those are questions, my dear, that the courts will make him answer. He shall make up to you every penny that he has stolen, or my name is not Catherine Condit!"

Eunice gave me another look, which seemed meant to let me know that I had suddenly become in her eyes the most indecent of women; and then she swept out of the room. I immediately sat down and wrote to Mr. Ermine, in order to have my note ready to send up to town at the earliest hour the next morning. I told him that Eunice was in dreadful trouble about her money matters, and that I believed he would render her a great service, though she herself had no wish to ask it, by coming down to see her at his first convenience. I reflected, of course, as I wrote, that he could do her no good if she should refuse to see him; but I made up for this by saying to myself that I at least should see him, and that he would do me good. I added in my note that Eunice had been despoiled by those who had charge of her property; but I didn't mention Mr. Caliph's name. I was just closing my letter when Eunice came into my room again. I saw in a moment that she was different from anything she had ever been before—or, at least, had ever seemed. Her excitement, her passion, had gone down; even the traces of her tears had vanished. She was perfectly quiet, but all her softness had left her. She was as solemn and impersonal as the priestess of a cult. As soon as her eyes fell upon my letter, she asked me to be so good as to inform her to whom I had been writing. I instantly satisfied her, telling her what I had written; and she asked me to give her the document. "I must let you know that I shall immediately burn it up," she added; and she went on to say that if I should send it to Mr. Ermine, she herself would write to him by the same post



that he was to heed nothing I had said. I tore up my letter, but I announced to Eunice that I would go up to town and see the person to whom I had addressed it. "That brings us precisely to what I came in to say," she answered; and she proceeded to demand of me a solemn vow that I would never speak to a living soul of what I had learned in regard to her affairs. They were her affairs exclusively, and no business of mine or of any other human being, and she had a perfect right to ask and to expect this promise. She has, indeed—more's the pity; but it was impossible to me to admit just then—indignant and excited as I was—that I recognized the right. I did so at last, however, and I made the promise. It seems strange to me to write it here; but I am pledged by a tremendous vow, taken in this "intimate" spot, in the small hours of the morning, never to lift a finger, never to speak a word, to redress any wrong that Eunice may have received at the hands of her treacherous trustee, to bring it to the knowledge of others, or to invoke justice, compensation, or pity. How she extorted this promise from me is more than I can say: she did so by the force of her will—which, as I have already had occasion to note, is far stronger than mine—and by the vividness of her passion, which is none the less intense because it burns inward and makes her heart glow while her face remains as clear as an angel's. She seated herself with folded hands, and declared she wouldn't leave the room until I had satisfied her. She is in a state of extraordinary exaltation, and from her own point of view she was eloquent enough. She returned again and again to the fact that she did not judge Mr. Caliph; that what he may have done is between herself and him alone; and that if she had not been betrayed to speaking of it to me in the first shock of finding that certain allowances would have to be made for him, no one need ever have suspected it. She was now perfectly ready to make those allowances.

She was unspeakably sorry for Mr. Caliph. He had been in urgent need of money, and he had used hers: pray, whose else would I have wished him to use? Her money had been an insupportable bore to him from the day it was thrust into his hands. To make him her trustee had been in the worst possible taste; he was not the sort of person to make a convenience of, and it had been odious to take advantage of his good-nature. She had always been ashamed of owing him so much. He had been perfect in all his relations with her, though he must have hated her and her wretched little investments from the first. If she had lost money, it was not his fault; he

had lost a great deal more for himself than he had lost for her. He was the kindest, the most delightful, the most interesting of men. Eunice brought out all this with pure defiance; she had never treated herself before to the luxury of saying it, and it was singular to think that she found her first pretext, her first boldness, in the fact that he had ruined her. All this looks almost grotesque as I write it here; but she imposed it upon me last night with all the authority of her passionate little person. I agreed, as I say, that the matter was none of my business; that is now definite enough. Two other things are equally so. One is that she is to be plucked like a chicken; the other is that she is in love with the precious Caliph, and has been so for years! I didn't dare to write that the other night, after the beautiful idea had suddenly flowered in my mind; but I don't care what I write now. I am so horribly tongue-tied that I must at least relieve myself here. Of course, I wonder now that I never guessed her secret before; especially as I was perpetually hovering on the edge of it. It explains many things, and it is very terrible. In love with a pickpocket! *Merci!* I am glad fate hasn't played me that trick.

July 14.—I can't get over the idea that he is to go scot-free. I grind my teeth over it as I sit at work, and I find myself using the most livid, the most brilliant colors. I have had another talk with Eunice, but I don't in the least know what she is to live on. She says she has always her father's property, and that this will be abundant; but that, of course, she cannot pretend to live as she has lived hitherto. She will have to go abroad again and economize; and she will probably have to sell this place—that is, if she can. "If she can" of course means, if there is anything to sell; if it isn't devoured with mortgages. What I want to know is, whether justice, in such a case as this, will not step in, notwithstanding the silence of the victim. If I could only give her a hint—the angel of the scales and sword—in spite of my detestable promise! I can't find out about Mr. Caliph's impunity, as it is impossible for me to allude to the matter to any one who would be able to tell me. Yes, the more I think of it the more reason I see to rejoice that fate hasn't played me that trick of making me fall in love with a pickpocket! Suffering keener than my poor little cousin's I cannot possibly imagine, or a power of self-sacrifice more awful. Fancy the situation, when the only thing one can do for the man one loves is to forgive him for thieving! What a delicate attention, what a touching proof of tenderness! This Eunice can do; she has waited all these years to do some-

thing. I hope she is pleased with her opportunity. And yet when I say she has forgiven him for thieving, I lose myself in the mystery of her exquisite spirit. Who knows what it is she has forgiven—does she even know herself? She consents to being injured, despoiled, and finds in consenting a kind of rapture. But I notice that she has said no more about Mr. Caliph's honor. That substantive she condemns herself never to hear again without a quiver, for she has condoned something too ignoble. What I further want to know is, what conceivable tone he has taken—whether he has made a clean breast of it, and thrown himself upon her mercy, or whether he has sought refuge in bravado, in prevarication? Not, indeed, that it matters, save for the spectacle of the thing, which I find rich. I should also like much to know whether everything has gone, whether something may yet be saved. It is safe to say that she doesn't know the worst, and that if he has admitted the case is bad, we may take for granted that it leaves nothing to be desired. Let him alone to do the thing handsomely! I have a right to be violent, for there was a moment when he made me like him, and I feel as if he had cheated me too. Her being in love with him makes it perfect; for of course it was in that that he saw his opportunity to fleece her. I don't pretend to say how he discovered it, for she has watched herself as a culprit watches a judge; but from the moment he guessed it, he must have seen that he could do what he liked. It is true that this doesn't agree very well with his plan that she should marry his step-brother; but I prefer to believe it, because it makes him more horrible. And apropos of Adrian Frank, it is very well I like *him* so much (that comes out rather plump, by the way), inasmuch as if I didn't, it would be quite open to me to believe that he is in league with Caliph. There has been nothing to prove that he has not said to his step-brother, "Very good; you take all you can get, and I will marry her, and being her husband, hush it up,"—nothing but the expression of his blue eyes. That is very little, when we think that expressions and eyes are a specialty of the family, and haven't prevented Mr. Caliph from being a robber. It is those eyes of his that poor Eunice is in love with, and it is for their sake that she forgives him. But the young Adrian's are totally different, and not nearly so fine, which I think a great point in his favor. Mr. Caliph's are southern eyes, and the young Adrian's are eyes of the north. Moreover, though he is so amiable and obliging, I don't think he is amiable enough to *endosser* his brother's victims to that extent, even

to save his brother's honor. He needn't care so much about that honor, since Mr. Caliph's name is not his name. And then, poor fellow, he is too stupid; he is almost as stupid as Mrs. Ermine. The two have sat together directing cards for Eunice's garden-party as placidly as if no one had a sorrow in life. Mrs. Ermine proposed this pastime to Mr. Frank; and as he has nothing in the world to do, it is as good an employment for him as another. But it exasperates me to see him sitting at the big table in the library, opposite to Mrs. E., while they solemnly pile one envelope on top of another. They have already a heap as high as their heads; they must have invited a thousand people. I can't imagine who they all are. It is an extraordinary time for Eunice to be giving a party—the day after she discovers that she is penniless; but of course it isn't Eunice; it's Mrs. Ermine. I said to her yesterday that if she was to change her mode of life—simple enough already, poor thing—she had better begin at once; and that her garden-party under Mrs. Ermine's direction would cost her a thousand dollars. She answered that she must go on, since it had already been talked about; she wished no one to know anything—to suspect anything. This would be her last extravagance, her farewell to society. If such resources were open to us poor heretics, I should suppose she meant to go into a convent. She exasperates me, too—every one exasperates me. It is some satisfaction, however, to feel that my exasperation clears up my mind. It is Caliph who is "sold," after all. He would not have invented this alliance for his brother if he had known—if he had faintly suspected—that Eunice was in love with him, inasmuch as in this case he had assured impunity. Fancy his not knowing it—the idiot!

July 20.—They are still directing cards, and Mrs. Ermine has taken the whole thing on her shoulders. She has invited people that Eunice has never heard of—a pretty rabble she will have made of it! She has ordered a band of music from New York, and a new dress for the occasion—something in the last degree *champêtre*. Eunice is perfectly indifferent to what she does; I have discovered that she is thinking only of one thing. Mr. Caliph is coming, and the bliss of that idea fills her mind. The more people the better; she will not have the air of making petty economies to afflict him with the sight of what he has reduced her to!

"This is the way Eunice ought to live," Mrs. Ermine said to me this afternoon, rubbing her hands, after the last invitation had departed. When I say the last, I mean the last till she had remembered another that

was highly important, and had floated back into the library to scribble it off. She writes a regular invitation hand—a vague, sloping, silly hand, that looks as if it had done nothing all its days but write, “Mr. and Mrs. Ermine request the pleasure,” or, “Mr. and Mrs. Ermine are delighted to accept.” She told me that she knew Eunice far better than Eunice knew herself, and that her line in life was evidently to “receive.” No one better than she would stand in a door-way and put out her hand with a smile; no one would be a more gracious and affable hostess, or make a more generous use of an ample fortune. She is really very trying, Mrs. Ermine, with her ample fortune; she is like a clock striking impossible hours. I think she must have engaged a special train for her guests—a train to pick up people up and down the river. Adrian Frank went to town to-day; he comes back on the 23d, and the festival takes place the next day. The festival,—Heaven help us! Eunice is evidently going to be ill; it’s as much as I can do to keep from adding that it serves her right! It’s a great relief to me that Mr. Frank has gone; this has ceased to be a place for him. It is ever so long since he has said anything to me about his “prospects.” They are charming, his prospects!

July 26.—The garden-party has taken place, and a great deal more besides. I have been too agitated, too fatigued and bewildered, to write anything here; but I can’t sleep to-night,—I’m too nervous,—and it is better to sit and scribble than to toss about. I may as well say at once that the party was very pretty—Mrs. Ermine may have that credit. The day was lovely; the lawn was in capital order; the music was good, and the *buffet* apparently inexhaustible. There was an immense number of people; some of them had come even from Albany—many of them strangers to Eunice, and *protégés* only of Mrs. Ermine; but they dispersed themselves on the grounds, and I have not heard, as yet, that they stole the spoons or plucked up the plants. Mrs. Ermine, who was exceedingly *champêtre*,—white muslin and corn-flowers,—told me that Eunice was “receiving adorably,” was in her native element. She evidently inspired great curiosity; that was why every one had come. I don’t mean because every one suspects her situation, but because as yet, since her return, she has been little seen and known, and is supposed to be a distinguished figure—clever, beautiful, rich, and a *parti*. I think she satisfied every one; she was voted most interesting, and except that she was deadly pale, she was prettier than any one else. Adrian Frank did not come back on the 23d, and did not

arrive for the festival. So much I note without, as yet, understanding it. His absence from the garden-party, after all his exertions under the orders of Mrs. Ermine, is in need of an explanation. Mr. Caliph could give none, for Mr. Caliph was there. He professed surprise at not finding his brother; said he had not seen him in town, that he had no idea what had become of him. This is probably perfectly false. I am bound to believe that everything he says and does is false; and I have no doubt that they met in New York, and that Adrian told him his reason—whatever it was—for not coming back. I don’t know how to relate what took place between Mr. Caliph and me. We had an extraordinary scene,—a scene that gave my nerves the shaking from which they have not recovered. He is truly a most amazing personage. He is altogether beyond me; I don’t pretend to fathom him. To say that he has no moral sense is nothing. I have seen other people who have had no moral sense; but I have seen no one with that impudence, that cynicism, that remorseless cruelty. We had a tremendous encounter; I thank Heaven that strength was given me! When I found myself face to face with him, and it came over me that, blooming there in his diabolical assurance, it was he—he with his smiles, his bows, his gorgeous *boutonniers*, the wonderful air he has of being anointed and gilded—he that had ruined my poor Eunice, who grew whiter than ever as he approached; when I felt all this, my blood began to tingle, and if I were only a handsome woman I might believe that my eyes shone like those of an avenging angel. He was as fresh as a day in June, enormous, and more than ever like Haroun-al-Raschid. I asked him to take a walk with me; and just for an instant, before accepting, he looked at me, as the French say, in the white of the eyes. But he pretended to be delighted, and we strolled away together to the path that leads down to the river. It was difficult to get away from the people—they were all over the place; but I made him go so far that, at the end of ten minutes, we were virtually alone together. It was delicious to see how he hated it. It was then that I asked him what had become of his step-brother, and that he professed, as I have said, the utmost ignorance of Adrian’s whereabouts. I hated him; it was odious to me to be so close to him; yet I could have endured this for hours in order to make him feel that I despised him. To make him feel it without saying it—there was an inspiration in that idea; but it is very possible that it made me look more like a demon than like the angel I just mentioned. I told him in a

moment, abruptly, that his step-brother would do well to remain away altogether in future; it was a farce, his pretending to make my cousin reconsider her answer.

"Why, then, did she ask him to come down here?" He launched this inquiry with confidence.

"Because she thought it would be pleasant to have a man in the house; and Mr. Frank is such a harmless, discreet, accommodating one."

"Why, then, do you object to his coming back?"

He had made me contradict myself a little, and, of course, he enjoyed that. I was confused—confused by my agitation; and I made the matter worse. I was furious that Eunice had made me promise not to speak, and my anger blinded me, as great anger always does, save in organizations as fine as Mr. Caliph's.

"Because Eunice is in no condition to have company. She is very ill; you can see for yourself."

"Very ill? with a garden-party and a band of music! Why, then, did she invite us all?"

"Because she is a little crazy, I think."

"You are very consistent!" he cried, with a laugh. "I know people who think every one crazy but themselves. I have had occasion to talk business with her several times of late, and I find her mind as clear as a bell."

"I wonder if you will allow me to say that you talk business too much? Let me give you a word of advice: wind up her affairs at once without any more procrastination, and place them in her own hands. She is very nervous; she knows this ought to have been done already. I recommend you strongly to make an end of the matter."

I had no idea I could be so insolent, even in conversation with a swindler. I confess I didn't do it so well as I might, for my voice trembled perceptibly in the midst of my efforts to be calm. He had picked up two or three stones, and was tossing them into the river, making them skim the surface for a long distance. He held one poised a moment, turning his eye askance on me; then he let it fly, and it danced for a hundred yards. I wondered whether in what I had just said I broke my vow to Eunice; and it seemed to me that I didn't, inasmuch as I appeared to assume that no irreparable wrong had been done her.

"Do you wish yourself to get control of her property?" Mr. Caliph inquired, after he had made his stone skim. It was magnificently said, far better than anything I could do; and I think I answered it—though it made my heart beat fast—almost with a smile of applause.

"Aren't you afraid?" I asked in a moment, very gently.

"Afraid of what,—of you?"

"Afraid of justice—of Eunice's friends?"

"That means you, of course. Yes, I am very much afraid. When was a man not, in the presence of a clever woman?"

"I am clever; but I am not clever enough. If I were, you should have no doubt of it."

He folded his arms as he stood there before me, looking at me in that way I have mentioned more than once—like a genial Mephistopheles. "I must repeat what I have already told you, that I wish I had known you ten years ago!"

"How you must hate me to say that!" I exclaimed. "That's some comfort, just a little—your hating me."

"I can't tell you how it makes me feel to see you so indiscreet," he went on, as if he had not heard me. "Ah, my dear lady, don't meddle—a woman like you! Think of the bad taste of it."

"It's bad if you like; but yours is far worse."

"Mine! What do you know about mine? What do you know about me? See how superficial it makes you." He paused a moment, smiling almost compassionately; and then he said, with an abrupt change of tone and manner, as if our conversation wearied him and he wished to sum up and return to the house, "See that she marries Adrian; that's all you have to do!"

"That's a beautiful idea of yours!" You know you don't believe in it yourself! These words broke from me as he turned away and we ascended the hill together.

"It's the only thing I believe in," he answered, very gravely.

"What a pity for you that your brother doesn't! For he doesn't—I persist in that!" I said this because it seemed to me just then to be the thing I could think of that would exasperate him most. The event proved I was right.

He stopped short in the path—gave me a very bad look. "Do you want him for yourself? Have *you* been making love to him?"

"Ah, Mr. Caliph, for a man who talks about taste!" I answered.

"Taste be d—d!" cried Mr. Caliph, as we went on again.

"That's quite my idea!" He broke into an unexpected laugh, as if I had said something very amusing, and we proceeded in silence to the top of the hill. Then I suddenly said to him, as we emerged upon the lawn, "Aren't you really a little afraid?"

He stopped again, looking toward the house and at the brilliant groups with which



the lawn was covered. We had lost the music, but we began to hear it again. "Afraid? of course I am! I'm immensely afraid. It comes over me in such a scene as this. But I don't see what good it does you to know."

"It makes me rather happy!" That was a fib; for it didn't, somehow, when he looked and talked in that way. He has an absolutely bottomless power of mockery; and really, absurd as it appears, for that instant I had a feeling that it was quite magnanimous of him not to let me know what he thought of my idiotic attempt to frighten him. He feels strong and safe, somehow, somewhere; but I can't discover why he should, inasmuch as he certainly doesn't know Eunice's secret, and it is only her state of mind that gives him impunity. He believes her to be merely credulous; convinced by his specious arguments that everything will be right in a few months; a little nervous, possibly,—to justify my account of her,—but for the present, at least, completely at his mercy. The present, of course, is only what now concerns him; for the future he has invented Adrian Frank. How he clings to this invention was proved by the last words he said to me before we separated on the lawn; they almost indicate that he has a conscience, and this is so extraordinary—

"She must marry Adrian! She must marry Adrian!"

With this he turned away and went to talk to various people whom he knew. He talked to every one; diffused his genial influence all over the place, and contributed greatly to the brilliancy of the occasion. I hadn't, therefore, the comfort of feeling that Mrs. Ermine was more of a waterspout than usual, when she said to me, afterward, that Mr. Caliph was a man to adore, and that the party would have been quite "ordinary" without him. "I mean in comparison, you know." And then she said to me, suddenly, with her blank impertinence: "Why don't you set your cap at him? I should think you would!"

"Is it possible you have not observed my frantic efforts to captivate him?" I answered. "Didn't you notice how I drew him away and made him walk with me by the river. It's too soon to say, but I really think I am gaining ground." For so mild a pleasure, it really pays to mystify Mrs. Ermine. I kept away from Eunice till almost every one had gone. I knew that she would look at me in a certain way, and I didn't wish to meet her eyes. I have a bad conscience; for turn it as I would, I *had* broken my vow. Mr. Caliph went away without my meeting him again; but I saw that half an hour before he left he strolled to a distance with Eunice. I instantly guessed what his business was; he had made

up his mind to present to her directly, and in person, the question of her marrying his step-brother. What a happy inspiration, and what a well-selected occasion! When she came back I saw that she had been crying, though I imagine no one else did. I know the signs of her tears, even when she has checked them as quickly as she must have done to-day. Whatever it was that had passed between them, it diverted her from looking at me, when we were alone together, in that way I was afraid of. Mrs. Ermine is prolific; there is no end to the images that succeed each other in her mind. Late in the evening, after the last carriage had rolled away, we went up the staircase together, and at the top she detained me a moment.

"I have been thinking it over, and I am afraid that there is no chance for you. I have reason to believe that he proposed to-day to Eunice!"

August 19.—Eunice is very ill, as I was sure she would be, after the effort of her horrible festival. She kept going for three days more; then she broke down completely, and for a week now she has been in bed. I have had no time to write, for I have been constantly with her in alternation with Mrs. Ermine. Mrs. Ermine was about to leave us after the garden-party, but when Eunice gave up, she announced that she would stay and take care of her. Eunice tells me that she is a good nurse, except that she talks too much, and of course she gives me a chance to rest. Eunice's condition is strange; she has no fever, but her life seems to have ebbed away. She lies with her eyes shut, perfectly conscious, answering when she is spoken to, but immersed in absolute rest. It is as if she had had some terrible strain or fatigue, and wished to steep herself in oblivion. I am not anxious about her—am much less frightened than Mrs. Ermine or the doctor, to whom she is apparently dying of weakness. I tell the doctor I understand her condition—I have seen her so before. It will last probably a month, and then she will slowly pull herself together. The poor man accepts this theory for want of a better, and evidently depends upon me to see her through, as he says. Mrs. Ermine wishes to send for one of the great men from New York, but I have opposed this idea, and shall continue to oppose it. There is (to my mind) a kind of cruelty in exhibiting the poor girl to more people than are absolutely necessary. The dullest of them would see that she is in love. The seat of her illness is in her mind, in her soul, and no rude hands must touch her there. She herself has protested—she has murmured a prayer that she may be forced to see no one else. "I only want to be



left alone—to be left alone.” So we leave her alone; that is, we simply watch and wait. She will recover—people don’t die of these things; she will live to suffer—to suffer always. I am tired to-night, but Mrs. Ermine is with her, and I shall not be wanted till morning; therefore, before I lie down, I will repair in these remarkable pages a serious omission. I scarcely know why I should have written all this, except that the history of things interests me, and I find that it is even a greater pleasure to write it than to read it. If what I have committed to this little book hitherto has not been profitless, I must make a note of an incident which I think more curious than any of the scenes I have described.

Adrian Frank re-appeared the day after the garden-party—late in the afternoon, while I sat in the veranda and watched the sunset, and Eunice strolled down to the river with Mrs. Ermine. I had heard no sound of wheels, and there was no evidence of a vehicle or of luggage. He had not come through the house, but walked around it from the front, having apparently been told by one of the servants that we were in the grounds. On seeing me he stopped, hesitated a moment, then came up to the steps, shook hands in silence, seated himself near me, and looked at me through the dusk. This was all tolerably mysterious, and it was even more so after he had explained a little. I told him that he was a “day after the fair”; that he had been considerably missed, and even that he was slightly wanting in respect to Eunice. Since he had absented himself from her party, it was not quite delicate to assume that she was ready to receive him at his own time. I don’t know what made me so truculent—as if there were any danger of his having really not considered us, or his lacking a good reason. It was simply, I think, that my talk with Mr. Caliph the evening before had made me so much bad blood, and left me in a savage mood. Mr. Frank answered that he had not staid away by accident—he had staid away on purpose; he had been for several days at Saratoga, and on returning to Cornerville had taken quarters at the inn in the village. He had no intention of presuming further on Eunice’s hospitality, and had walked over from the hotel simply to bid us good-evening and give an account of himself.

“My dear Mr. Frank, your account is not clear!” I said, laughing. “What in the world were you doing at Saratoga?” I must add that his humility had completely disarmed me; I was ashamed of the brutality with which I had received him, and convinced afresh that he was the best fellow in the world.

“What was I doing at Saratoga? I was trying hard to forget you!”

This was Mr. Frank’s rejoinder, and I give it exactly as he uttered it; or, rather, not exactly, inasmuch as I cannot give the tone—the quick, startling tremor of his voice. But those are the words with which he answered my superficially intended question. I saw in a moment that he meant a great deal by them—I became aware that we were suddenly in deep waters; that *he* was, at least, and that he was trying to draw me into the stream. My surprise was immense, complete; I had absolutely not suspected what he went on to say to me. He said many things—but I needn’t write them here. It is not in detail that I see the propriety of narrating this incident; I suppose a woman may be trusted to remember the form of such assurances. Let me simply say that the poor, dear young man has an idea that he wants to marry me. For a moment—just a moment—I thought he was jesting; then I saw, in the twilight, that he was pale with seriousness. He is perfectly sincere. It is strange, but it is real, and, moreover, it is his own affair. For myself, when I have said I was amazed, I have said everything; *en tête-à-tête* with myself, I needn’t blush and protest. I was not in the least annoyed or alarmed; I was filled with kindness and consideration, and I was extremely interested. He talked to me for a quarter of an hour; it seemed a very long time. I asked him to go away; not to wait till Eunice and Mrs. Ermine should come back. Of course I refused him, by the way.

It was the last thing I was expecting at this time of day, and it gave me a great deal to think of. I lay awake that night; I found I was more agitated than I supposed, and all sorts of visions came and went in my head. I shall not marry the young Adrian: I am bound to say that vision was not one of them; but as I thought over what he had said to me, it became more clear, more conceivable. I began now to be a little surprised at my surprise. It appears that I have had the honor to please him from the first. When he began to come to see us, it was not for Eunice; it was for me. He made a general confession on this subject. He was afraid of me; he thought me proud, sarcastic, cold, a hundred horrid things; it didn’t seem to him possible that we should ever be on a footing of familiarity which would enable him to propose to me. He regarded me, in short, as unattainable, out of the question, and made up his mind to admire me forever in silence. (In plain English, I suppose he thought I was too old, and he has simply got used to the difference in our years.) But he wished to be near me, to see me, and hear me (I am really writing more details than seem worth while);

so that when his step-brother recommended him to try and marry Eunice, he jumped at the opportunity to make good his place. This situation reconciled everything. He could oblige his brother, he could pay a high compliment to my cousin, and he could see me every day or two. He was convinced from the first that he was in no danger; he was morally sure that Eunice would never smile upon his suit. He didn't know why, and he doesn't know why yet; it was only an instinct. That suit was avowedly perfunctory; still, the young Adrian has been a great comedian. He assured me that if he had proved to be wrong, and Eunice had suddenly accepted him, he would have gone with her to the altar, and made her an excellent husband; for he would have acquired in this manner the certainty of seeing for the rest of his life a great deal of me! To think of one's possessing, all unexpected, this miraculous influence! When he came down here, after Eunice had refused him, it was simply for the pleasure of living in the house with me; from that moment there was no comedy—everything was clear and comfortable betwixt him and Eunice. I asked him if he meant by this that she knew of the sentiments he entertained for her companion, and he answered that he had never breathed a word on this subject, and flattered himself that he had kept the thing dark. He had no reason to believe that she guessed his motives, and I may add that I have none either; they are altogether too extraordinary! As I have said, it was simply time, and the privilege of seeing more of me, that had dispelled his hesitation. I didn't reason with him; and though once I was fairly enlightened, I gave him the most respectful attention; I didn't appear to consider his request too seriously. But I *did* touch upon the fact that I am five or six years older than he: I suppose I needn't mention that it was not in a spirit of coquetry. His rejoinder was very gallant; but it belongs to the class of details. He is really in love,—heaven forgive him! but I shall not marry him. How strange are the passions of men!

I saw Mr. Frank the next day. I had given him leave to come back at noon. He joined me in the grounds, where, as usual, I had set up my easel. I left it to his discretion to call first at the house and explain both his absence and his presence to Eunice and Mrs. Ermine,—the latter especially,—ignorant, as yet, of his visit the night before, of which I had not spoken to them. He sat down beside me on a garden-chair and watched me as I went on with my work. For half an hour very few words passed between us. I felt that he was happy to sit there, to be near me, to

see me—strange as it seems! And, for myself, there was a certain sweetness in knowing it, though it was the sweetness of charity, not of elation or triumph. He must have seen I was only pretending to paint—if he followed my brush, which I suppose he didn't. My mind was full of a determination I had arrived at, after many waverings, in the hours of the night. It had come to me toward morning as a kind of inspiration. I could never marry him, but was there not some way in which I could utilize his devotion? At the present moment, only forty-eight hours later, it seems strange, unreal, almost grotesque; but for ten minutes I thought I saw the light. As we sat there under the great trees, in the stillness of the noon, I suddenly turned and said to him:

"I thank you for everything you have told me; it gives me very nearly all the pleasure you could wish. I believe in you; I accept every assurance of your devotion. I think that devotion is capable of going very far; and I am going to put it to a tremendous test, one of the greatest, probably, to which a man was ever subjected."

He stared, leaning forward, with his hands on his knees. "Any test—any test—" he murmured.

"Don't give up Eunice, then; make another trial. I wish her to marry you!"

My words may have sounded like an atrocious joke, but they represented for me a great deal of hope and cheer. They brought a deep blush into Adrian Frank's face. He winced a little, as if he had been struck by a hand whose blow he could not return, and the tears suddenly started to his eyes. "Oh, Miss Condit!" he exclaimed.

What I saw before me was bright and definite; his distress seemed to me no obstacle, and I went on with a serenity of which I longed to make him perceive the underlying support. "Of course, what I say seems to you like a deliberate insult; but nothing would induce me to give you pain if it were possible to spare you. But it isn't possible, my dear friend; it isn't possible. There is pain for you in the best thing I can say to you; there are situations in life in which we can only accept our pain. I can never marry you; I shall never marry any one. I am an old maid, and how can an old maid have a husband? I will be your friend, your sister, your brother, your mother, but I will never be your wife. I should like immensely to be your brother; for I don't like the brother you have got, and I think you deserve a better one. I believe, as I tell you, in everything you have said to me—in your affection, your tenderness, your honesty, the full consideration you have given to the whole matter. I

am happier and richer for knowing it all; and I can assure you that it gives something to life which life didn't have before. We shall be good friends, dear friends, always, whatever happens. But I can't be your wife—I want you for some one else. You will say I have changed—that I ought to have spoken in this way three months ago. But I haven't changed—it is circumstances that have changed. I see reasons for your marrying my cousin that I didn't see then. I can't say that she will listen to you now, any more than she did then; I don't speak of her; I speak only of you and of myself. I wish you to make another attempt, and I wish you to make it, this time, with my full confidence and support. Moreover, I attach a condition to it,—a condition I will tell you presently. Do you think me slightly demented, malignantly perverse, atrociously cruel? If you could see the bottom of my heart, you would find something there which, I think, would almost give you joy. To ask you to do something you don't want to do as a substitute for something you desire, and to attach to the hard achievement a condition which will require a good deal of thinking of and will certainly make it harder—you may well believe I have some extraordinary reason for taking such a line as this. For remember, to begin with, that I can never marry you."

"Never—never—never?"

"Never, never, never!"

"And what is your extraordinary reason?"

"Simply that I wish Eunice to have your protection, your kindness, your fortune."

"My fortune?"

"She has lost her own. She will be poor."

"Pray, how has she lost it?" the poor fellow asked, beginning to frown, and more and more bewildered.

"I can't tell you that, and you must never ask. But the fact is certain. The greater part of her property has gone; she has known it for some little time."

"For some little time? Why, she never showed any change."

"You never saw it, that was all. You were thinking of me," and I believe I accompanied this remark with a smile—a smile which was most inconsiderate, for it could only mystify him more. I think at first he scarcely believed me.

"What a singular time to choose to give a large party!" he exclaimed, looking at me with eyes quite unlike his old—or, rather, his young—ones; eyes that, instead of overlooking half the things before them (which was their former habit), tried to see a great deal more in my face, in my words, than was visible on the surface. I don't know what poor Adrian Franksaw—I shall never know all that he saw.

"I agree with you that it was a very singular time," I said. "You don't understand me—you can't—I don't expect you to," I went on. "That is what I mean by devotion, and that is the kind of appeal I make to you: to take me on trust, to act in the dark, to do something simply because I wish it."

He looked at me as if he would fathom the depths of my soul, and my soul had never seemed to myself so deep. "To marry your cousin,—that's all?" he said, with a strange little laugh.

"Oh, no, it's not all: to be very kind to her as well."

"To give her plenty of money, above all?"

"You make me feel very ridiculous; but I should not make this request of you if you had not a fortune."

"She can have my money without marrying me."

"That's absurd. How could she take your money?"

"How, then, can she take me?"

"That's exactly what I wish to see. I told you with my own lips, weeks ago, that she would only marry a man she should love; and I may seem to contradict myself in taking up now a supposition so different. But, as I tell you, everything has changed."

"You think her capable, in other words, of marrying for money?"

"For money? Is your money all there is of you? Is there a better fellow than you—is there a more perfect gentleman?"

He turned away his face at this, leaned it in his hands, and groaned. I pitied him, but I wonder now that I shouldn't have pitied him more; that my pity should not have checked me. But I was too full of my idea.

"It's like a fate," he murmured; "first my brother, and then you. I can't understand."

"Yes, I know your brother wants it—wants it now more than ever. But I don't care what your brother wants; and my idea is entirely independent of his. I have not the least conviction that you will succeed at first any better than you have done already. But it may be only a question of time, if you will wait and watch, and let me help you. You know you asked me to help you before, and then I wouldn't. But I repeat it again and again, at present everything is changed. Let me wait with you, let me watch with you. If you succeed, you will be very dear to me; if you fail, you will be still more so. You see, it's an act of devotion, if there ever was one. I am quite aware that I ask of you something unprecedented and extraordinary. Oh, it may easily be too much for you. I can only put it before you—that's all; and, as I say, I can help you. You will both be

my children—I shall be near you always. If you can't marry me, perhaps you will make up your mind that this is the next best thing. You know you said that last night, yourself."

He had begun to listen to me a little, as if he were being persuaded. "Of course, I should let her know that I love you."

"She is capable of saying that you can't love me more than she does."

"I don't believe she is capable of saying any such folly. But we shall see."

"Yes; but not to-day, not to-morrow. Not at all for the present. You must wait a great many months."

"I will wait as long as you please."

"And you mustn't say a word to me of the kind you said last night."

"Is that your condition?"

"Oh, no; my condition is a very different matter, and very difficult. It will probably spoil everything."

"Please, then, let me hear it at once."

"It is very hard for me to mention it; you must give me time." I turned back to my little easel and began to daub again; but I think my hand trembled, for my heart was beating fast. There was a silence of many moments; I couldn't make up my mind to speak.

"How in the world has she lost her money?" Mr. Frank asked, abruptly, as if the question had just come into his mind. "Hasn't my brother the charge of her affairs?"

"Mr. Caliph is her trustee. I can't tell you how the losses have occurred."

He got up quickly. "Do you mean that they have occurred through *him*?"

I looked up at him, and there was something in his face which made me leave my work and rise also. "I will tell you my condition now," I said. "It is that you should ask no questions—not one!" This was not what I had had in my mind; but I had not courage for more, and this had to serve.

He had turned very pale, and I laid my hand on his arm, while he looked at me as if he wished to wrest my secret out of my eyes. My secret, I call it, by courtesy; God knows I had come terribly near telling it. God will forgive me, but Eunice probably will not. Had I broken my vow, or had I kept it? I asked myself this, and the answer, so far as I read it in Mr. Frank's eyes, was not reassuring. I dreaded his next question; but when it came it was not what I had expected. Something violent took place in his own mind—something I couldn't follow.

"If I do what you ask me, what will be my reward?"

"You will make me very happy."

"And what shall I make your cousin?—God help us!"

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"Less wretched than she is to-day."

"Is she 'wretched'?" he asked, frowning as he did before—a most distressing change in his fair countenance.

"Ah, when I think that I have to tell you that,—that you have never noticed it,—I despair!" I exclaimed, with a laugh.

I had laid my hand on his arm, and he placed his right hand upon it, holding it there. He kept it a moment in his grasp, and then he said, "Don't despair!"

"Promise me to wait," I answered. "Everything is in your waiting."

"I promise you." After which he asked me to kiss him, and I did so on the lips. It was as if he were starting on a journey—leaving me for a long time.

"Will you come when I send for you?" I asked.

"I adore you!" he said; and he turned quickly away, to leave the place without going near the house. I watched him, and in a moment he was gone. He has not re-appeared; and when I found, at lunch, that neither Eunice nor Mrs. Ermine alluded to his visit, I determined to keep the matter to myself. I said nothing about it, and up to the moment Eunice was taken ill—the next evening—he was not mentioned between us. I believe Mrs. Ermine more than once gave herself up to wonder as to his whereabouts, and declared that he had not the perfect manners of his step-brother, who was a religious observer of the *convenances*; but I think I managed to listen without confusion. Nevertheless, I had a bad conscience, and I have it still. It throbs a good deal as I sit there with Eunice in her darkened room. I *have* given her away; I *have* broken my vow. But what I wrote above is not true; she *will* forgive me! I sat at my easel for an hour after Mr. Frank left me, and then suddenly I found that I had cured myself of my folly by giving it out. It was the result of a sudden passion of desire to do something for Eunice. Passion is blind, and when I opened my eyes I saw ten thousand difficulties; that is, I saw one, which contained all the rest. That evening I wrote to Mr. Frank, to his New York address, to tell him that I had had a fit of madness, and that it had passed away; but that I was sorry to say it was not any more possible for me to marry him. I have had no answer to this letter; but what answer can he make to that last declaration? He will continue to adore me. How strange are the passions of men!

New York, November 20.—I have been silent for three months, for good reasons. Eunice was ill for many weeks, but there was never a moment when I was really alarmed about her; I knew she would recover. In



the last days of October she was strong enough to be brought up to town, where she had business to transact, and now she is almost herself again. I say almost, advisedly; for she will never be herself,—her old, sweet, trustful self, as far as I am concerned. She has simply not forgiven me! Strange things have happened—things that I didn't dare to consider too closely, lest I should not forgive myself. Eunice is in complete possession of her property! Mr. Caliph has made over to her everything—everything that had passed away; everything of which, three months ago, he could give no account whatever. He was with her in the country for a long day before we came up to town (during which I took care not to meet her), and after our return he was in and out of this house repeatedly. I once asked Eunice what he had to say to her, and she answered that he was "explaining." A day or two later, she told me that he had given a complete account of her affairs; everything was in order; she had been wrong in what she told me before. Beyond this little statement, however, she did no further penance for the impression she had given of Mr. Caliph's earlier conduct. She doesn't yet know what to think; she only feels that if she has recovered her property there has been some interference; and she traces, or at least imputes, such interference to me. If I have interfered, I have broken my vow; and for this, as I say, the gentle creature can't forgive me. If the passions of men are strange, the passions of women are stranger still! It was sweeter for her to suffer at Mr. Caliph's hands than to receive her simple dues from them. She looks at me askance, and her coldness shows through a conscientious effort not to let me see the change in her feeling. Then she is puzzled and mystified; she can't tell what has happened, or how and why it has happened. She has waked up from her illness into a different world—a world in which Mr. Caliph's accounts were correct after all; in which, with the washing away of his stains, the color has been quite washed out of his rich physiognomy. She vaguely feels that a sacrifice, a great effort of some kind, has been made for her, whereas her plan of life was to make the sacrifices and efforts herself. Yet she asks me no questions; the property is her right, after all, and I think there are certain things she is afraid to know. But I am more afraid than she, for it comes over me that a great sacrifice has indeed been made. I have not seen Adrian Frank since he parted from me under the trees three months ago. He has gone to Europe, and the day before he left I got a note from him. It contained only these words: "When you send for me I will

come. I am waiting, as you told me." It is my belief that up to the moment I spoke of Eunice's loss of money, and requested him to ask no questions, he had not definitely suspected his noble kinsman, but that my words kindled a train that lay all ready. He went away then to his shame, to the intolerable weight of it, and to heaven knows what sickening explanations with his step-brother! That gentleman has a still more brilliant bloom; he looks to my mind exactly as people look who have accepted a sacrifice; and he hasn't had another word to say about Eunice's marrying Mr. Adrian Frank. Mrs. Ermine sticks to her idea that Mr. Caliph and Eunice will make a match; but my belief is that Eunice is cured. Oh, yes, she is cured! But I have done more than I meant to do, and I have not done it as I meant to do it; and I am very weary, and I shall write no more.

November 27.—Oh, yes, Eunice is cured! And that is what she has not forgiven me. Mr. Caliph told her yesterday that Mr. Frank meant to spend the winter in Rome.

December 3.—I have decided to return to Europe, and have written about my apartment in Rome. I shall leave New York, if possible, on the 10th. Eunice tells me she can easily believe I shall be happier there.

December 7.—I *must* note something I had the satisfaction to-day to say to Mr. Caliph. He has not been here for three weeks, but this afternoon he came to call. He is no longer the trustee; he is only the visitor. I was alone in the library, into which he was ushered; and it was ten minutes before Eunice appeared. We had some talk, though my disgust for him is now unspeakable. At first, it was of a very perfunctory kind; but suddenly he said, with more than his old impudence, "That was a most extraordinary interview of ours, at Cornerville!" I was surprised at his saying only this, for I expected him to take his revenge on me by some means or other for having put his brother on the scent of his misdeeds. I can only account for his silence on that subject by the supposition that Mr. Frank has been able to extract from him some pledge that I shall not be molested. He was, however, such an image of unrighteous success that the sight of him filled me with gall, and I tried to think of something which would make him smart.

"I don't know what you have done, nor how you have done it," I said; "but you took a very roundabout way to arrive at certain ends. There was a time when you might have married Eunice."

It was, of course, nothing new that we were frank with each other, and he only repeated, smiling, "Married Eunice?"



"She was very much in love with you last spring."

"Very much in love with me?"

"Oh, it's over now. Can't you imagine that? She's cured."

He broke into a laugh, but I felt I had startled him.

"You are the most delightful woman!" he cried.

"Think how much simpler it would have been—I mean originally, when things were right, if they ever were right. Don't you see my point? But now it's too late. She has seen you when you were not on show. I assure you she is cured!"

At this moment Eunice came in, and just afterward I left the room. I am sure it was a revelation, and that I have given him a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

Rome, February 23.—When I came back to this dear place, Adrian Frank was not here, and I learned that he had gone to Sicily. A week ago I wrote to him: "You said you would come if I should send for you. I should be glad if you would come now." Last evening he appeared, and I told him that I could no longer endure my suspense in regard to a certain subject. Would he kindly inform me what he had done in New York after he left me under the trees at Cornerville? Of what sacrifice had he been guilty; to what high generosity—terrible to me to think of—had he committed himself? He would tell me very little; but he is almost a poor man. He has just enough income to live in Italy.

May 9.—Mrs. Ermine has taken it into her head to write to me. I have heard from her three times; and in her last letter, received

yesterday, she returns to her old refrain that Eunice and Mr. Caliph will soon be united. I don't know what may be going on; but can it be possible that I put it into his head? Truly, I have a felicitous touch!

May 15.—I told Adrian yesterday that I would marry him if ever Eunice should marry Mr. Caliph. It was the first time I had mentioned his step-brother's name to him since the explanation I had attempted to have with him after he came back to Rome; and he evidently didn't like it at all.

In the Tyrol, August.—I sent Mrs. Ermine a little water-color in return for her last letter, for I can't write to her, and that is easier. She now writes me again, in order to get another water-color. She speaks, of course, of Eunice and Mr. Caliph, and for the first time there appears a certain reality in what she says. She complains that Eunice is very slow in coming to the point, and relates that poor Mr. Caliph, who has taken her into his confidence, seems at times almost to despair. Nothing would suit him better, of course, than to appropriate two fortunes: two are so much better than one. But however much he may have explained, he can hardly have explained everything. Adrian Frank is in Scotland; in writing to him, three days ago, I had occasion to repeat that I will marry him on the day on which a certain other marriage takes place. In that way, I am safe. I shall send another water-color to Mrs. Ermine. Water-colors or no, Eunice doesn't write to me. It is clear that she hasn't forgiven me! She regards me as perjured; and, of course, I am. Perhaps she will marry him, after all.

Henry James.

## DAWN.

AGAINST the radiance of the coming dawn  
 Rose-shadowed on the threshold stands a youth,  
 Stiller than silence: when he came, in truth,  
 Silence grew audible and sound was born,  
 And earth was flushed with flowers. As I gaze,  
 Some half-familiar grace in floating hair,  
 And eager, curving foot and downcast air,  
 Betray the charm of the averted face.  
 Why dost thou tarry here, O stranger-guest?  
 Whence comest thou? I said, and lo! he is gone;  
 And now I count alone the weary hours,  
 Hoping for naught until the rosy east  
 Once more shall throb with promise of the dawn—  
 And then? Who knows the perfume of to-morrow's flowers?

A. W. W.

## THE BREAD-WINNERS.\*

XV.

### THE WHIP OF THE SCYTHIANS.

FARNHAM and Temple walked hastily back to where they had left Kendall with the rest of the company. They found him standing like a statue just where he had been placed by Farnham. The men were ranged in the shadow of the shrubbery and the ivy-clad angle of the house. The moon shone full on the open stretch of lawn, and outside the gates a black mass on the sidewalk and the street showed that the mob had not left the place. But it seemed sluggish and silent.

"Have they done anything new?" asked Farnham.

"Nothin', but fire a shot or two—went agin the wall overhead; and once they heaved a lot of rocks, but it was too fur—didn't git more'n half way. 'That's all."

"We don't want to stand here looking at each other all night," said Farnham.

"Let's go out and tell them it's bed-time," suggested Temple.

"Agreed!" said Farnham. He turned to his men, and in a voice at first so low that it could not have been heard ten feet away, yet so clear that every syllable was caught by his soldiers, he gave the words of command.

"Company, attention! Right, forward. Fours right. Double time. March!"

The last words rang out clear and loud, and startled the sullen crowd in the street. There was a hurried, irresolute movement among them, which increased as the compact little corps dashed out of the shadow into the clear moonlight and rushed with the rapid but measured pace of veterans across the lawn. A few missiles were thrown, without effect. One or two shots were heard, followed by a yell in the street—which showed that some rioter in his excitement had wounded one of his own comrades. Farnham and his little band took only a moment to reach the gate, and the crowd recoiled as they burst through into the street. At the first onslaught the rioters ran in both directions, leaving the street clear immediately in front of the gates.

The instant his company reached the middle of the avenue, Arthur, seeing that the

greater number of the divided mob had gone to the left, shouted:

"Fours left. March—guide right."

The little phalanx wheeled instantly and made rapid play with their clubs, but only for a moment. The crowd began to feel the mysterious power which discipline backed by law always exerts, and they ran at full speed up the street to the corner and there dispersed. The formation of the veterans was not even broken. They turned at Farnham's order, faced to the rear, and advanced in double time upon the smaller crowd which still lingered a little way beyond the gate.

In this last group there was but one man who stood his ground and struck out for himself. It was a tall young fellow with fair hair and beard, armed with a carpenter's hammer, with which he maintained so formidable an attitude that, although two or three policemen were opposed to him, they were wary about closing in upon him. Farnham, seeing that this was all there was left of the fight, ordered the men to fall back, and, approaching the recalcitrant, said sharply:

"Drop that hammer, and surrender! We are officers of the law, and if you resist any longer you'll be hurt."

"I don't mind that. I was waiting for you," the man said, and made a quick and savage rush and blow at Farnham. In all his campaigns, he had never before had so much use for his careful broadsword training as now. With his policeman's club against the workman's hammer, he defended himself with such address that in a few seconds, before his men could interfere, his adversary was disarmed and stretched on the sidewalk by a blow over the head. He struggled to rise, but was seized by two men and held fast.

"Don't hit him," said Farnham. "I think I have seen this man somewhere."

"Why," said Kendall, "that's Sam Sleeny, a carpenter in Dean street. He orter be in better business."

"Yes, I remember," said Farnham; "he is a Reformer. Put him with the others."

As they were tying his hands, Sam turned to Farnham and said, in a manner which was made dignified by its slow, energetic malice, "You've beat me to-night, but I will get even with you yet—as sure as there's a God."

"That's reasonably sure," said Farnham;

"but in the meanwhile, we'll put you where you can cool off a little."

The street was now cleared; the last fugitives were out of sight. Farnham returned to his garden, and then divided his men into squads for patrolling the neighborhood. They waited for half an hour, and, finding all was still quiet, then made arrangements for passing the night. Farnham made Temple go into the house with him, and asked Budsey to bring some sherry. "It is not so good as your Santa Rita," he said; "but the exercise in the night air will give it a relish."

When the wine came, the men filled and drank, in sober American fashion, without words; but in the heart of each there was the thought of eternal friendship, founded upon brave and loyal service.

"Budsey," said Farnham, "give all the men a glass of this wine."

"Not this, sir?" said Budsey, aghast.

"I said this," replied Farnham. "Perhaps they won't enjoy it, but I shall enjoy giving it to them."

Farnham and Temple were eating some bread and cheese and talking over the evening, when Budsey came back with something which approached a smile upon his grave countenance.

"Did they like it?" asked Farnham.

"Half of 'em said they was temperance and wouldn't 'ave any. Some of the rest said—you will excuse me, sir—as it was d—— poor cider," and Budsey went out of the room with a suspicious convulsion of the back.

"I'll go on that," said Mr. Temple. "Good-night. I think we will have good news in the morning. There will be an attack made on those men at Riverley to-morrow which will melt them like an iceberg in Tartarus." Mr. Temple was not classical, and, of course, did not say Tartarus.

Farnham was left alone. The reaction from the excitement of the last few hours was settling upon him. The glow of the fight and his success in it were dying away. Midnight was near, and a deep silence was falling upon the city. There was no sound of bells, of steam-whistles, or of rushing trains. The breeze could be heard in the quiet, stirring the young, soft leaves. Farnham felt sore, beaten, discomfited. He smiled a little bitterly to himself when he considered that the cause of his feeling of discouragement was that Alice Belding had spoken to him with coldness and shyness when she opened her door. He could not help saying to himself, "I deserved a kinder greeting than she gave me. She evidently wished me to understand that I am not to be permitted any further intimacy. I have forfeited that by presuming to

love her. But how lovely she is! When she took her mother in her arms, I thought of all the Greek heroines I ever read about. Still, 'if she be not fair for me'—if I am not to be either lover or friend—this is no place for me."

The clock on the mantel struck midnight. "A strange night," he mused. "There is one sweet and one bitter thing about it. I have done her a service, and she did not care."

He went to the door to speak to Kendall. "I think our work is over for to-night. Have our prisoners taken down to the Refrigerator and turned over to the ordinary police. I will make charges to-morrow. Then divide the men into watches and make yourself as comfortable as you can. If anything happens, call me. If nothing happens, good-night."

He returned to his library, turned down the gas, threw himself on the sofa, and was soon asleep; even before Alice, who sat, unhappy, as youth is unhappy, by an open window, her eyes full of tears, her heart full of remorse. "It is too wretched to think of," she bemoaned herself. "He is the only man in the world, and I have driven him away. It never can be made right again; I am punished justly. If I thought he would take me, I believe I could go this minute and throw myself at his feet. But he would smile, and raise me up, and make some pretty speech, very gentle, and very dreadful, and bring me back to mamma, and then I should die."

But at nineteen well-nourished maidens do not pass the night in mourning, however heavy their hearts may be, and Alice slept at last, and perhaps was happier in her innocent dreams.

The night passed without further incident, and the next day, though it may have shown favorable signs to practiced eyes, seemed very much, to the public, like the day which had preceded it. There were fewer shops closed in the back streets; there were not so many parties of wandering apostles of plunder going about to warn laborers away from their work. But in the principal avenues and in the public squares there were the same dense crowds of idlers, some listless and some excited, ready to believe the wildest rumors and to applaud the craziest oratory. Speakers were not lacking; besides the agitators of the town, several had come in from neighboring places, and they were preaching, with fervor and perspiration, from street corners and from barrel-heads in the beer-houses, the dignity of manhood and the overthrow of tyrants.

Bott, who had quite distinguished himself during the last few days, was not to be seen. He had passed the night in the station-house,

and, on brief examination before a police-justice at an early hour of the morning, on complaint of Farnham and Temple, had been, together with the man captured in Mrs. Belding's drawing-room, bound over to stand his trial for house-breaking at the next term of court. He displayed the most abject terror before his trial, and would have made a full confession of the whole affair had Offitt not had the address to convey to him the assurance that, if he stood firm, the Brotherhood of Bread-winners would attend to his case and be responsible for his safety. Relying upon this, he plucked up his spirits and bore himself with characteristic impudence in the presence of the police-justice, insisting upon being called Professor Bott, giving his profession as inspirational orator, his religion the divinity of humanity. When bound over for trial, he rose and gained a round of applause from the idlers in the court-room by shouting, "I appeal from this outrage to the power of the people and the judgment of history."

This was his last recorded oration; for we may as well say at once that, a month later, he stood his trial without help from any Brotherhood, and passed away from public life, though not entirely from public employment, as he is now usefully and unobtrusively engaged in making shoes in the State penitentiary—and is said "to take serious views of life."

The cases of Sleeney and the men who were taken in the street by Farnham's policemen were also disposed of summarily through his intervention. He could not help liking the fair-bearded carpenter, although he had been caught in such bad company, and so charged him merely with riotous conduct in the public streets, for which the penalty was a light fine and a few days' detention. Sleeney seemed conscious of his clemency, but gave him no look or expression of gratitude. He was too bitter at heart to feel gratitude, and too awkward to feign it.

About noon, a piece of news arrived which produced a distinct impression of discouragement among the strikers. It was announced in the public square that the railway blockade was broken in Clevalo, a city to the east of Buffland about a hundred miles. The hands had accepted the terms of the employers and had gone to work again. An orator tried to break the force of this announcement by depreciating the pluck of the Clevalo men. "Why, gentlemen!" he screamed, "a ten-year-old boy in this town has got twice the sand of a Clevalo man. They just *beg* the bosses to kick 'em. When they are fired out of a shop door, they sneak down the chimney

and whine to be took on again. We aint made of that kind of stuff."

But this haughty style of eloquence did not avail to inspirit the crowd, especially as the orator was just then interrupted to allow another dispatch to be read, which said that the citizens of a town to the south had risen in mass and taken the station there from the hands of the strikers. This news produced a feeling of isolation and discouragement which grew to positive panic, an hour later, on the report that a brigade of regular troops was on its way to Buffland to restore order. The report was of course unfounded, as a brigade of regular troops could not be got together in this country in much less time than it would take to build a city; but even the name of the phantom army had its effect, and the crowds began to disperse from that time. The final blow was struck, however, later in the day.

Farnham learned it from Mr. Temple, at whose counting-room he had called, as usual, for news. Mr. Temple greeted him with a volley of exulting oaths.

"It's all up. You know what I told you last night about the attack that was preparing on Riverley. I went out there myself, this forenoon. I knew some of the strikers, and I thought I would see if the ——— would let me send my horse Blue Ruin through to Rochester to-morrow. He is entered for the races there, you know, and I didn't want, by ———, to miss my engagements, understand? Well, as I drove out there, after I got about half way, it began to occur to me that I never saw so many women since the Lord made me. The road was full of them in carts, buggies, horseback, and afoot. I thought a committee of 'em was going; but I suppose they couldn't trust a committee, and so they all went. There were so many of 'em I couldn't drive fast, and so I got there about the same time the head of the column began to arrive. You never saw anything like it in your life. The strikers had been living out there in a good deal of style—with sentries and republican government and all that. By the great hokey-pokey! they couldn't keep it up a minute when their wives came. They knew 'em too well. They just bulged in without rhyme or rule. Every woman went for her husband and told him to pack up and go home. Some of 'em—the artful kind—begged and wheedled and cried; said they were so tired—wanted their sweethearts again. But the bigger part talked hard sense,—told 'em their lazy picnic had lasted long enough, that there was no meat in the house, and that they had got to come home and go to work. The

siege didn't last half an hour. The men brazened it out awhile; some were rough; told their wives to dry up, and one big fellow slapped his wife for crying. By jingo! it wasn't half a flash before another fellow slapped *him*, and there they had it, rolling over and over on the grass, till the others pulled them apart by the legs. It was a gone case from the start. They held a meeting off-hand; the women stayed by to watch proceedings, and, not to make a long story about it, when I started back a delegation of the strikers came with me to see the president of the roads, and trains will run through to-night as usual. I am devilish glad of it, for my part. There is nothing in Rochester of any force but Rosin-the-Bow, and my horse can show him the way around the track as if he was getting a dollar an hour as a guide."

"That is good news certainly. Is it generally known in the city?"

"I think not. It was too late for the afternoon papers. I told Jimmy Nelson, and he tore down to the depot to save what is left of his fruit. He swore so about it that I was quite shocked."

"What about the mill hands?" asked Farnham.

"The whole thing will now collapse at once. We shall receive the proposition of the men who left us to-morrow, and reëngage on our own terms, next day, as many as we want. We shan't be hard on them. But one or two gifted orators will have to take the road. They are fit for nothing but Congress, and they can't all go from this district. If I were you, Arthur, by the way, I wouldn't muster out that army of yours till to-morrow. But I don't think there will be any more calls in your neighborhood. You are too inhospitable to visitors."

The sun was almost setting as Farnham walked through the public square on his way home. He could hardly believe so sudden a change could have fallen upon the busy scene of a few hours before. The square was almost deserted. Its holiday appearance was gone. A few men occupied the benches. One or two groups stood beneath the trees and conversed in under-tones. The orators had sought their hiding-places, unnecessarily—too fearful of the vengeance which never, in this happy country, attends the exercise of unbridled "slack jaw." As Arthur walked over the asphalt pavement there was nothing to remind him of the great crowds of the last few days but the shells of the pea-nuts crunching under his feet. It seems as if the American workman can never properly invoke the spirit of liberty without a pocketful of this democratic nut.

As he drew near his house, Farnham caught a glimpse of light drapery upon Mrs. Belding's piazza, and went over to relieve her from anxiety by telling her the news of the day. When he had got half way across the lawn, he saw Alice rise from beside her mother as if to go. Mrs. Belding signed for her to resume her seat. Farnham felt a slight sensation of anger. "It is unworthy of her," he thought, "to avoid me in that manner. I must let her see she is in no danger from me."

He gave his hand cordially to Mrs. Belding and bowed to Alice without a word. He then briefly recounted the news to the elder lady, and assured her that there was no probability of any farther disturbance of the peace.

"But we shall have our policemen here all the same to-night, so that you may sleep with a double sense of security."

"I am sure you are very good," she said.

"I don't know what we should have done without you last night, and Mr. Temple. When it comes to ear-rings, there's no telling what they wouldn't have done."

"Two of your guests are in jail, with good prospects of their remaining there. The others, I learn, were thieves from out of town; I doubt if we shall capture them."

"For goodness' sake, let them run. I never want to see them again. That ugly creature who went up with Alice for the money—you caught him? I am so glad. The impudence of the creature! going upstairs with my daughter, as if she was not to be trusted. Well," she added candidly, "she wasn't that time, but it was none of *his* business."

Here Alice and Farnham both laughed out, and the sound of the other's voice was very pleasant to each of them, though they did not look toward each other.

"I am beginning to think that the world is growing too wicked for single women," Mrs. Belding continued, philosophically. "Men can take care of themselves in so many ways. They can use a club as you do —"

"Daily and habitually," assented Arthur.

"Or they can make a speech about Ireland and the old flag, as Mr. Belding used to; or they can swear like Mr. Temple. By the way, Alice, you were not here when Mr. Temple swore so at those thieves. I was scandalized, but I had to admit it was very appropriate."

"I was also away from the room," said Farnham; "but I can readily believe the comminatory clauses must have been very cogent."

"Oh, yes! and such a nice woman *she* is."

"Yes, Mrs. Temple is charming," said Farnham, rising.

"Arthur, do not go! Stay to dinner. It



will be ready in one moment. It will strengthen our nerves to have a man dine with us, especially a liberating hero like you. Why, you seemed to me last night like Perseus in the picture, coming to rescue What's-her-name from the rock."

Farnham glanced at Alice. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground; her fingers were tightly clasped. She was wishing with all her energy that he would stay, waiting to catch his first word of assent, but unable to utter a syllable.

"Alice," said Mrs. Belding rather sharply, "I think Arthur does not regard my invitation as quite sufficient. Will you give it your approval?"

Alice raised her face at these words and looked up at Farnham. It was a beautiful face at all times, and now it was rosy with confusion, and the eyes were timid but kind. She said with lips that trembled a little: "I should be very glad to have Captain Farnham stay to dinner."

She had waited too long, and the words were a little too formal, and Arthur excused himself on the plea of having to look out for his cohort, and went home to a lonely dinner.

## XVI.

## OFFITT DIGS A PIT.

A WEEK had passed by; the great strike was already almost forgotten. A few poor workmen had lost their places. A few agitators had been dismissed for excellent reasons, having no relation with the strike. The mayor had recovered from his panic, and was beginning to work for a renomination, on the strength of his masterly dealing with the labor difficulties, in which, as he handsomely said in a circular composed by himself and signed by his friends, he "nobly accomplished the duty allotted him of preserving the rights of property while respecting the rights of the people, of keeping the peace according to his oath, and keeping faith with the masses, to which he belonged, in their struggle against monopoly."

The rich and prosperous people, as their manner is, congratulated themselves on their escape, and gave no thought to the questions which had come so near to an issue of fire and blood. In this city of two hundred thousand people, two or three dozen politicians continued as before to govern it, to assess and to spend its taxes, to use it as their property and their chattel. The rich and intelligent kept on making money, building fine houses, and bringing up children to hate politics as

they did, and in fine to fatten themselves as sheep which should be mutton whenever the butcher was ready. There was hardly a millionaire on Algonquin avenue who knew where the ward meetings of his party were held. There was not an Irish laborer in the city but knew his way to his ward club as well as to mass.

Among those who had taken part in the late exciting events and had now reverted to private life was Sam Sleeney. His short sentence had expired; he had paid his fine and come back to Matchin's. But he was not the quiet, contented workman he had been. He was sour, sullen, and discontented. He nourished a dull grudge against the world. He had tried to renew friendly relations with Maud, but she had repulsed him with positive scorn. Her mind was full of her new prospects, and she did not care to waste time with him. The scene in the rose-house rankled in his heart; he could not but think that her mind had been poisoned by Farnham, and his hate gained intensity every hour.

In this frame of mind he fell easily into the control of Offitt. That worthy had not come under the notice of the law for the part he took in the attack on the Belding house; he had not been recognized by Farnham's men, nor denounced by his associates; and so, after a day or two of prudential hiding, he came to the surface again. He met Sam at the very door of the House of Correction, sympathized with him, flattered him, gained his full confidence at last, and held him ready for some purpose which was vague even in his own brain. He was determined to gain possession of Maud, and he felt it must be through some crime, the manner of which was not quite clear to him. If he could use Sam to accomplish his purpose and save his own skin, that would be best. His mind ran constantly upon theft, forgery, burglary, and murder; but he could frame no scheme which did not involve risks that turned him sick. If he could hit upon something where he might furnish the brains, and Sam the physical force and the risk! He dwelt upon this day and night. He urged Sam to talk of his own troubles; of the Matchins; at last, of Maud and his love, and it was not long before the tortured fellow had told him what he saw in the rose-house. Strangely enough, the thought of his fiancée leaning on the shoulder of another man did not in the least diminish the ardor of Offitt. His passion was entirely free from respect or good-will. He used the story to whet the edge of Sam's hatred against Farnham.

"Why, Sam, my boy," he would say, "your honor is at stake."

"I would as soon kill him as eat," Sam answered. "But what good would that do me? She cares no more for me than she does for you."

Offitt was sitting alone in his room one afternoon; his eyes were staring blankly at the opposite wall; his clinched hands were cold as ice. He had been sitting in that way motionless for an hour, a prey to a terrible excitement.

It had come about in this way. He had met in one of the shops he frequented a machinist who rented one of Farnham's houses. Offitt had asked him at noon-time to come out and drink a glass of beer with him. The man complied, and was especially careful to bring his waistcoat with him, saying with a laugh, "I lose my shelter if I lose that."

"What do you mean?" asked Offitt.

"I've got a quarter's rent in there for Cap Farnham."

"Why are you carrying it around all day?"

"Well, you know, Farnham is a good sort of fellow, and to keep us from losing time he lets us come to his house in the evening, after working hours, on quarter-day, instead of going to his office in the day-time. You see, I trot up there after supper and get rid of this wad."

Offitt's eyes twinkled like those of an adder.

"How many of you do this?"

"Oh, a good many,—most everybody in our ward and some in the Nineteenth."

"A good bit of money?" said Offitt carelessly, though his mouth worked nervously.

"You bet your boots! If I had all the cash he takes in to-night, I'd buy an island and shoot the machine business. Well, I must be gettin' back. So long."

Offitt had walked directly home after this conversation, looking neither to the right nor the left, like a man asleep. He had gone to his room, locked his door behind him, and sat down upon the edge of his bed and given himself up to an eager dream of crime. His heart beat, now fast, now slow; a cold sweat enveloped him; he felt from time to time half suffocated.

Suddenly he heard a loud knocking at his door—not as if made by the hand, but as if some one were hammering. He started and gasped with a choking rattle in his throat. His eyes seemed straining from their sockets. He opened his lips, but no sound came forth.

The sharp rapping was repeated, once and again. He made no answer. Then a loud voice said:

"Hello, Andy, you asleep?"

He threw himself back on his pillow and said yawningly, "Yes. That you, Sam? Why don't you come in?"

"'Cause the door's locked."

He rose and let Sleeney in; then threw himself back on the bed, stretching and gaping.

"What did you make that infernal racket with?"

"My new hammer," said Sam. "I just bought it to-day. Lost my old one the night we give Farnham the shiverree."

"Lemme see it." Offitt took it in his hand and balanced and tested it. "Pretty good hammer. Handle's a leetle thick, but—pretty good hammer."

"Ought to be," said Sam. "Paid enough for it."

"Where d'you get it?"

"Ware & Harden's."

"Sam," said Offitt,—he was still holding the hammer and giving himself light taps on the head with it,— "Sam."

"Well, you said that before."

Offitt opened his mouth twice to speak and shut it again.

"What are you doin'?" asked Sleeney.

"Trying to catch flies?"

"Sam," said Offitt at last, slowly and with effort, "if I was you, the first thing I did with that hammer, I'd crack Art Farnham's cocoa-nut."

"Well, Andy, go and crack it yourself if you are so keen to have it done. You're mixing yourself rather too much in my affairs, anyhow," said Sam, who was nettled by these too frequent suggestions of Offitt that his honor required repair.

"Sam Sleeney," said Offitt, in an impressive voice, "I'm one of the kind that stands by my friends. If you mean what you have been saying to me, I'll go up with you this very night, and we will together take it out of that aristocrat. Now, that's business."

Sleeney looked at his friend in surprise and with some distrust. The offer was so generous and reckless, that he could not help asking himself what was its motive. He looked so long and so stupidly at Offitt, that the latter at last divined his feeling. He thought that, without telling Sleeney the whole scheme, he would test him one step farther.

"I don't doubt," he said, carelessly, "but what we could pay ourselves well for the job,—spoil the 'Gyptians, you know,—forage on the enemy. Plenty of portables in them houses, eh!"

"I never said"—Sam spoke slowly and deliberately—"I wanted to 'sassinat him, or rob him, or burgle him. If I could catch him and lick him, in a fair fight, I'd do it; and I wouldn't care how hard I hit him, or what with."

"All right," said Offitt, curtly. "You met him once in a fair fight, and he licked you."

And you tried him another way,—courtin' the same girl,—and he beat you there. But it's all right. I've got nothin' against him, if you haint. Lemme mark your name on this hammer," and, turning the conversation so quickly that Sleeney had no opportunity to resent the last taunt, he took his knife and began dexterously and swiftly to cut Sam's initials in the handle of his hammer. Before, however, he had half completed his self-imposed task, he exclaimed, "This is dry work. Let's go out and get some beer. I'll finish your hammer and bring it around after sapper."

"There's one S on it," said Sam; "that's enough."

"One S enough! It might mean Smith, or Schneider, or Sullivan. No, sir. I'll put two on in the highest style of art, and then everybody will know and respect Sam Sleeney's tool."

They passed out of the room together, and drank their beer at a neighboring garden. They were both rather silent and preoccupied. As they parted, Offitt said, "I've got a scheme on hand for raising the wind, I want to talk to you about. Be at my room to-night between nine and ten, and wait till I come, if I am out. Don't fail." Sam stared a little, but promised, asking no questions.

When Offitt came back, he locked the door again behind him. He hustled about the room as if preparing to move. He had little to pack; a few shabby clothes were thrown into a small trunk, a pile of letters and papers were hastily torn up and pitched into the untidy grate. All this while he muttered to himself as if to keep himself in company. He said: "I had to take the other shoot—he hadn't the sand to help—I couldn't tell him any more. \* \* \* I wonder if she will go with me when I come to-night—ready? I shall feel I deserve her anyhow. She don't treat me as she did him, according to Sam's story. She makes me keep my distance. She hasn't even shook hands with me since we was engaged. I'll pay her for that after awhile." He walked up and down his room with his head thrown back and his nostrils distended. "I shall risk my neck, I know; but it won't be the first time, and I never will have such a reason again. She beats anything I ever saw. I've got to have the money—to suit such a woman. \* \* \* I'm almost sorry for Sam—but the Lord made some men to be other men's fools. \* \* \*"

This was the staple of his musings; other things less edifying still may be omitted.

While he was engaged in this manner he heard a timid knock at his door. "Another visitor? I'm getting popular," he said, and went to open the door.

A seedy, forlorn-looking man came in; he took off his shabby hat and held it under his arm.

He said, "Good-evenin'," in a tone a little above a whisper.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Offitt.

"Have you heered about Brother Bowersox?"

"Never mind the brothering—that's played out. What is there about Bowersox?"

"He's dangerous; they don't think he'll live through the night."

"Well, what of it?"

This was not encouraging, but the poor Bread-winner ventured to say, "I thought some of the Brothers"—

But Offitt closed the subject by a brutal laugh. "The Brothers are looking out for themselves these times. The less said about the Brotherhood the better. It's up the spout, do you hear?"

The poor fellow shrunk away into his ragged clothes, and went out with a submissive "Good-evenin'."

"I'll never found another Brotherhood," Offitt said to himself. "It's more trouble than it brings in."

It was now growing dark. He took his hat and went down the stairs and out into the street. He entered a restaurant and ordered a beefsteak, which he ate, paid for, and departed after a short chat with the waiter, whom he knew. He went around the corner, entered another eating-house, called for a cup of coffee and a roll. There also he was careful to speak with the man who served him, slapping him on the shoulder with familiarity. He went into a drug store a little later and bought a glass of soda-water, dropping the glass on the marble floor, and paying for it after some controversy. He then walked up to Dean street. He found the family all together in the sitting-room. He chatted awhile with them, and asked for Sleeney.

"I don't really know where Sam is. He aint so reg'lar in his hours as he used to be," said Saul. "I hope he aint gettin' wild."

"I hope not," said Offitt, in a tone of real distress—then, after a pause, "You needn't mention my havin' asked for him. He may be sensitive about it."

As he came away, Maud followed him to the door. He whispered, "Be ready, my beauty, to start at a moment's notice. The money is on the way. You shall live like a queen before many days are gone."

"We shall see," she answered, with a smile, but shutting the door between them.

He clinched his fists and muttered, "I'll figure it all up and take my pay, Missy. She's worth it. I will have to do some crooked

things to get her; but by —, I'd kill a dozen men and hang another, just to stand by and see her braid her hair."

Returning to his house, he ran nimbly up the stairs, half fearing to find Sleeney there, but he had not yet arrived. He seized the hammer, put it in his pocket, and came down again. Still intent upon accounting for as much of the evening as possible, he thought of a variety-show in the neighborhood, and went there. He spoke to some of the loafers at the door. He then walked to the box-office and asked for a ticket, addressing the man who sold it to him as "Jimmy," and asking how business was. The man handed him his ticket without any reply, but turned to a friend beside him, and said, "Who is that cheeky brother that knows me so well?"

"Oh! that's a rounder by the name of Offitt. He is a sort of Reformer—makes speeches to the puddlers on the rights of man."

"Seems rather fresh," said Jimmy.

"A little brine wouldn't hurt him."

Offitt strolled into the theater, which was well filled. The curtain was down at the moment, and he walked the full extent of the center aisle to the orchestra, looking about him as if in search of some one. He saw one or two acquaintances and nodded to them. He then walked back and took a seat near the door. The curtain rose, and the star of the evening bounded upon the stage,—a strapping young woman in the dress of an army officer. She was greeted with applause before she began her song, and with her first notes Offitt quietly went out. He looked at the clock on the City Hall, and saw that he had no more time to kill. He walked, without hurrying or loitering, up the shady side of the street till he came to the quarter where Farnham lived. He then crossed into the wide avenue, and, looking swiftly about him, approached the open gates of Farnham's place. Two or three men were coming out, one or two were going in. He waited till the former had turned down the street, and the latter were on the door-step. He then walked briskly up the path to the house; but instead of mounting the steps, he turned to the left and lay down under the library windows behind a clump of lilacs.

"If they catch me here," he thought, "they can only take me for a tramp and give me the grand bounce."

The windows opened upon a stone platform a few feet from the ground. He could hear the sound of voices within. At last he heard the men rise, push back their chairs, and say "Good-night." He heard their heavy shoes on the front steps. "Now for it," he

whispered. But at that moment a belated tenant came in. He wanted to talk of some repairs to his house. Offitt lay down again, resting his head on his arm. The soft turf, the stillness, the warmth of the summer night lulled him into drowsiness. In spite of the reason he had for keeping awake, his eyes were closing and his senses were fading, when a shrill whistle started him into broad wakefulness. It was the melancholy note of a whip-poor-will in the branches of a lime-tree in the garden. Offitt listened for the sound of voices in the library. He heard nothing. "Can I have slept through—no, there is a light." A shadow fell across the window. The heavy tread of Budsey approached. Farnham's voice was heard: "Never mind the windows, Budsey. I will close them and the front door. I will wait here awhile; somebody else may come. You can go to bed."

"Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

Offitt waited only a moment. He rose and looked cautiously in at the window. Farnham was seated at his desk. He had sorted, in the methodical way peculiar to men who have held command in the army, the papers which he had been using with his tenants and the money he had received from them.

They were arranged on the desk before him in neat bundles, ready to be transferred to the safe, across the room. He had taken up his pen to make some final indorsement.

Offitt drew off his shoes, leaped upon the platform, and entered the library as swiftly and noiselessly as a panther walking over sand.

#### XVII.

#### IN AND OUT OF WINDOWS.

ALICE BELDING was seated before her glass braiding her long hair. Her mother had come in from her own room, as her custom often was, to chat with her daughter in the half hour before bed-time. It gratified at once her maternal love and her pride to watch the exquisite beauty of her child, as she sat, dressed in a white wrapper that made her seem still taller than she was, combing and braiding the luxuriant tresses that gave under the light every tint and reflection of which gold is capable. The pink and pearl of the round arm as the loose sleeve would slip to the elbow, the poise of the proud head, the full white column of the neck, the soft curve of cheek and chin,—all this delighted her as it would have delighted a lover. But with all her light-headedness, there was enough of

discretion, or perhaps of innate New England reserve, to keep her from ever expressing to Alice her pleasure in her beauty. So the wholesome-minded girl never imagined the admiration of which she was the object, and thought that her mother only liked to chat a little before sleeping. They talked of trivial matters, of the tea at Mrs. Hyson's, of Formosa Hyson's purple dress which made her sallower than ever, of rain and fair weather.

"I think," said Mrs. Belding, "that Phrasy Dallas gets more and more stylish every day. I don't wonder at Arthur Farnham's devotion. That would make an excellent match—they are both so dreadfully clever. By the way, he has not been here this week. And I declare! I don't believe you have written him that note of thanks yet."

"No," said Alice, smiling—she had schooled herself by this time to speak of him carelessly.

"I was too much frightened to thank him on the spot, and now it would be ancient history. We must save our thanks till we see him."

"I want to see him about other things. You must write and ask him to dinner to-morrow or next day."

"Don't you think he would like it better if you would write?"

"There you are again—as if it mattered. Write that 'Mamma bids me.' There, your hair is braided. Write the note now, and I will send it over in the morning before he gets away."

Alice rose and walked to her escritoire, her long robe trailing, her thick braids hanging almost to the floor, her fair cheek touched with a delicate spot of color at the thought of writing a formal note to the man she worshipped. She took a pen and wrote "My dear Mr. Farnham," and the conventional address made her heart flutter and her eyes grow dim. While she was writing, she heard her mother say:

"What a joke!"

She looked up, and saw that Mrs. Belding had picked up her opera-glass and was looking through it at something out of the window.

"Do you know, Alice," she said, laughing, "since that aiantus tree was cut down, you can see straight into his library from here. There he is now, sitting at his desk."

"Mamma!" pleaded Alice, rising and trying to take the glass away from her. "Don't do that, I beg!"

"Nonsense," said her mother, keeping her away with one hand and holding the glass with the other. "There comes Budsey to close the blinds. The show is over. No; he goes away, leaving them open."

"Mamma, I will leave the room if——"

"My goodness! look at that!" cried the

widow, putting the glass in her daughter's hand and sinking into a chair with fright.

Alice, filled with a nameless dread, saw her mother was pale and trembling, and took the glass. She dropped it in an instant, and leaning from the window sent forth once more that cry of love and alarm, which rang through the stillness of night with all the power of her young throat:

"Arthur!"

She turned, and sped down the stairs and across the lawn like an arrow shot for life or death from a long-bow.

Farnham heard the sweet, strong voice ringing out of the stillness like the cry of an angel in a vision, and raised his head with a startled movement from the desk where he was writing. Offitt heard it, too, as he raised his hand to strike a deadly blow; and though it did not withhold him from his murderous purpose, it disturbed somewhat the precision of his hand. The hammer descended a little to the right of where he had intended to strike. It made a deep and cruel gash, and felled Farnham to the floor, but it did not kill him. He rose, giddy and faint with the blow and half-blinded with the blood that poured down over his right eye. He clapped his hand, with a soldier's instinct, to the place where his sword-hilt was not, and then staggered, rather than rushed, at his assailant, to grapple him with his naked hands. Offitt struck him once more, and he fell headlong on the floor, in the blaze of a myriad lights that flashed all at once into deep darkness and silence.

The assassin, seeing that his victim no longer moved, threw down his reeking weapon, and, seizing the packages of money on the desk, thrust them into his pockets. He stepped back through the open window and stooped to pick up his shoes. As he rose, he saw a sight which for an instant froze him with terror. A tall and beautiful form, dressed all in white, was swiftly gliding toward him over the grass. It drew near, and he saw its pale features set in a terrible expression of pity and horror. It seemed to him like an avenging spirit. He shut his eyes for a moment in abject fright, and the phantom swept by him and leaped like a white doe upon the platform, through the open window, and out of his sight. He ran to the gate, quaking and trembling, then walked quietly to the nearest corner, where he sat down upon the curb-stone and put on his shoes.

Mrs. Belding followed, as rapidly as she could, the swift flight of her daughter; but it was some minutes after the young girl had leaped through the window that her mother walked breathlessly through the front door



and the hall into the library. She saw there a sight which made her shudder and turn faint. Alice was sitting on the floor, holding in her lap the blood-dabbled head of Farnham. Beside her stood a glass of water, a pitcher, and several towels. Some of them were red and saturated, some were still fresh and neatly folded. She was carefully cleansing and wiping the white forehead of the lifeless man of the last red drop.

"Oh, Alice, what is this?" cried her mother.

"He is dead!" she answered, in a hoarse, strained voice. "I feared so when I first came in. He was lying on his face. I lifted him up, but he could not see me. I kissed him, hoping he might kiss me again. But he did not. Then I saw this water on the stand over there. I remembered there were always towels there in the billiard-room. I ran and got them, and washed the blood away from his face. See, his face is not hurt. I am glad of that. But there is a dreadful wound in his head." She dropped her voice to a choking whisper at these words.

Her mother gazed at her with speechless consternation. Had the shock deprived her of reason?

"Alice," she said, "this is no place for you. I will call the servants and send for a surgeon, and you must go home."

"Oh, no, mamma. I see I have frightened you, but there is no need to be frightened. Yes, call the servants, but do not let them come in here for awhile, not till the doctors come. They can do no good. He is dead."

Mrs. Belding had risen and rung the bell violently.

"Do, mamma, see the servants in the hall outside. Don't let them come in for a moment. Do! I pray! I pray! I will do anything for you."

There was such intensity of passion in the girl's prayer that her mother yielded, and when the servants came running in, half-dressed, in answer to the bell, she stepped outside the door and said, "Captain Farnham has been badly hurt. Two of you go for the nearest doctors. You need not come in at present. My daughter and I will take care of him."

She went back, closing the door behind her. Alice was smiling. "There, you are a dear! I will love you forever for that! It is only for a moment. The doctors will soon be here, and then I must give him up."

"Oh, Alice," the poor lady whimpered, "why do you talk so wildly? What do you mean?"

"Don't cry, mamma! It is only for a moment. It is all very simple. I am not crazy. He was my lover!"

"Heaven help us!"

"Yes, this dear man, this noble man offered me his love, and I refused it. I may have been crazy then, but I am not now. I can love him now. I will be his widow—if I was not his wife. We will be two widows together—always. Now you know I am doing nothing wrong or wild. He is mine."

"Give me one of those towels," she exclaimed, suddenly. "I can tie up his head so that it will stop bleeding till the doctors come."

She took the towels, tore strips from her own dress, and in a few moments, with singular skill and tenderness, she had stopped the flow of blood from the wound.

"There! He looks almost as if he were asleep, does he not? Oh, my love, my love!"

Up to this moment she had not shed one tear. Her voice was strained, choked, and sobbing, but her eyes were dry. She kissed him on his brow and his mouth. She bent over him and laid her smooth cheek to his. She murmured:

"Good-bye, good-bye, till I come to you, my own love!"

All at once she raised her head with a strange light in her eyes. "Mamma!" she cried, "see how warm his cheek is. Heaven is merciful! perhaps he is alive."

She put both arms about him, and, gently but powerfully lifting his dead weight of head and shoulders, drew him to her heart. She held him to her warm bosom, rocking him to and fro. "Oh, my beloved!" she murmured, "if you will live, I will be so good to you."

She lowered him again, resting his head on her lap. A drop of blood, from the napkin in which his head was wrapped, had touched the bosom of her dress, staining it as if a cherry had been crushed there. She sat, gazing with an anguish of hope upon his pale face. A shudder ran through him, and he opened his eyes—only for a moment. He groaned, and slowly closed them.

The tears could no longer be restrained. They fell like a summer shower from her eyes, while she sobbed, "Thank God! my darling is not dead."

Her quick ear caught footsteps at the outer door. "Here, mamma, take my place. Let me hide before all those men come in."

In a moment she had leaped through the window, whence she ran through the dewy grass to her home.

An hour afterward her mother returned, escorted by one of the surgeons. She found Alice in bed, peacefully sleeping. As Mrs. Belding approached the bedside, Alice woke and smiled. "I know without your telling me, mamma. He will live. I began to pray

for him,—but I felt sure he would live, and so I gave thanks instead."

"You are a strange girl," said Mrs. Belding, gravely. "But you are right. Dr. Cutts says, if he escapes without fever, there is nothing very serious in the wound itself. The blow that made that gash in his head was not the one which made him unconscious. They found another, behind his ear; the skin was not broken. There was a bump about as big as a walnut. They said it was concussion of the brain, but no fracture anywhere. By the way, Dr. Cutts complimented me very handsomely on the way I had managed the case before his arrival. He said there was positively a professional excellence about my bandage. You may imagine I did not set him right."

Alice, laughing and blushing, said, "I will allow you all the credit."

Mrs. Belding kissed her and said "Good-night," and walked to the door. There she paused a moment, and came back to the bed. "I think, after all, I had better say now what I thought of keeping till to-morrow. I thank you for your confidence to-night, and shall respect it. But you will see, I am sure, the necessity of being very circumspect, under the circumstances. If you should want to do anything for Arthur while he is ill, I should feel it my duty to forbid it."

Alice received this charge with frank, open eyes. "I should not dream of such a thing," she said. "If he had died, I should have been his widow; but as he is to live, he must come for me if he wants me. I was very silly about him, but I must take the consequences. I can't now take advantage of the poor fellow by saving his life and establishing a claim on it. So I will promise anything you want. I am so happy that I will promise easily. But I am also very sleepy."

The beautiful eyelids were indeed heavy and drooping. The night's excitement had left her wearied and utterly content. She fell asleep even as her mother kissed her forehead.

The feeling of Offitt as he left Algonquin avenue and struck into a side street was one of pure exultation. He had accomplished the boldest act of his life. He had shown address, skill, and courage. He had done a thing which had appalled him in the contemplation merely on account of its physical difficulties and dangers. He had done it successfully. He had a large amount of money in his pocket—enough to carry his bride to the ends of the earth. When it was gone—well, at worst, he could leave her and shift for himself again. He had not a particle of regret or remorse; and, in fact, these sentiments are

far rarer than moralists would have us believe. A ruffian who commits a crime usually glories in it. It exalts him in his own eyes, all the more that he is compelled to keep silent about it. As Offitt walked rapidly in the direction of Dean street, the only shadow on his exultation was his sudden perception of the fact that he had better not tell Maud what he had done. In all his plans he had promised himself the pleasure of telling her that she was avenged upon her enemy by the hands of her lover; he had thought he might extort his first kiss by that heroic avowal; but now, as he walked stealthily down the silent street, he saw that nobody in the universe could be made his confidant.

"I'll never own it, in earth or hell," he said to himself.

When he reached Matchin's cottage, all was dark and still. He tried to attract Maud's attention by throwing soft clods of earth against her window, but her sleep was too sound. He was afraid to throw pebbles for fear of breaking the panes and waking the family. He went into the little yard adjoining the shop, and found a ladder. He brought it out and placed it against the wall. He perceived now for the first time that his hands were sticky. He gazed at them a moment. "Oh, yes," he said to himself, "when he fell I held out my hands to keep his head from touching my clothes. Careless trick! Ought to have washed them, first thing." Then, struck by a sudden idea, he went to the well-curb and slightly moistened his fingers. He then rubbed them on the door-knob and the edge of the door of the cottage, and pressed them several times in different places on the ladder. "Not a bad scheme," he said, chuckling. He then went again to the well and washed his hands thoroughly, afterward taking a handful of earth and rubbing them till they were as dirty as usual.

After making all these preparations for future contingencies, he mounted the ladder and tried to raise the window. It was already open a few inches to admit the air, but was fastened there, and he could not stir it. He began to call and whistle in as low and penetrating a tone as he could manage, and at last awoke Maud, whose bed was only a few feet away. She started up with a low cry of alarm, but saw in a moment who it was.

"Well, what on earth are you doing here? Go away this minute, or I'll call my father."

"Let me in, and I will tell you."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Begone, this instant."

"Maud, don't be foolish," he pleaded, in real alarm as he saw that she was angry and insulted. "I have done as you told me. I

have wealth for us both, and I have"—he had almost betrayed himself, but he concluded—"I have come to take you away forever."

"Come to-morrow, at a decent hour, and I will talk to you."

"Now, Maud, my beauty, don't believe I am humbugging. I brought a lot of money for you to look at—I knew you wanted to be sure. See here!" He drew from his pocket a package of bank bills—he saw a glittering stain on them. He put them in the other pocket of his coat and took out another package. "And here's another. I've got a dozen like them. Handle 'em yourself." He put them in through the window. Maud was so near that she could take the bills by putting out her hand. She saw there was a large amount of money there—more than she had ever seen before.

"Come, my beauty," he said, "this is only spending-money for a bridal tour. There are millions behind it. Get up and put on your dress. I will wait below here. We can take the midnight train east, be married at Clevalo, and sail for Paris the next day. That's the world for you to shine in. Come! Waste no time. No tellin' what may happen to-morrow."

She was strongly tempted. She had no longer any doubt of his wealth. He was not precisely a hero in appearance, but she had never insisted upon that—her romance having been always of a practical kind. She was about to assent—and to seal her doom—when she suddenly remembered that all her best clothes were in her mother's closet, which was larger than hers, and that she could not get them without passing through the room where her parents were asleep. That ended the discussion. It was out of the question that she should marry this magnificent stranger in her every-day dress and cotton stockings. It was equally impossible that she should give that reason to any man. So she said, with dignity:

"Mr. Offitt, it is not proper for me to continue this conversation any longer. You ought to see it aint. I shall be happy to see you to-morrow."

Offitt descended the ladder, grinding out curses between his set teeth. A hate, as keen as his passion, for the foolish girl fired him. "Think," he hissed, "a man that killed, half an hour ago, the biggest swell in Buffland, to be treated that way by a carpenter's wench. Wait awhile, Miss; it'll come my innings." He lifted up the ladder, carried it carefully around the house, and leaned it against the wall under the window of the room occupied by Sleeney.

He hurried back to his lodging in Perry Place, where he found Sam Sleeney lying asleep on his bed. He was not very graciously greeted by his drowsy visitor.

"Why didn't you stay out all night?" Sam growled. "Where have you been, anyhow?"

"I've been at the variety-show, and it was the boss fraud of the season."

"You staid so long you must have liked it."

"I was waiting to see just how bad a show could be and not spoil."

"What did you want to see me about to-night?"

"The fact is, I expected to meet a man around at the Varieties who was to go in with us into a big thing. But he wasn't there. I'll nail him to-morrow, and then we can talk. It's big money, Sammy, and no discount. What would you think of a thousand dollars a month?"

"I'd a heap rather see it than hear you chin about it. Give me my hammer, and I'll go home."

"Why, I took it round to your shop this evening, and I tossed it in through the window. I meant to throw it upon the table, but it went over, I think from the sound, and dropped on the floor. You will find it among the shavings, I reckon."

"Well, I'm off," said Sam, by way of good-night.

"All right. Guess I'll see you to-morrow."

Offitt waited till he could hear the heavy tread of Sleeney completing the first flight of stairs and going around to the head of the second. He then shut and locked his door, and hung his hat over the key-hole. He turned up his lamp and sat down by the table to count his night's gains. The first package he took from his pocket had a glittering stain upon the outside bill. He separated the stained bill carefully from the rest, and held it a moment in his hand as if in doubt. He walked to his wash-stand, but at the moment of touching his pitcher he stopped short. He took out his handkerchief, but shook his head and put it back. Finally, he lighted a match, applied it to the corner of the bill, and watched it take fire and consume, until his fingers were scorched by the blaze. "Pity!" he whispered—"good money like that."

He seated himself again and began with a fierce, sustained delight to arrange and sort the bank-bills, laying the larger denominations by themselves, smoothing them down with a quick and tender touch, a kindling eye, and a beating heart. In his whole life, past and future, there was not such another moment of enjoyment. Money is, of course, precious and acceptable to all men except idiots. But,

if it means much to the good and virtuous, how infinitely more it means to the thoroughly depraved—the instant gratification of every savage and hungry devil of a passion which their vile natures harbor. Though the first and principal thing Offitt thought of was the possession of Maud Matchin, his excited fancy did not stop there. A long gallery of vicious pictures stretched out before his flaming eyes, as he reckoned up the harvest of his hand. The mere thought that each bill represented a dinner, where he might eat and drink what he liked, was enough to inebriate a starved

rogue whose excesses had always been limited by his poverty.

When he had counted and sorted his cash, he took enough for his immediate needs and put it in his wallet. The rest he made up into convenient packages, which he tied compactly with twine and disposed in his various pockets. "I'll chance it," he thought, after some deliberation. "If they get me, they can get the money, too. But they sha'n't get it without me."

He threw himself on his bed, and slept soundly till morning.

(To be continued.)



### THE MISER.

HOARDING up gold as each swift summer flies

Unto a bitter season that he fears,

The miser shuts the portal of his tears,

And bars out Mercy, with her piteous eyes.

But when Death enters, in unwelcome guise,

"Poor fool, and wasteful of the lavish years!"

Avenging Conscience shrieks into his ears,

And "Fool!" the murmur of the world replies.

If so late wealth can bring no pleasure in,

Be not to niggard spirits so akin:

But give me kisses, give me love, my sweet!

Hoard not the coin of passion in thy breast,

But spend it freely. Short is life at best,

And Time speeds onward with remorseless feet.

### TEN YEARS.

TEN winters has the north wind hurried by,

Licking the streamlets with its frozen tongue;

Ten summers through the boisterous robin sung

Since, arm in arm together, you and I

Walked from this church beneath a flawless sky.

So many years! It seemed the air yet rung

With wedding marches yonder piers among,

So swift the happy seasons o'er us fly!

And when the vexing thoughts I cannot quell,

Which come a-tiptoe at the beck of care,

About my spirit weave their dreary spell,

Your voice, resounding through the hollow air,

Smites on my quickened conscience like the bell

That calls a sinner to forgotten prayer.

*Andrew B. Saxton.*

## AN AVERAGE MAN.\*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

### I.

It was a fine moonlight night in early winter. The vicinity of Madison Square was a blaze of light. The theaters were just over, and a stream of people was pouring along the pavements. Horse-cars, packed to overflowing, jingled by. Democratic omnibuses thundered over the road-bed, side by side with smartly equipped coupés aglow with lanterns. The huge plate-glass windows of the restaurants flashed a dazzling welcome. All was glitter and roar and rush and hurry. The universal movement was of a race where each one fears to be left behind. It is here that the well-known avenues of fashion and trade intersect like the blades of a vast pair of shears, and focus the rumble, bustle, and glare of the metropolis.

Among the crowd that on this particular night peopled this famous New York thoroughfare, where Virtue and Vice touched each other's cheek,—where Plenty delights to flaunt, and Want to sun itself,—were two young men whom a less hurried gait distinguished from the average passer. They had been to the play, and the larger of the two—a compact, powerfully built fellow, whose hands were deep in the pockets of his ulster—softly hummed, between the puffs at his cigarette, an air from the reigning burlesque of the day. They entered Delmonico's, and crossing the floor of the restaurant established themselves at one of the tables.

"Bring a chicken salad, Alphonse, and a quart of that dry Monopole," said he of the ulster, whose name was Woodbury Stoughton, to the sinuous waiter at his shoulder. "I drink Monopole entirely now," he added sententiously, turning to his friend; and his glance began to wander in note of the occupants of the apartment, which was gay with patrons.

Now that one saw him distinctly, he was a handsome young man, with a full round face, void of much color, large brown eyes fringed by dark lashes, and a thick and somewhat blunt nose. Save for a crinkling mustache that, without shading the curves of his firm, humorous mouth, stood out beyond his cheeks, he was smoothly shaven; but his complexion about the lower jaw had the bluish tinge

peculiar to those whose beard is dark. Both he and his *vis-à-vis*, Arthur Remington, were in the neighborhood of twenty-five. The latter lacked the robust beauty of his friend. His was a more delicate mold,—a slim figure, somewhat above the average height, and a spare cast of countenance, with fresh-colored, prominent features. He had a thoughtful, intelligent expression, and eyes that were earnest and nervous. He looked a little tired, and, while waiting for the supper, ate bread and butter with a mechanical eagerness.

"I notice," continued Stoughton, drumming with his fingers carelessly on the table-cloth, "the bride, Mrs. Tom Fielding, is back again. She looks lovely as ever; I don't see that her damask cheek shows any traces of the traditional worm."

"She was Miss Ethel Linton, wasn't she?" asked Remington, turning slightly in the direction indicated. The lady in question was one of a merry party at the other side of the room.

"Yes. The story is, you know, she was in love with Willis Blake, but her stern parent lit down on her. Willis hadn't a dollar to write after his name; and Tom Fielding stood all ready at the castle gate, so to speak, a-combing his milk-white steed. They say she and old man Linton had some pretty lively times together; but in the end Tom carried off the daughter."

"I've heard something of that sort before. Poor girl! I pity her."

"Well, I don't know. It isn't such a bad thing, now, to marry a million. Tom isn't overburdened with intellect, to be sure; but I guess he's a decent sort of fellow, and will know enough to let her have her head. There's no use looking a gift horse in the mouth merely because he has no brains. Ah! here comes the salad."

"By the way," said Stoughton presently, "talking of the other sex, I met that little Cambridge girl you used to be so sweet on in the street yesterday."

"What! Maud Bolles?"

"Yes, Maud Bolles—as if you didn't know well enough! She's married, she tells me, and to one of those scientific duffers. She was quite vivacious for her, and informed me that her husband was engaged at present in



weighing thirty guinea-pigs before and after meals, with a view to 'physiological induction.' Well, here's luck!" and Stoughton emptied his champagne glass.

Remington laughed. "You always were hard on those Cambridge girls, Wood. I suppose they were rather provincial as a lot, but somehow or other I used to like them. They seemed to appeal to the best side of me, and had the effect of a sort of moral tonic. I dare say it would have been a first-rate thing for me if I'd married Maud Bolles."

"Pshaw, my dear fellow! Compare her, for instance, with the girls one meets in New York. She can't hold a candle to them for genuine attraction. Spiritual graces are all very well; but — dash it, Arthur — the body counts for something. She had a pretty face, that was all."

"Oh, yes! You're right enough, I dare say. It's strange how things happen in this world. I was pretty well cut up because she would not accept me Class-Day evening." Remington leaned his head on his hand thoughtfully. "Perhaps now I'm glad she didn't; and yet my reasons somehow don't do me proud, as Tom Walker used to say."

"Well, it'll be all the same a hundred years hence, my dear fellow. Some more salad?"

"No, I believe not, thank you. It's curious, isn't it," he continued, "how a fellow grows more worldly in spite of himself? New York knocks the romance out of one very fast. I should like to be able to look at things from the same ideal point of view I used to, a few years ago. I suppose I'm wiser in some ways to-day; but I'm a cold, calculating creature compared to what I was then. This city life doesn't leave one much time for theorizing. What a whirl it is!" he added, reflectively, glancing about him; "and it seems to increase every day."

Stoughton scowled, as if irritated by this reminder of current existence, and buried his face in his glass. He set it down with emphasis. "It's all a race for wealth here. A man amounts to nothing in New York unless he has money." He poured out some more champagne gloomily. "Our people have no idea of enjoyment. They don't understand the meaning of the word. Our ancestors — the progenitors of those prim maidens you were admiring just now — went on the principle that everything except money-getting was wrong, and here you have the result. American civilization is based on the theory that life is a sort of 'twenty-minutes-for-dinner' at a way-station, and consequently every one keeps in such a state of nervousness, lest the train may start without him, that a com-

fortable square meal is out of the question. If a fellow happened to dawdle over a dish and smack his lips a little, he was sure to hear some one whisper, 'It'll be a warm day for that shrimp before long.' Our fathers were taught from the cradle that the man who lingers in this world over the peaches and cream is bound to get left."

Remington laughed. "At least, the present generation is not under the influence of any such delusion."

"Exactly, my dear fellow; but it doesn't know how to enjoy. That's the point. Beauty and repose are sealed doors to our race." And Stoughton proceeded further to illustrate his argument with the somewhat disdainful air common to him when roused. He admitted, he said, that it had dawned even upon our people that, after all, happiness is legitimate in this human sphere. The trouble was, nobody understood how to set about obtaining it. Our organisms had become so habituated, in former generations, to judging everything by so-called standards of man's invention, which he had had the presumption to dub divine, that they had become starved and contracted. Our sense of the beautiful, the artistic, the exquisite in life was false and illiterate. We had evolved as national traits a cold, lofty moral standard, not lived up to, and an exceeding commercial cleverness. We had made money, and how were we spending it? In tasteless extravagance and ostentation.

Remington was silent a moment. "Yes; and yet," said he, "underneath it all there lies something better. I believe that, like our fathers, we too are not content with the peaches and cream. We are at heart an earnest people."

"There spoke the spirit of some Puritan ancestor. My dear fellow, life is meant to be enjoyed. Why not get all the pleasure one can out of it, while it lasts?" And Stoughton sat back in his chair vehemently. His tone betrayed the irritation of one conscious of somewhat sharing at heart, against his will, his opponent's sentiments.

It happened at this moment that a party of three or four young men entered the restaurant, and passed close to the table where Remington and Stoughton were sitting. One of these was a thick-set and rather coarse-looking fellow, who swaggered a little as he walked, with a bullet head and a dogged sort of expression about the mouth that suggested a bull-terrier. The points of his dress were exaggerated and somewhat careless. He darted around him a pair of keen, dark eyes, as if to take in at a breath the occupants of the place. Catching sight of Stoughton, he nodded good-humoredly, and, bending over,

whispered across the back of his hand, in passing: "I bought that of yours at seventy-five. It closed six bid, and none offered."

"Hold on a minute, Finchley," said Stoughton, reaching out to detain the new-comer. "Is it going higher? How do things look?"

The broker placed his hand on the other's shoulder, and replied in a confidential tone: "I am a bull myself upon the situation. We may have temporary reactions, but I look for higher prices. Mr. Gould's brokers," he added, with an increasing earnestness of whisper calculated to convey the impression that his words were not intended for the public, "have been large buyers to-day. The earnings of the roads continue to be enormous. Take your purchase, for instance; the possibilities of that stock are something tremendous. Its land-grant alone is an empire in itself,—an empire in itself." He dwelt upon the last expression with an air of satisfaction. In the very ugliness of his smile there was something dangerously winning.

"Who's that?" inquired Remington, as the broker rejoined his friends.

"That?" said Stoughton absently, as if lost in calculation. "Oh," he continued, "don't you know Finchley? He's in J. C. Withington & Company. He used to be a clerk in their concern, but proved so serviceable they took him into partnership. I guess he makes his fifteen thousand a year fast enough."

"He isn't very much to look at."

"No, he's a genuine cad; but he's smart. That's the sort of man, Arthur," he added presently, "to get on in New York. He isn't troubled by any of the subtle considerations that trouble you and me. He'd call that kind of thing filigree work. He knows what he wants to do, and has it all cut out for him. It's his ambition in life to make a million, and he will before he's forty, if his luck doesn't go back on him. Any theory of living not bottomed on the Almighty Dollar would probably strike him as 'hole-in-the-sky.' I tell you what, old man, we're too well educated, we've got too many fine-spun ideas, to succeed in this place." Stoughton spoke a little bitterly. He paused, and chancing to look up, a strange expression came over him. "Shylock has a daughter," he murmured, and nodded toward the door-way.

Remington turned his head in the direction indicated, and his glance fell upon a young girl standing on the threshold, as if in search of some one in the restaurant. She was wrapped in a white opera-cloak. The light threw her figure, which was sufficiently tall, into perfect relief. Remington felt that he had rarely, if ever, seen such a beautiful being. Her person had exchanged the more

fragile grace of extreme maidenhood for a mature but equally symmetrical luxuriance of form. Her large blue eyes and round cheeks—tinged with the delicate olive of the brunette, yet suffused with color, and soft with the bloom peculiar to youth—were crowned with a superabundance of fluffy golden hair, that strayed far down upon her forehead in rebellious tangles. Her mouth was slightly prominent,—her lips full, unwavering, and so brightly red as to display to advantage the whiteness of her small, regular, and almost cruelly incisive teeth. The exuberance of the smile by which she now indicated her discovery of the object of her scrutiny betrayed a keen enjoyment of life, and a plentiful fund of vitality. There was something vigorous, fearless, almost bold, still not unrefined, in her expression. One realized the presence of a splendid animal. You felt, in regard to her possibilities, as one feels in gazing on a massive block of shining marble before the sculptor's hand has fashioned it.

She was accompanied by a slim youth of albino type and lackadaisical demeanor.

Remington had started at the apparition. "Who is she, Wood?" and his face wore a half-puzzled, half-amused look.

"Miss Idlewild, daughter of Peter Idlewild, the banker and railway magnate. She's a stunner, isn't she? Nothing of the pocket Venus about her; it's the genuine article."

Remington seemed lost in thought. "Yes, it must be the same," he muttered to himself. "But they're not Jews, surely?" he suddenly asked of his friend, recalling the other's previous remark.

"My language was merely metaphorical. I have no cause, my dear fellow, to doubt her Aryan descent," said Stoughton, with a laugh. "But whence all this mysterious cogitation? Do you know her?"

"It was on a steam-boat, four summers ago. I was going to Bar Harbor. It was the end of my Junior year, and I was feeling terribly blue, I remember, over a condition in chemistry," said Remington, musingly. "There happened to be very few people on board, and I found myself sitting next to this girl, near the bow. She wasn't as pretty as she is now, and was more slender-looking; but she'd have passed in a crowd even then. Somehow or other we got into conversation. I think it was a shoal of porpoises that brought us together. She inquired of a deck-hand if they were whales, and —"

"And you were *on deck* with an answer," laughed Stoughton. "I've been there myself."

"Exactly. She asked me what time it was, which broke the ice completely. I discovered

she was traveling entirely alone, and was on the way to visit some relatives in Maine. She seemed inclined to be communicative, and told me that her name was Isabel Idlewild, that her mother was dead, and her father in business in New York. 'And when I'm eighteen,' she said, 'I'm going to live there, and keep house for him. That'll be in two years. I'm only sixteen now. Don't you think I look older than that?' I remember it all distinctly, as if it had been yesterday. There was a moon, and after supper we went and sat aft of the paddle-box, where we could see the glitter on our wake. She produced, from a little reticule she carried, some oranges and a paper of chocolates, which she insisted on my sharing. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'isn't it lovely?'

"What, the confectionery?"

"No, you unsentimental cynic. She had reference to the moon and the general surroundings. 'I suppose,' said she, with a little sidelong glance I have never forgotten, 'it's perfectly dreadful of me to be talking to you and telling you all these things. Do you know, the last words my folks said to me before I left home were that I mustn't talk to any one. But I do like company; don't you, Mr. — what did you say your name was?'"

"Num, num!" articulated Stoughton, banteringly.

"'I didn't say,' said I with a laugh. 'Oh,' said she, 'how unkind! but you will write it in my album, I know. I always make my traveling friends write their names in my album'; and therewith she ferreted out of the aforesaid reticule a small autograph-book."

"Did you write it?"

"Yes. I thought at first of writing a fictitious name; but, as I never expected to see her again, I didn't care much. We sat out until about ten o'clock," continued Remington, "and then she said it was time for her to go to bed. I tried to make her stay up longer, but she wouldn't. I walked with her to the head of the staircase. She was to land at an early hour in the morning. 'You will write to me?' she said, putting out her hand. 'Of course,' replied I, a little staggered withal. 'Address Maud Vandyke, care of the post-master,' she continued; 'my folks mightn't like it if they knew I was corresponding. Good-night!' and I have never seen her since until to-day. She landed before I was up."

"And you never wrote to her?"

"No. I don't know why exactly, but I never did. I wonder if she'd remember me. I've had a mind to speak to her," said Remington, turning slightly so as to command a glimpse of the young beauty, who had joined

some friends at a distant table. "You say her father is a banker?"

"Yes. Peter Idlewild & Company. That's he at the table with her. The blonde youth is her brother. The old man is one of your self-made chaps, who came to New York as a boy, without a dollar in his pocket, and has laid up a colossal fortune. Now he's trying to get into society on the strength of his money," said Stoughton. "I'll introduce you, if you like."

"What! do you know her?"

"A little," replied Stoughton, with a grin. "I met her at Newport last summer, once or twice. They had the Spencer Colgate cottage. They're rich, you know, and were invited about more or less. She's a *débutante*. The second wife, who is quite presentable, is anxious to cut a dash 'in the swim.' That's their new house on Fifth avenue, near Sixty-second street,—the one that looks big enough for a palace. I'm invited to a blow-out there next week. Come on; I'll introduce you."

Remington offering no objection, the other presently led the way across to where the Idlewilds were sitting. The party included the second Mrs. Idlewild, a beautifully dressed but languid-looking woman, considerably her husband's junior.

"Why, Mr. Stoughton, how *do* you do? We haven't met for ever so long," exclaimed the girl with a frank graciousness, putting out her hand. "I'm real glad to see you again." Her face wore an exuberance of expression unusual with those whom familiarity with the world has taught to temper the display of their emotions.

"Permit me, Miss Idlewild, to present my friend, Mr. Remington." Stoughton spoke with the air of subtle gallantry, of self-mortification, that charms a woman.

As Remington's eyes encountered those of the young beauty she blushed. "I think we have met before, Miss Idlewild," he said.

"I remember perfectly." She looked him now full in the face with fearless, wide-open eyes, her head coquettishly poised on one side. Stoughton had turned to speak with her parents. "But you never wrote"; and a mischievous smile parted her red lips, between which her small white teeth shone like pearls.

"I was afraid you wouldn't answer me. But is there no way in which I can condone my offense?"

"Oh," she cried, "I'll forgive you if you come and see me, Mr. Remington. And where have you been all these years? Let me see! Why, it's four since we met,—four years last summer. Father sent for me that autumn, and I've lived here ever since. Father's married again. That's mother with

him. Do you think I've changed much, Mr. Remington?"

"I think you've become very beautiful," whispered the young man.

"Really?" She darted a pleased little glance at him, then dropped her eyes confusedly. "Oh, but you mustn't say things like that. I'm grown up now, and am going to be dreadfully proper," she said, drawing herself up with mock dignity. "You know I'm just 'out' now, and — oh, Mr. Remington, I want you to come to my party. It's next week, and I'll get mother to send you an invitation." She paused a moment while Remington bowed his acknowledgments. "It is funny, isn't it, we should meet again after so long?" she said. "What a nice time we had that evening! Do you remember how lovely it was on deck, — and the chocolates, and the album, and all? I suppose it was dreadfully improper of me, wasn't it? Well, I shall make up for it by being a perfect icicle. Do tell me, Mr. Remington, is Mr. Stoughton a great friend of yours?"

Remington answered that they had always been intimate. "We were classmates in college."

"Really? Oh, then he must be, of course. He's very handsome, *isn't* he? But I'm afraid of him," she added, with a little laugh. "I always feel as if he didn't quite approve of me." As she glanced in the direction of Stoughton, who was still conversing with her parents, Remington detected, as he thought, a trace of something half defiant, as it were, in her eyes. "But I want to introduce you to father, Mr. Remington."

Peter Idlewild was a well-preserved man about sixty years old, of sturdy frame. His face was one which would at once command the attention. A large, beak-like nose; a deep-red complexion; a solid jaw; a firm mouth, the expression of which was shaded but not concealed by a stubby, bristling, iron-gray mustache, a trifle lighter than his still abundant hair; and a pair of glittering, deep-set eyes, of cold, metallic light, guarded by bushy eyebrows of that same iron-gray, — such were its distinguishing features; and, as an offset to these sterner lineaments, a smile — his daughter's smile intensified — suggesting confidences and a deep interest in your welfare, and breathing that peculiar power which word-painters of our day style magnetism. One saw at a glance that it was from him that the daughter had inherited her superb physique and vigor.

"Father, this is Mr. Remington. Mr. Remington and I are old friends"; and she shot a demure smile at the young man.

"How do you do, sir? I am very happy

to make your acquaintance, sir," said Mr. Idlewild, in a deep bass voice, — "very happy to make your acquaintance."

He introduced Remington to his wife, and insisted upon ordering more champagne. His voice and gestures were those of one who courts notoriety. It almost seemed that, as if aware good breeding lies beyond the compass of even an iron will or cunning fancy, he enjoyed a revenge in flaunting his wealth in the face of the community. In his presence, however, one felt unconsciously a dwarfing of self, if no effort were made to withstand its influence, — realized the fascination that flows from a superior, mastering vitality. After the first outburst of hospitality, he sat back in his chair sipping his wine with an important and sphinx-like gravity, while Remington talked to his wife.

"Mr. Stoughton tells me you were classmates at Harvard, Mr. Remington. We saw Mr. Stoughton quite frequently last summer at Newport. I suppose you know Newport very well?" said Mrs. Idlewild in her listless way. "I shall be glad to see you at our house on Wednesday of next week. My daughter expects a few of her friends."

A few minutes later Mrs. Idlewild rose to depart. There was some little delay about the carriage, and the young men stood chatting with Miss Isabel in the vestibule. While thus engaged, the gay party previously alluded to passed out, with velvet step, and wafting a faint odor as of violets. A tall, lithe young woman of graceful bearing turned her face, which peeped forth from the folds of the drapery wound about her head, back over her shoulder, and nodded in a friendly manner to Woodbury Stoughton. He raised his hat, and flew to her side.

"Permit me to see you to your carriage, Mrs. Fielding."

The aristocratic poise of her head, the springy piquancy of her motions, suggested a thorough-bred race-horse. Her face expressed excessive refinement and some physical delicacy. It was pretty, but pale and a trifle pinched. Its features were small, save a long, thin, pointed nose. The first bloom of youth was gone. Her beauty was that of a Marshal Niel rose, of which just the edges of the leaves have begun to curl and faintly to discolor.

"That's the bride, Mrs. Tom Fielding," whispered Miss Idlewild to Remington. "I saw her at Newport, when she was Miss Linton. She's lovely, isn't she?"

"Yes. That sleepy-looking man with the brown beard is her husband. What a heavenly night! It reminds me of four years ago."



She was tripping to the carriage now on the arm of the young man. "Wasn't it lovely! Ah, but you never wrote!" she murmured banteringly, and her clear, unconventional laugh fell upon the night air.

Stoughton, who had seen Mrs. Fielding into her coupé, came hurrying forward to offer his assistance, and a few merry words passed between the party. "Good-night, gentlemen, good-night," said the deep bass of Mr. Idlewild. The young men lifted their hats, and the powerful, prancing horses bore away their lovely burden.

## II.

THE young men lit their cigarettes, and sauntered slowly along the pavement. The night was cool and tranquil. The moon had set, but the heavens were brilliant with the frosty glitter which the stars emit in the clear atmosphere of winter. Much of the roar and bustle of the neighborhood had subsided; yet the reverberations of Broadway, dulled by distance, still fell upon the ear like the ceaseless rush of a river heard by one who wakes at night amid the deathly stillness of the woods. The ferrules of their canes struck the sidewalk with the sharp, distinct ring that betokens quiet surroundings.

Their homes lay at some little distance up-town, and they walked and smoked, lost in their own reflections. How susceptible we mortals are to the influences of the natural forces! Our nervous systems respond to the waves of light and sound, to shadow and to luster, to silence and to turmoil, even as the chords of a piano to pressure upon the keys. Who shall escape his moods? We vary from hour to hour. A kiss, a crowd, a peaceful night, an apple-blossom, the pale cold face of one beloved,—what a widely opposite effect each one of these has upon the organism! And what, indeed, is human nature but a series of varied and recurring emotions, strung like pearls upon the thread of individual existence, which is bounded by mystery at either end?

Arthur Remington and Woodbury Stoughton had alike reached one of those halting-places in the struggle for existence, where even the most impetuous and least self-questioning natures have the desire and opportunity to pause and think. The precious boon of pondering on what has been and is to be, out of the sweep of the current, was theirs for a moment. This had been more literally true of their condition three months previous, at which time they had returned to New York to settle down to the serious business of life, as it is called. The

eight preceding years had been passed away from their native city. They both had been graduated at Harvard, and subsequently had studied law and spent a year in traveling abroad. Now they had come back to earn their living, after having enjoyed the best advantages our civilization affords in the way of education. The social position of both was likewise of the best. They belonged to families that had for several generations been people of consideration in society. But although this was the case, each had his way to make in the world. Beyond some five thousand dollars apiece, they had nothing of their own. Their fathers, as is generally the case in America, had made every effort to give them an excellent education, and now expected them to take care of themselves as soon as possible. The fathers were neither of them men of large fortune, and had need of all their income to provide for the expenses of a handsome establishment and growing family. The young men still lived at home. They had just been admitted to the bar, and had set up law offices of their own.

Woodbury Stoughton habitually produced the effect of an indifferent and rather lazy person, with a dash of the cynic. His conversation and bearing were apt to suggest one to whom enthusiasm or serious endeavor was at least distasteful, if not a theme for satire. It had been seemingly his desire while in college to figure as a skeptic of all that was intangible and otherwise than mundane. Watching him stroll along the streets of Cambridge, with an air both fastidious and reserved, a bull-pup at his heels, his fellows tacitly pigeon-holed him as an embryo Chesterfield. For, despite his apathetic ways, there were curious whispers in circulation concerning him. His intimates declared that he was immensely clever. It was said he had read everything. Besides, he was a handsome fellow, of commanding presence, and even those who resented his exclusive demeanor could not deny his ability to converse fluently and with pungency. Several years of schooling abroad as a child had given him a familiarity with foreign languages that served as an additional means of prestige. It came, in short, to be currently stated that, if Woodbury Stoughton only chose to work, he could have any place on the rank-list,—a measure of praise much more flattering in the eyes of his classmates than actual success would have been. He apparently, however, studied but little the college requirements, preferring—as those who voiced his utterances said—to read in self-chosen directions. He professed to be especially enamored of literature which presented most vividly the



philosophy of an epigrammatic pessimism. Aphorisms from Voltaire, La Rochefoucauld, and others of that class, were constantly on his lips.

The young ladies of the university town, who—with the example of the Trojan Helen constantly in mind, so to speak—were invariably suspicious of Parisian manners, did not approve of Mr. Stoughton. To begin with, he seemed to prefer the parties in the adjacent Boston to their own "sociables," which was an excellent reason for suspecting him of an inclination toward worldliness; and when it was whispered about that he was acquainted with several actresses, the Puritan maidens took refuge in the dreadful anathema that there "was nothing in him." They even took Arthur Remington, who was a favorite in Cambridge social circles, to task for his intimacy with the handsome Lothario. Miss Bolles, who was rightly supposed to possess great influence with the former, was deputed to inquire what there was to recommend Mr. Stoughton.

"Isn't he dreadfully fast?" asked the suburban beauty, with a severe look in her serious face.

"Not in the least. Why, how could you have got such an idea?" answered Remington. "He's fond of having a good time, like the rest of us, but that's all. No; Woodbury Stoughton is one of the ablest men in the class."

"Didn't he stand very low on the rank-list last year?"

"That's no test. He could have had *any* rank if he had chosen to study."

Miss Bolles, far from convinced, shook her head. To have the opportunity of improving one's self and not to do so, seemed to her earnest spirit quite incomprehensible. How many young men there were through the country struggling to obtain the means for a college education, and here was a man—and with natural ability, too—throwing away his advantages! It was simply dreadful, and Mr. Remington was to blame in seeking to defend him.

Nevertheless, the same young ladies regarded this black sheep with a certain awe that was not perhaps void of secret admiration. They could not help admitting that he was handsome. When they met him in the streets they bowed with frigidity, to be sure; but there was an excitement about the encounter for which they could not exactly account, and which the more analytical were conscious was not consistent with the disapproval they harbored. As time went on, indeed, a Miss Margaret Lamb, one of the sweetest and most simple-minded of the set,

allowed herself to become intimate with Stoughton, who had made an exception in her favor in his criticism of Cambridge manners. She presently gave it to be known that she had no idea there was so much in Mr. Stoughton, and that he was really very much in earnest, and so clever. Some of her companions, as a consequence, modified a little their views in his regard; but the majority preferred to think that Margaret had fallen a victim to her own vanity.

Remington, on the other hand, had been looked upon in his college days as a tolerably easy-going fellow, with amiable, unpretentious manners. There was a nervous energy about him always seeking vent, which had made him conspicuous in various fields of college enterprise. His exertions in the line of athletics, theatricals, and the like, were a contrast to the elegant inactivity of Stoughton, who used to smile withal at the other's restlessness. He enjoyed life with a keenness that was visible in his expression. In the way of studies he, too, had been negligent, but from a buoyant heedlessness rather than premeditation. It was always his intention to work, and his penitence for his idleness was as sincere as it was apt to prove transitory. But, though impetuous and volatile, there had ever been a current of earnest seriousness beneath the bubbling surface of his days. There were those among his classmates who styled him visionary, and instanced in support thereof his rhapsodizing talk at times, and the tendency he showed for the discussion of serious and sentimental problems with his girl intimates. His devotion to Miss Bolles was a well-known circumstance, and some of his associates, be it said to their shame, looked upon the pale, slim professor's daughter, whose face reflected the fervor of her earnest views of life, in the light of an infliction. In fact, before the close of his under-graduate course, the influences of sobering reflection had begun to manifest themselves in his conduct, and he became much more assiduous at his studies. Commencement-Day found him above the middle of his class on the rank-list; but, to the surprise of almost everybody, Woodbury Stoughton's percentage for the Senior year was but two or three removed from the highest.

Remington was one of the few to whom Stoughton's sudden prowess was no revelation. He was quite aware of the fire that burned beneath his friend's calm and indifferent exterior—a fire which Stoughton had ever shrunk from acknowledging, but which was just as real as the restless energy which showed itself in the other's very eyes. Their intimacy had been a singular one. The dissimilarity of their traits had seemingly attracted them

toward each other. The calm, passive force of Stoughton, his deliberate ways, suggestive of reserve power, and his casuistic cleverness had alike appealed to his more plastic companion; and the former had in turn silently watched, with a curious interest, the development of Remington's nervous nature. They were known as great cronies; but their bond of sympathy largely consisted in antagonism to each other's ideas. Stoughton had not been able to disguise from his friend the secret ambition within him; but even in confidential moments his attitude was apologetic, as if he considered all enthusiasm a weakness. While unable to conceal his own susceptibility to the aspirations common to the sober moments of youth, he inveighed against the same as stumbling-blocks in the path of happiness.

Many were the rambles they used to take together on Sunday afternoons, when their classmates who lived in Boston had gone home. They were wont to discuss all sorts of questions, and with great heat, too; for Stoughton was a bitter opponent of authority, and resented the old-time arguments upon which his comrade founded his conclusions. And Remington, while he deplored the upsetting of the opinions he fancied established forever, could not help admitting that the other was very clever, and that, perhaps, what he said regarding the automatism of human beings might have some truth in it. For Woodbury Stoughton professed great admiration for the doctrines of the materialists, and delighted to style himself a victim of the idiosyncrasies of his ancestors. He used to quote the Frenchman's remark that "to reform a man you must begin with his grandmother," and claimed the laws of heredity to be the arbiters of fate. Opinions? Beliefs? Who dared claim (so he argued) that any one set of opinions or beliefs bore the stamp of a supernatural approval? Who was prepared to assert that what men symbolized as divine commands was aught but accumulated human experience of what had been best for the race, — handed down through the centuries from father to son, until it had crystallized as an instinct of the organism and been accredited to a God? Best, — and what was best? The eternal strife went on, and on, and on. Still, the stronger survived and the weaker perished. To earn their bread, a pitiful mass of beings toiled day in, day out, in reeking factories and workshops, and in the bowels of the earth, that their more prosperous brethren might live in luxury. Here, too, the teachings of one were stamped with the disapproval of his neighbor. What some called right there were others to stigmatize as wrong. The laws of human device varied with suc-

ceeding generations, and those of nature ever found a new interpretation. Still, a portion claimed as of divine revelation doctrines to which the rest refused their faith, and the creeds of the world were as diverse as its peoples. And so from age to age man labored his allotted time, died, and was gathered to his fathers; and what came after, no one, not even the wisest, knew.

Those delightful four years of undergraduate life came to an end at last. Class-Day was at hand, and after that they were both to enter the law school. Remington was chosen one of the marshals of his class, an office which is commonly the reward of popularity; and his spirits were of the best as he stood under the flower-belted memorial elm, conducting what is familiarly known to Harvard men as "the exercises at the tree." During these rites, which are witnessed annually by enthusiastic audiences of maidens in muslin and their chaperons, ranged on benches around two sides of a quadrangle or looking down from the dormitory window-seats overhead, the graduating class, having exchanged the spick-and-span apparel of the morning for highly nondescript garments, commit every kind of student eccentricity. They cheer the favorite professors, the victorious "crews" and "nines," and even extend their patronage to the college "goodies," which is the still more aged title of the venerable dames who have the charge of rooms. When at last subjects for applause are no longer to be found, the heroes of the occasion, hand clasped in hand, begin to revolve about the ancient tree, which wears a vast band of choice flowers around its trunk, far removed from the grasp of the tallest of the revelers. The younger classes also rise from the turf upon which they have been lounging, and form three other rings, which begin to revolve with alternate motion. The Sophomores follow the movement of the graduating class, but the Juniors and Freshmen turn from right to left. The class song is sung, and after it "Fair Harvard," the darling air of the university; and then, as the tripping feet speed faster, the voices take up the burden of "Auld Lang Syne" and lift it to the stars. The pace grows frantic now; the arms swing with wild, ecstatic energy; and at a given signal the two hundred youths, who are supposed to be men from this day forth, rush in an indiscriminate mass toward the elm to tear the flowers from their resting-place. Regardless of appearances, or even of justice, they swarm up the mammoth trunk on the backs of each other. The giant lifts the nimble strippling upon his shoulders until his fingers touch

the posies, and robs him to the last bud as he hauls him down. It is *saute qui peut* with a vengeance. The weakest go to the wall, or rather to the earth, and the strong man carries off the prize to his Dulcinea. It is a mimic foretaste of the great world into which they will be let loose upon the morrow.

So at least had reflected Woodbury Stoughton, as he stood a little apart watching the scrimmage with a smile that was half disdainful. He was too lazy, as he would have expressed it, to make so much exertion for the sake of a few roses. There was nobody in especial to whom he wished to present them, and he would get heated for nothing. Therefore, he let the others do the climbing, and amused himself with the sight of their vicissitudes. He would have to encounter plenty of rough-and-tumble in the struggle of the next few years without beginning now. Holloa! there was Arthur Remington barking up the tree, like a good one. Smithson, the university stroke, had him by the legs, and was lifting him toward the goal. A little farther,—there, he had a handful now, and looked with beaming, mocking eyes triumphantly down at the envious faces below. "This way, that's a good fellow, Remington," "Remember your friends," "Pull him down," and the like, rose from a score of throats, until attention was diverted by the success of another aspirant who had clambered to eminence under cover of the confusion. Just then, Remington, who was casting favors right and left, caught sight of Stoughton looking up at him, and with a simple wave of his arm tossed in his direction a choice bunch of red roses which he had intended to reserve for himself. A dozen hands grasped at them as they floated downward, but Stoughton was not the man to suffer himself to be robbed under his very eyes. He strove valiantly for his property, and succeeded in carrying off the major portion of the blushing blossoms. While he was battling, the patience of the stalwart Smithson apparently gave way, and with it the support of Remington, who came tumbling to the earth, clinching however with the tenacity of desperation a few crumpled remains of flowers. The tree was entirely stripped now. In fact, the work of demolition had been vastly shorter than has been its narration, and the crowd, well pleased at the success of the spectacle, already was beginning to scatter in the direction of the "teas."

A spur in the side of Remington's native energy had been the desire to obtain from the rose-belt a *bouquet de corsage* for Miss Bolles, to whom he had promised to show later on in the evening, when the band began

to play and the college-green was alive with lanterns, the room that he had occupied during the four years of his student life. It was a sorry-looking bunch that he had carried off, so he reflected, as he presented them to the young lady, with a stammering, half audible remark, embodying the hope that she would keep them to remember him by. Nor did they look much better, as he scanned them by and by, from a seat beside his study-table, nestling in her waistband. Miss Bolles had possession of the cushioned window-seat, and her slim, girlish profile, surmounted by a jaunty chip hat and large white feather, were outlined as in a frame against the evening air. She held between her thumb and finger the cord of the shade, and gently and pensively swayed the tassel to and fro, while the strains of music and hum of voices floated up from below.

He had been too generous at the tree. He ought to have kept the best for her instead of giving them away. He had been in a position to win for her the choicest of all, and yet there was nothing to show for his endeavors but these faded sprigs. What had Woodbury done with his? he wondered. He had seen Miss Lamb wandering about at Jack Hewson's tea looking quite disconsolate, despite the attendance of a cavalier or two. Very likely Woodbury had found her by this time.

What was he doing here himself? Why had he persuaded Miss Bolles to climb the winding, narrow staircase to his nest in the top story of old Holworthy? He had been looking forward for weeks to this interview, and now it had come. Neither of them had spoken for several minutes. She was listening to the music. How pretty she looked, he thought, as he stealthily gazed at her. His heart was beating like a trip-hammer. Ought he to say anything to her? Would she like it if he did? Did he want to say anything to her, and what was there to say? He loved her—yes, he loved her; but somehow he wasn't ready to be married yet. What would his family say? He had his own way to make in the world. He was ready to work, he was eager to work. He would go out on a sheep-farm or do anything to make money, if only he was sure she cared for him. Yes, come what might, he would tell her his secret,—if it was a secret,—and have it over with. He never could be happy without her, he was sure of that.

So he had presently broken the silence, which was becoming somewhat awkward, with a sententious little speech that was so suggestive of sentiment as to cause Miss Bolles to draw her wrap about her shoulders

with a slight shiver and say she thought it really was time for her to be going. But the young lover would pay no attention to the hint. She should not escape him now. He never might have such an opportunity again. And he rushed to his fate very glibly when once the ice was broken, for he told the sweet descendant of the Puritans he had loved her ever since he had seen her first, that she was the dearest girl in the world, and had so much influence over him that if she would only say she loved him just a little, he would be very, very happy. He called her "Maud," too, and drawing his chair to the window-seat tried to take her hand, which she, poor girl, would not let him have. She sat silent and trembling, nor did she say a word until he had finished. Then she told him quietly, and even a little coldly, that what he asked was quite impossible. She had enjoyed their friendship very much, of course; but the idea of anything else had never entered her head.

"I am so sorry for you, Mr. Remington, but you must try and get on without me. I am not half so good a girl as you make me out to be," and she smiled faintly at her admirer. "I only wish I were," she added, and she covered her face with her hands as she spoke.

Half an hour later, after he had conducted Miss Bolles back to her party and bade her a rather stiff and funeral farewell, Remington took a bee-line for one of the clubs. He felt angry and, as if it were incumbent upon him to do something desperate in retaliation for his discomfiture, he would get drunk. He remembered that Harry Loring had, according to popular report, gone on a prolonged spree of ten days after being thrown over by a certain Miss Bowdoin, and he could now sympathize acutely with his action. The lights in the yard were dying out rapidly, and most of the guests had gone home. The songs of students who had exchanged feminine society for mild bacchanalia were beginning to be audible in the distance, and the greensward was fast assuming the appearance of a deserted battlefield.

As Remington was hurried on by the impetuosity of this mood, he was startled at hearing a voice close at hand ask him whether he was going so fast. Turning his head sharply, he found himself face to face with Woodbury Stoughton, who was sitting placidly smoking a pipe on the fence which bordered the sidewalk. The shade of a large tree concealed his figure from the careless passer.

"Holloa, Wood," exclaimed Remington, and he came to a halt. "What in the world are you doing here?"

"Reflecting, my dear fellow. Nothing worse, I assure you. I've been here most of

the evening." He smoked in silence for a minute. "You see, I was afraid if I went into the yard I might be led into saying something foolish. The last thing my mother said to me before I left home at Christmas was, that I must be careful not to do anything foolish. I've been following her advice; that's all."

Remington nervously switched off the head of an innocent dandelion with his cane. "I've been making a fool of myself to-night," he said.

"I think very likely," said Stoughton. "Did she accept you?" he inquired, presently.

"No."

"Well, you've got off better than I feared. If any one would have guaranteed me the same result, I might have had a pleasant evening; but I didn't dare to risk it." As he spoke, Stoughton looked down half-regretfully at a bunch of withered roses which adorned his lapel. Remington recognized them as the same he had thrown to him from the tree.

"I saw Miss Lamb at Jack Hewson's tea," said Remington.

"She's a nice girl,—a very nice girl." Stoughton shook his head slowly from side to side, and took another puff. "I'd told her that already though, so there was no use in my repeating it to her to-night. It was all I meant to tell her." He spoke the last words with a quiet deliberation. Presently he gave a deep sigh, and, rising, knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the fence. "'To-morrow, to fresh woods and pastures new.' Come on, old fellow. It's the luckiest thing in the world she refused you, and you'll think so, too, before you're a week older."

This prediction did not turn out to be exactly true; for, despite a consciousness that there was a certain compensation in still being free, and not having to go out to a sheep-farm immediately, Remington felt very gloomy for a number of weeks. Stoughton rallied him upon his despondency, and adduced many excellent reasons why he should be thankful that Miss Bolles had given him the mitten. They passed most of the summer, after graduation, at Newport; and it must be confessed that, when the time came for them to enter the law school, Remington did not experience any special elation at the idea of meeting his would-be sweetheart once more. Indeed, he had come to see that there were many things to be considered in the matter; that is to say, his youth, lack of means, and unsettled prospects in life did not warrant him in contracting an engagement. It was better as it was, perhaps. If he continued to love Miss Bolles three years hence, when he had begun to practice law, he would try his fortune again.



Until then he must be content to take his chance; and it was a little surprising to himself, withal, to observe how calmly he was able to face the prospect of taking his chance.

Those next two years at the law school were years of genuine hard study on the part of both Remington and Stoughton. It is very apt to be the case that those who have been easy-going students while under-graduates turn out wonderful workers as soon as they enter the professional schools. They each managed to spend so many hours a day over their law-books that the termination of the course found them thoroughly fagged out, and a year abroad was decreed as the needful tonic in the premises. Miss Bolles must have been a most unsophisticated young person, for Remington left Cambridge this second time with scarcely a pang at parting. Indeed, it is doubtful if there was any formal leave-taking between them. He had found her manner toward him, on his return from Newport, so cool (which was doubtless caused by a conscientious wish to avoid encouragement) that he soon began to plead the multiplicity of his legal duties as an excuse for not making more frequent visits. He scarcely ever went to the Cambridge sociables, and their opportunities for meeting were very few. Miss Margaret Lamb was in poor health during the greater portion of the two years, and Stoughton used to send her fruit and flowers occasionally. She was said to have played too much tennis at Bar Harbor; but, as her father, Professor George Lamb, happened to have been one of the original holders of Agueville and Tallpeak Railway stock, she was able to have the best medical attendance.

"Only think," said Stoughton, the evening after their final law examinations, as he and his friend sat on the steps of Dane Hall, taking a last retrospective survey—"Only think, if I'd married Margaret Lamb, what a bonanza I should have struck! Somebody was saying yesterday that the professor is worth a cool million."

"And she's an only daughter," added Remington.

Thus had passed the days of their novitiate. A three months' experience of actual life had already begun to color the current of their ideas. Just as buds, which, fashioned through long months of dark, silent growth, burst into light and prominence beneath a spring day's varying sun and shower, impulses and impressions hitherto unknown to them were welling up under contact with the workaday world. They were passing through the disillusionizing process common to all carefully educated young men. The realities of life were very different from what they had pict-

ured them at the university. They had come to New York with the knowledge of their superiority to the mass of mankind, and confident of recognition. They were anxious to shine in their calling, to make money, to become prominent in the community; and though indefinite as to the precise methods, they had never doubted their ability to do so. But the result thus far had been quite removed from their expectation. They had found their theories and refinements of little apparent avail for the wear and tear of downtown life.

The discovery had been more or less mortifying. Stoughton, reserved, dignified, almost phlegmatic in his apparent indifference, yet eager at heart; Remington, nervous, impetuous, scarcely less clever,—they alike felt a certain chagrin at the realization of their (so to speak) helplessness among their fellows. The very qualities that distinguished them from the multitude seemed to unfit them for competition, to bar them from success.

Upon the mind of each the effect had been peculiar. To Remington, the most serious shock had been a keener appreciation of the force of materialism, a rude revolutionizing of his emotional side; but the feeling aroused in Stoughton was distinctly one of thwarted ambition and wounded vanity. Accustomed hitherto, almost without exertion, to be easily first, he had looked forward—vaguely, perhaps, yet confidently—to a conspicuous recognition. He had supposed the accomplished ability of which he knew himself to be possessed would be a free pass to advancement; instead of which he saw himself outstripped by men of Finchley's stripe,—men whom he sneered at, but whom he now secretly envied.

Such reflections were a part of their thoughts this evening, as they pursued their way in company up Fifth avenue. Stoughton's home was the nearer, and they stood for a moment chatting at the corner where it was necessary for him to branch off. To-morrow was Sunday. For the coming week they found themselves deep in engagements.

"There's no rest for the weary in this life," said Remington, with a sigh. "However, we can sleep late to-morrow; that's one comfort. By Jove, it's a fine night!" Carelessly swinging his cane, he gazed up at the clear heavens.

"Right you are," answered Stoughton, absently. "It's a strange world, Arthur," he continued, suddenly pulling himself together. "Well, as the bard says,

"If you can't get in by the golden gate,  
Climb over the garden wall."

Good-night!"

"Good-night!" And the young men parted.



## III.

It was usual with Remington and Stoughton to remain down-town until late in the afternoon, returning just in time to get ready for dinner. They were apt to walk the distance, so as to obtain a little fresh air and exercise. Sometimes they took the "Elevated," and tried to make a few calls at the afternoon tea hour. The gay season had begun, and invitations to all sorts of entertainments were pouring in upon them. Their social position gave them the *entrée* to the most agreeable houses in town.

One afternoon, shortly after the episode at Delmonico's, Stoughton carried his friend to call on Mrs. Fielding. She lived on Fifth avenue in the vicinity of Sixtieth street. The impeccable man-servant who answered the bell had reached a period of life equally removed from the rawness of youth and the seediness of age. With a demeanor subdued, and not too unctuous to be consistent with a proper self-respect, he aided them to take off their overcoats in a large hall, exquisitely furnished in the spirit of the modern school of high art.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Mr. Remington, please."

"Thank you, sir." The servant drew aside the portière which hung across the door-way of the adjoining room: "Mr. Woodbury Stoughton — Mr. Remington."

Remington found himself in a spacious parlor, dim with faint daylight, strained through colored shades, and the afterglow of a wood fire. A maze of low tables, footstools, and other tasteful-looking knickknacks separated the young men from their hostess, whose sofa was beside the distant hearth. She laid aside the volume which lay open on her lap and rose to greet them with a cordial smile.

She was dressed simply, in a loose-fitting costume of some cashmere material of a neutral, greenish-brown tint. A single pale pink rose, with a dash of deeper color at the tips of its leaves, lay on her bosom. Remington noticed the same excessively refined delicacy of feature that had struck him the evening he had seen her at Delmonico's; but, in this dimmer light, no suggestion of meagerness marred the fascination of her pretty face. The apartment was in harmony with its mistress, a soothing pleasure to the eye that appreciates true elegance and grace. That perfection of effect, of which the heightening charm is an apparent absence of art, was there completely realized.

"You see, Mrs. Fielding," said Stoughton, "I have taken an early advantage of your

permission to bring my friend Mr. Remington to visit you."

"You are very good; Mr. Remington is welcome both on your account and on his own," she said in a sweet, low voice, and with a manner slightly languid, but completely gracious. "I know your mother and sisters very well, Mr. Remington," she continued, as she gave the young man her thin white hand. "Your mother is well, I hope?"

"Yes; she and my sister Mabel are in Boston for a few days." Despite her unaffected simplicity Remington blushed, with a sense of that discrepancy which exists between Sèvres china and common ware.

"Ah, how charming! Pray sit down, Mr. Remington." She reestablished herself on the lounge, and touched a little bell on the table beside her, which emitted a musical sound. The decorous man-servant appeared.

"The tea, Dawson."

Mrs. Fielding leaned back against the cushions. "You have come back to New York to stay, I hope, Mr. Remington."

"Yes, I believe so, Mrs. Fielding."

"I tell Mr. Remington," said Stoughton, "that if he desires to be a success, he must write himself down in Mrs. Fielding's good graces."

"I am sure Mr. Remington needs no assistance from any one to win his way," she said with a pleasant smile; "I can see he is clever."

Remington laughed confusedly. "Oh, I assure you that is quite a mistake," he murmured. Then, with an attempt at effusiveness which sounded a little elaborate: "I shall try to convince Mrs. Fielding of my desire for her favorable opinion."

The tea-things, a dainty Wedgwood service of quaint design, were brought in by Dawson and placed on the low plush-covered table at her elbow. She proceeded to make the tea while Stoughton told a bit or two of society news in his amusing vein.

"I saw you the other evening at Delmonico's, I think, Mr. Remington," said Mrs. Fielding presently. "That Miss Idlewild is a lovely-looking girl. Do you know her well?"

"Only slightly."

Stoughton gave an amused laugh. "You must not question him too closely there, Mrs. Fielding. I suspect Mr. Remington of being a gay deceiver."

"Indeed," she murmured softly. She was pouring out tea into one of the quaint little cups, and, as she spoke, raised her eyes therefrom and let them fall inquiringly on Remington. "Are you, too, of the faithless kind?" she asked with a sigh of simulated despair.

"Oh, I trust not," he answered, with a

nervous laugh; and as her glance encountered his, he blushed.

"Perhaps Mr. Remington will make a confidante of me some day when he comes to see me alone. I can keep a secret. Do you take tea, Mr. Remington?" she asked, with her head poised on one side, and another sly, blithe glance at the young man.

Remington disliked tea. "If you please," he answered.

"One lump, or two?" and she gracefully balanced the second bit of sugar in a lilliputian pair of tongs above the smoking beverage.

"But stay; I will leave it in the saucer, and you shall choose for yourself," she added airily, before Remington could reply.

As he rose to receive his cup from her hand the portière was drawn aside, and the voice of Dawson announced "Miss Tremaine—Miss Lawton—Miss Crosby."

"How sweet of you, my dears!" Mrs. Fielding embraced all of the trio, who, kept in countenance by the superiority of their numbers, all chattered effusively at the same moment. They were young girls, dressed tastefully and in the height of fashion.

Miss Tremaine was a tall, gaunt girl, with large bones and a long neck, which gave her something of a giraffe-like demeanor. She was eminently vivacious, and began at once to relate in a chattering but spirited tone the latest social intelligence. "Oh, Ethel," she cried, turning toward Mrs. Fielding, "have you heard that the Guards have been ordered to the war in the Transvaal? Isn't it quite too distressing for poor dear Lady Poppleton? You know 'Beauty' will have to go. You remember 'Beauty,' of course?"

"What, the little one with the straw whiskers?"

"No, dear, that was 'Adonis.' 'Beauty' is the clever one with the large eyes, who stopped, when he was out here, at the Dudley Robinsons'."

Remington found himself beside Miss Lawton, a young lady in the vicinity of twenty-three, who possessed a pretty, round, florid face, with its traditional accompaniments of blue eyes and flaxen hair, but was short and dumpy. They had already met at a ball or two. Unlike Miss Tremaine, the still hunt was her method, and for some minutes she was very undemonstrative; but when the ice was once broken, her chirpy prattle had the easy flow of a brook in early summer.

"Weren't you at Bar Harbor last summer, Mr. Remington?"

"Yes, for a short time."

"I thought I saw you there. I staid eight weeks, and was dreadfully sorry to come home. It was my fifth season there. Isn't it

a fascinating place? I do think it's the nicest place to go to in the summer I know of. Some people call it rowdy; I don't; do you, Mr. Remington? Mamma is always complaining about my being such a *gad* down there, as she calls it; but I can't see the harm of seeing people naturally, can you? I make up for it by being frightfully proper in town. That reminds me, parties are beginning early this year. I suppose you will go about a great deal this winter, Mr. Remington. Mrs. David Kochlin's cards are out for a large *musical*, and the George Butts—this was told me in strict confidence, so you must not say I told you—are to give a ball soon. Their daughter Pauline is a *débutante*. And then the Idlewilds. Do you know the Idlewilds, Mr. Remington?"

"A little."

"Oh, really! I don't know them, but they've sent me an invitation. I think I shall go. I hear the house is perfectly fascinating. Mamma doesn't approve much of my going, but it will be such fun. Mr. Stoughton is a great friend of yours, isn't he? I think he's so nice! He's a lawyer, I hear. I should think the law would be frightfully stupid. Oh, but how dreadful of me! Perhaps you're a lawyer, Mr. Remington!" She stopped short with a little gasp, and then, in response to Remington's amused nod,— "What, really? Well, you'll forgive me, won't you, Mr. Remington?"

"What is that, Florence, I hear about forgiving?" exclaimed Mrs. Fielding, turning toward them. "You are getting on quite too fast. I can't have you monopolizing Mr. Remington altogether. You must beware of Miss Lawton, Mr. Remington; she is dangerous."

"I have discovered that already," said the young man, with a significant smile.

"Ah, now," cried Miss Lawton in her demure way, "how unkind! And all, Ethel, because I didn't happen to know that he's a lawyer."

"I have no doubt it was all your fault, dear. But you haven't drunk your tea, Mr. Remington. It is quite cold. I am going to give you another cup. Yes, I insist; and you shall sit over here where Miss Lawton cannot engross your attention."

As Remington crossed over to the vacant place on Mrs. Fielding's lounge, his glance fell upon Miss Crosby, who was listening intently to something Stoughton was saying. Remington had been introduced to her a few evenings before, and although he had exchanged but a few words with her, the agreeable impression thereof had lingered with him a little. She was a cousin of Mrs. Fielding,

and had much of her physique. The refined delicacy of her features was animated by the wistful interest of budding womanhood. One became aware at first that she had sympathetic brown eyes and a quiet manner.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Fielding, interrupting his momentary reverie with a beseeching little air as of a desire for confidence, "how do you think you are going to like New York?"

A few minutes later Remington found himself talking to his fair hostess with a freedom that was delightful, and yet surprising to himself withal. The peculiar air of sympathy with which she listened to what he had to say drew from him, almost unwittingly, a frank exposure of his ideas. It was easy to be unreserved, for she seemed so quick to catch his meaning, so appreciative of mere suggestions of thought. She was, besides, graceful and pleasing. Her air expressed the perfection of natural elegance. She must be very clever,—and yet how young-looking she was. Her years could be scarcely greater in number than his own. But women mature so much faster than men. He was a mere boy beside her.

He spoke of his travels, of the chitchat of the day, and of the defects of the reigning prima donna. Then, as he felt himself understood, he dwelt a little on his impressions of the great city. Money was the ruling spirit of the age, and the seeming dearth of lofty ambitions a depressing evil.

"I am so glad to hear you talk so," she murmured. "It is refreshing to meet a man who cares for something beyond dollars and cents." She sighed gently. "And so you are a lawyer, Mr. Remington?"

"Yes, I have decided on the law as a profession."

"How interesting!" and she gently knocked together in her clasped hands a pair of silver bracelets which she had untwisted from her arms.

"Scarcely interesting, I fear," replied Remington with a little laugh, which betrayed, however, that he was pleased. "Your sex is wont to apply that adjective less indulgently."

"Ah, but I cannot agree with you. It must be grand to be a lawyer and have important cases—or causes, you see I am ignorant of the precise term—to defend." She leaned back against the cushions and looked at him earnestly from under her penthouse lids.

Remington blushed and his eyes fell. He nervously indented with the point of his cane one of the flowers which patterned the carpet. "Perhaps—when you have them to defend. I am only a beginner."

"Yes, but everything has a beginning," she murmured in low, sweet tones.

"True." There was a pause, as if each were wrapt in thought. Remington reached out his hand and took from the plush table the volume she had been reading. "Permit me," he said. "Ah, Swinburne!" and he opened the book and began to turn over the pages.

"Do you know him, Mr. Remington?"

"A little." His eyes caught a passage which he paused to dwell upon.

"What is it, Mr. Remington?" and she bent over so that she might share the page with the young man. "'Before Dawn.' That is one of my favorites. Is it not lovely?"

They were silent for a moment. It was the last stanza of the poem which had attracted Remington's attention, and, as he came to it again in conclusion, he nodded his head in acquiescence with her enthusiasm. Mrs. Fielding repeated in soft murmur the lines that had struck his fancy:

"So hath it been, so be it;  
For who shall live and flee it?  
But look that no man see it  
Or hear it unaware:  
Lest all who love and choose him  
See love and so refuse him,  
For all who find him lose him;  
But all have found him fair."

"Adorable, are they not?" she continued. "There is a wealth of deliciousness in Swinburne." And her pupils, dilated with their sense of enjoyment, sought his own.

"Exquisite," he replied; but, although the effect of the words just read was vastly soothing, he was not greatly concerned with their meaning. Without knowing exactly why, he was conscious of a vague delight he had no desire to analyze,—perhaps lest he might arouse that bugbear of a moral censor. The atmosphere of this refined, charming woman had the effect upon him as of violets on the sense of smell, or smooth rich cream upon the palate. What Stoughton had said regarding her previous attachment occurred to him. She had been married about a year ago, and had recently returned home from abroad. What was her purpose, her object in life now? he wondered. What were her feelings, her thoughts, her ideas?

"You are fond of reading—of books?" he inquired, gently.

"Yes,—that is, of real books, Mr. Remington. I sometimes think," she went on to say, "we have no literature in this country. The characters in our novels and poems are wanting in color and spontaneity. They are cardboard men and women, rather than flesh and blood. We lack passion as a nation—does

it not strike you so, Mr. Remington? We are artificial and cold. We are forever repressing ourselves." She gave a little shiver, and the curve of her lips wore for an instant the shadow of something half-bitter, half-weary.

"Yes," he answered: but before he could proceed, he became aware that the others had risen and were shaking hands with Mrs. Fielding. He stood up mechanically.

"I'm afraid you think I'm very dreadful, Mr. Remington," piped Miss Lawton wistfully, as she tripped past him. He found himself beside Miss Crosby.

"I know one of your sisters, Mr. Remington," she said softly. "We were at school together. Have you returned to New York for good?"

"For better or for worse, Miss Crosby," answered Remington, with a smile; "or rather, I should say, for richer or for poorer."

"Yes?" She pronounced the word with a little laugh and a sweet sibilant of the final consonant. There was an eloquent earnestness about her expression as she gazed at him that made Remington almost regret his flippancy.

It was a look Dorothy Crosby's face was apt to assume at such times as her imagination was appealed to, especially during conversations with the other sex, or when in the presence of fine scenery or listening to music. If her nervous system was powerfully affected, as often happened where beautiful music was concerned, the expression in question savored of a pleasure that was almost pain. Her large luminous brown eyes, looking out from a physiognomy noticeably delicate and refined, heightened the natural effect of this peculiarity, which had already caused her to be described in society as "interesting." She generally carried her head a little on one side at such moments. Young men sometimes made the mistake of ascribing this intensity of expression to the effect of their identities instead of to the interest of her own reflections.

She was a *débutante*. She lived alone with her mother, who was a widow. Her sister, Mrs. Charles Maclane, a beauty of the grand, dashing type, whose regular features were for several seasons a source of heart-ache to youthful admirers of classical loveliness, had made a brilliant match, it was considered, in dowering with her charms the hearth of a young millionaire. Marian Crosby, as her name was prior to that step, had, to be a little metaphorical, made a triumphal march to the altar over a route strewn with bleeding hearts. In short, she had been widely admired and had flirted desperately. The world

said she came well by this behavior, for her mother—whom no one, to judge from the demure repose of that good lady's maturity, would have ventured to suspect of early diablerie—had been just such another when she was a girl in Baltimore. The latter, however, unlike her elder daughter, had wedded a poor man. Mr. Crosby's fascinations had carried her maiden heart by storm, and she had followed the young lawyer to his simple home in New York. He was nevertheless, though comparatively penniless, an aristocrat by birth; and to his charming ways were added the more substantial advantage of good parts and a scholarly ambition. Had his health been able to withstand the strain of a rigorous devotion to his profession, distinction would doubtless in time have blessed their lot; but such was not to be, and shortly after Dorothy's birth Mrs. Crosby was left a widow.

Dorothy was like her father in person; and with the paternal form she had inherited that mixture of the serious and the gay which had marked his temperament. Coupled with intelligence of expression, she possessed to a high degree the ineffable air of refinement, the modest grace and finish of bearing, that are the outcome of generations of good breeding alone, and without which the self-possessed independence and smartness supposed to be the boasted heritage of American girls are but garish virtues. Her blood and nurture rendered her proof against everything that lacked delicacy. There are dispositions which, recognizing things of unrefined or sensual purport to be hurtful, bravely put them aside and cease to regret the self-denial; but to Dorothy aught that savored of coarseness in thought or action gave absolute pain. Such things were as repugnant and foreign to her nature as soot to the surface of the lily. She had been born so, and doubtless the purity and delicacy were no more to her merit than it is creditable to you and me that we do not use our rudimentary organs or have ceased to believe in witches. She could not help being what she was. Some one before her in the ancestral line had striven to be pure and refined, and Dorothy was the result of such endeavor. And thereby hangs a philosophy. We bear fruit in our descendants, and individual effort is the secret of the progress of the world. A man's possibilities are decided in his mother's womb. Each one of us mortals has his limits—his gamut, so to speak; and the best performer cannot strike a note to thrill the soul from a low-priced instrument. Life is a growth, and whosoever touches the stops aright will, though he play

himself a feeble strain, transmit to his children the power for sweeter melody.

The strenuous voice of Miss Tremaine, urging upon Miss Crosby the necessity of immediate departure, interrupted their conversation. Remington turned to proffer his own adieus.

"I hope you will come to see me very soon, Mr. Remington." Mrs. Fielding's eyes, as they met his, seemed liquid with a mute solicitation for sympathy. Her loose, open

sleeve, receding up her outstretched arm, displayed a frail, snow-white wrist.

The wished-for epigram failed to respond to his need. "I shall be very happy to, I'm sure," he replied; and he coveted the half-audacious badinage of Stoughton's farewell.

The young men walked along Fifth avenue with the attractive trio, and Remington, as he left Miss Crosby on her threshold, obtained her promise to dance the german with him at the Idlewilds'.

(To be continued.)

### AT THE GRAVE OF CHARLES WOLFE.

Wolfe, the poet, is buried in Clonmel Parish Churchyard. Queenstown, of which this is the cemetery, was early a resort for consumptives.

WHERE the graves are many, we looked for one.

Oh, the Irish rose was red,  
And the dark stones saddened the setting sun  
With the names of the early dead.  
Then a child who, somehow, had heard of *him*  
In the land we love so well,  
Kept lifting the grass till the dew was dim  
In the churchyard of Clonmel.

The sexton came. "Can you tell us where  
Charles Wolfe is buried?" "I can."  
See, that is his grave in the corner there.  
(Ay, he was a clever man  
If God had spared him!) It's many that come  
To be looking for him!" said he.  
But the boy kept whispering, "Not a drum  
Was heard" — in the dusk to me.

(Then the gray man tore a vine from the wall  
Of the roofless church where he lay,  
And the leaves that the withering year let fall  
He swept with the ivy away;  
And, as we read on the rock the words  
That, writ in the moss, we found,  
Right over his bosom a shower of birds  
In music fell to the ground.)

Young Poet, I wonder did you care,  
Did it move you in your rest,  
To hear that child in his golden hair  
From the mighty woods of the West,  
Repeating your verse of his own sweet will,  
To the sound of the twilight bell,  
Years after your beating heart was still  
In the churchyard of Clonmel?

S. M. B. Platt.



# ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.



ST. JOHN AS A SCRIBE. (FROM A TENTH CENTURY MS.)

It is well known to those who have, in any degree, busied themselves with the investigation of the fountains of the text of the New Testament, as presented to us by modern scholars, that, in the vast majority of doubtful passages, the multitudinous authorities in the shape of manuscripts, versions, and fathers are reduced to two, viz.: the Sinaitic manuscript discovered by Tischendorf in the Convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai, and the Vatican manuscript preserved in the great Roman library. Without entering into the romantic history of the discovery of the first, or the almost equally romantic attempts to collate the jealously guarded text of the second, it is sufficient to remark that the most recent results of criticism, as given in the New Testament of Westcott and Hort, lead us to the conclusion that no readings of B (the Vatican manuscript) can safely be rejected; and that the text of the two manuscripts is much older than the vellum on which they are written, and cannot be far removed from the autographs themselves. Against these results, by means of which such preëminence is given to these documents as to make them outweigh a crowd of lesser

and later witnesses, very grave (not to say violent) objections are periodically made. Mr. McLellan, for instance, maintains that the characteristic of modern textual criticism is servile submission to two Egyptian (!) manuscripts of the fourth century, and that the New Testament has been forced into the bondage of Egypt! And Mr. Burgon believes the very citadel of revealed truth to be undergoing assault and battery, and that it is the business of every faithful man to bestir himself, "*ne quid detrimenti civitas Dei capiat.*"

Into the dust and heat of this arena it is no part of ours to venture; but the question presents itself here, as in so many other similar disputes, whether there be not some shorter way to obtain a correct estimate of the worth of these early manuscripts, without coming between the spears of the specialists. May it not be possible, by a purely paleographical argument, with no theological conscience at all, to determine for ourselves whether the manuscripts in question do really diverge from a point near the autographs? Is there no way of putting into the witness-box the very scribes who wrote the manuscripts, and of making them tell what it

was that they really copied from in preparing those magnificent vellum books of the fourth century which are so much loved by one school of critics and reviled by the other? In order to do this, we begin with a few simple preliminary considerations, and ask ourselves what we know about the ways of that important race of men whom the printing-press abolished,—the copyists or scribes. Above is a picture from a tenth century manuscript of the Gospels, described in Montfaucon's *Bibliotheca Coisliniana*. It represents St. John at work, writing or copying his own Gospel. His writing-desk is fitted with a double inkstand for red and black inks, a pen-cutter, a sponge for erasing a passage wrongly written, etc. The pages, open on the desk, contain the words with which the Gospel begins, and are evidently meant to represent leaves of a vellum book; a new leaf lies on the writer's knee; moreover, the writing is uncial (or in the great character), and is ornamented with breathings and accents. Observe, also, that the writing is abbreviated in an unusual manner. The artist, then, has represented St. John using writing materials of his own time, and is apparently unaware that the original

manuscript of the Gospel must have been written upon paper rather than vellum, and without breathings or accents, and certainly without any such abbreviation of the word Logos as the scribe suggests. He imagines



ST. MARK AS A SCRIBE. (FROM A SIXTH CENTURY MS.)

St. John to be a scribe of an order not very different from himself.

If, on the other hand, we examine the accompanying sketch of St. Mark as a scribe, taken from the recently discovered sixth century manuscript of the Gospels, the *Codex Rossanensis*, we shall see that there is a distinct consciousness in the mind of the artist that the Gospels were not always nor originally written upon vellum. Instead of a sheet of vellum, we have a long strip of writing material, which can hardly be anything else than a roll of papyrus. It is to this material that our minds must revert also if we would form an idea of the appearance of an original MS. of the Gospels. Such paper is prepared from thin layers of the stem of an Egyptian reed, pressed and smoothed and polished, and trimmed into the single sheets which, when glued together, form the roll or book. The appearance presented by such a roll, when opened, would be that of a great many narrow columns of writing standing side by side. Now, if any one were to open the pages of the Vatican or the Sinaitic manuscript, he would be struck with a precisely similar appearance: in the first he would see six narrow columns facing him, and in the second eight columns of writing; and almost the first thought that would occur to the mind would be that each of these manuscripts was closely related to a papyrus roll of the New Testament, since they still bear traces of the arrangement of text peculiar to such rolls. And

this discovery at once provokes our closer scrutiny, since we know for certain that in some of the Epistles paper, and not parchment, was employed, and have good reason for believing it to have been the more usual material.

Before determining the character of the rolls, we note two or three other peculiarities of the early scribes; and, first of all, that they were trained, not only to write in large character and continuously, but also to write lines of given length. The importance of such a custom is obvious: it furnished a means of measuring the contents of the book, was a convenience in determining the pay of the scribe, and was an important help in the citation of passages at a time when the uniformity of printed editions was unknown. To have engaged a scribe, for instance, to write at so much per hundred lines would have been absurd, unless the lines had been specified within certain narrow limits. In order to fix the line, two methods were adopted, the models corresponding to which were selected from the principal poems of the Greek and Latin literature. First of all, there was the long line, or hexameter, taken from the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*; and this seems to have been the pattern most commonly used. If it was too long for the width of the strips of paper upon which the scribe was writing, he divided the number of syllables or letters which such a line ought to contain into two or three parts, and wrote his hexameter as two or three lines. The effect would be just as if one were to print an edition of "Evangeline" as follows:

This is the forest primeval  
the murmuring pines and the hemlocks  
bearded with moss and in garments  
green indistinct in the twilight.

A little examination shows that this mode of writing survives in the *Vatican Codex*. The average length of such a line is about sixteen syllables, and the half lines as we find them in the manuscript in question are found to contain seven or eight syllables, with occasional exceptions. If, for instance, we were to represent the opening of the Gospel of John in English, after the fashion in which it is arranged in the *Vatican Codex*, we should have—

In the beginning was the Word  
and the Word was with God and the  
Word was God the same was in the  
beginning with God all things were

And better evidence still may be found in the case where St. James has fallen into an accidental hexameter, which is found to

occupy exactly two lines of the manuscript, and may be represented by

Every gift that is  
good and every boon that  
is matchless.

The second pattern was the meter used by the Greek tragedians and known as the iambic trimeter, a verse of twelve syllables, which may be divided in the same way as the previous pattern. Precisely similar inquiry shows that this divided line is the base of the Sinaitic manuscript: if, for instance, we take the iambic verse which St. Paul quotes from Menander, to the effect that "Evil communications corrupt good manners," we should find that the passage occupied two lines exactly in the manuscript. Although this type of writing is not so common as the other, yet I believe it can be shown that it was the very line employed by Josephus in writing his *Antiquities*, to say nothing of other early writers.

We have now advanced in our investigation by an important step; for in establishing the existence of pattern lines, we have quantities which are capable of very little variation, and must have remained very nearly the same since they first appeared in the written text. Every scribe who copies such a line has a tendency to preserve the line intact, because he recognizes it as the literary model. If he diverges from it at all, it will probably soon become a wide variation, such as we find in many irregularly written manuscripts of later times. The next peculiarity lies in the fact that, the sheets and rolls of paper being prepared and sold in given sizes, a special number of lines comes to be allotted to each page, so that a scribe has not only a tendency to write pattern lines, but, if he is in the habit of employing paper of a given size, his tendency is to write pages of given size, containing a given number of lines. In fact, before writing a page, he generally rules the paper with the number of lines which he considers proper. The last peculiarity is this: that the early scribes were far more careful than we are in the point of finishing the sheet of paper on which they were writing: if, for instance, a letter was written on a roll of five columns, the fifth column would be generally found to be almost as completely filled as the preceding four. Whether this was a feature of polite education, or whether it was simply due in many cases to the economy of paper, it is impossible to say; but I think we shall be able to establish the statement with a good degree of certainty. St. John, for instance, in his Second and Third Epistles, complains in most definite language of having many things to say for which paper and ink did

not suffice; and it would be very unlikely that a person should make such a statement and then leave the last sheet of paper blank. Curiously, too, as may easily be noticed even in the English translation, the two Epistles are precisely of the same length, and must therefore have been written upon the same space of paper. We shall show presently that each of them was a roll of five columns.

It must now be clear that, if the habits of the scribes (and this term is not limited to professional writers) be as we have intimated, it ought to be possible to restore approximately the original pages of the New Testament writers, and of the Epistles in particular, as soon as we can determine the original size of the pages which they wrote; and this possibility may be realized in the following manner:

The writer of the Vatican Codex arranged his text so as to place on each page three columns of forty-two lines each. If we divide each of these triple columns into three equal parts, and place these parts in succession so as to form a roll, it will be found that the greater part of the Epistles in the New Testament at once divide into fully written rolls, after the manner previously indicated. For instance, each of the two shorter Epistles of John occupies in the Vatican manuscript a column of forty-two lines, and twenty-seven lines; so that each of them is within a single line of five pages, such as would be formed by dividing the columns into sections of fourteen lines: for  $3 \times 14 = 42$ , and  $2 \times 14 = 28$ . If, then, we represent the subdivided page, consisting of fourteen lines, each of which is a half hexameter or near it, by the letter V, we should represent a complete page of the manuscript by

V V V  
V V V  
V V V

or, in other words, the manuscript was reduced from a papyrus roll by arranging the pages of the roll, nine in a square. And by the same method of representation, each of the shorter Epistles of St. John is represented by

V V .  
V V .  
V . .

The appearance of such a roll in its original form may be gathered from the accompanying figure (page 308).

Without making any of the previous assumptions as to model lines and pattern-pages, an observation of the manuscript itself will

show that there is a curious persistence in the way the separate Epistles have of ending two-thirds down the Vatican column; and this at once invites the subdivision which we made; and without going unduly into detail, we simply remark that every one of the Epistles of John, the Epistles of Jude and James, and the Epistles to the Galatians and II. Corinthians end at the place in the column which we have indicated,—a very remarkable peculiarity, and one for which the scribe who copied the manuscripts is certainly not responsible. He might, perhaps, have schemed to end his separate documents with the end of the columns, but no possible inducement existed for ending them two-thirds down the page. The peculiarity is, therefore, antecedent to the period of production of the manuscript.

When we turn to the Sinaitic manuscript, we shall find, in a similar manner, that the four columns, each of forty-eight lines, which go to make up a page of the document immediately suggest a subdivision of each column into four equal parts; and when this is done, we at once find that a number of the remaining books divide into fully written paper rolls.

In each of these subdivisions there are, as previously explained, twelve half-iambic lines; and if each subdivision be denoted by the sign S, the whole page is represented by

S S S S  
S S S S  
S S S S  
S S S S

or, in other words, the scribe reduced his papyrus document to the vellum by placing sixteen of the papyrus pages in a square. In this case also the subdivision was suggested by the persistent way in which the several books ended at the twelfth, twenty-fourth, and thirty-sixth lines of the columns.

We shall verify the accuracy of this supposition, as to the mode of composition of the manuscript, by referring to some curious blunders of the scribe; but before passing to these, we stop and examine the point which the argument has reached. By a very simple process of section, we have reproduced a series of papyrus rolls of the books of the New Testament of two distinct types, and in either case not infrequently fully written on the last sheet of the roll. Now we need scarcely say that, if a series of documents were written or printed in any regular form so as to occupy complete pages, this fullness of the pages will disappear as soon as ever the pattern of the original writing is deserted; and further, if the original writings were not written on full rolls, no

ΧΑΙΡΕΙΝ ΚΟΙΝΩΝΕΙΤΟΙΣ  
ΕΡΓΟΙΣ ΑΥΤΟΥ ΤΟΙΣΤΟ  
ΝΗΡΟΙΣ ΤΟΛΛΑ ΕΧΩΝ  
ΥΜΙΝ ΓΡΑΦΕΙΝ ΟΥΚ ΕΘΥ  
ΛΗΘΗΝ ΔΙΔΑΧΤΟΥ ΚΑΙ  
ΜΕΛΑΝΟΣ ΑΛΛΑ ΕΛΑΤΙΖΩ  
ΓΕΝΕΣΒΑΠΤΙΣΜΟΥ ΜΑΘ  
ΚΑΙΣΤΟΜΑΤΡΟΣ ΣΤΟΜΑ  
ΑΛΛΗΛΟΙΝ ΑΝΧΥΡΑΥ  
ΜΕΝΤΕ ΠΑΝΘΩΜΕΝΗ  
ΝΑΣΤΑΖΕΤΑΙ ΟΣΤΑ  
ΤΕΚΝΑ ΤΗΣ ΔΕΛΦΗΣ ΟΥ  
ΤΗΣ ΕΚΛΕΚΤΗΣ

ΓΑΣΜΕΒΑΛΛΑΧΑΙ ΜΙΣΘ  
ΠΑΗΡΗΝ ΑΠΟΛΗΒΗΤΕΤΑ  
ΟΠΡΟΙΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΜΗΝ Ε  
ΝΩΝΕΝ ΤΗ ΔΙΔΑΧΗ ΤΟΥ  
ΧΥΘΟΥ ΚΕΧΕΙΟΜΕΝΩΝ  
ΕΝ ΤΗ ΔΙΔΑΧΗ ΟΥΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ  
ΤΟ ΠΑΤΕΡ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΥ  
ΙΩΝΟΥ ΕΣΤΙ ΕΡΧΕΤ  
ΑΠΡΟΣ ΥΜΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΑΥ  
ΤΗΝ ΤΗΝ ΔΙΔΑΧΗΝ ΟΥ  
ΦΕΡΕΙΜ ΗΛΛΑ ΜΗ ΕΤΕ  
ΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΙΣΙΟΙΚΑΝ ΚΑΙ  
ΧΑΙΡΕΙΝ ΑΥΤΩΜ ΗΛΕΓΕ  
ΤΕ ΟΛΕΓΩΝ ΓΑΡ ΑΥΤΩ

## ΙΩΑΝΟΥ Β

ΠΕΡΙ ΤΑΙΣ ΜΕΜΗΚΤΑ  
ΤΑΣ ΕΝ ΤΟΛΛΑΙΣ ΤΟΥ  
ΑΥΤΗΝ ΕΝ ΤΟΛΛΕΣΤΙΝ  
ΚΑΙ ΟΣΗΝ ΚΟΙΝΟΥ ΕΒΑΤ  
ΑΡΧΗΝ ΣΑΒΩΝ ΑΥΤΗ  
ΠΕΡΙ ΤΑΙΣ ΤΕΣΤΙΜΟΝΙΑ  
ΛΟΙΠΑΝ ΟΙΣ ΕΞΗΛΘΟΝ  
ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΚΟΣΜΟΝ ΟΙ ΜΗ  
ΟΜΟΛΟΓΟΥΝΤΕΣ ΙΝ  
ΕΡΧΟΜΕΝΟΝ ΕΝ ΑΡΚΗ  
ΟΥΤΟΣ ΕΣΤΙΝ Ο ΠΛΑΝΟΣ  
ΚΑΙ Ο ΑΝΤΙΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ  
ΒΛΕΠΕΤΕ ΑΥΤΟΥΣ ΕΙ  
ΝΑ ΜΗΝ ΑΠΟΛΕΣΤΕ ΑΥΡ

ΟΥΤΟΥ ΤΑΤΡΟΣ ΕΝ ΑΛΗ  
ΒΕΙΑ ΚΑΙ ΑΥΤΗ ΕΧΑ  
ΡΗΛΙΒΙΟΝ ΤΙΣ ΕΥΡΗΚΑ  
ΕΚ ΤΩΝ ΤΕΚΝΩΝ ΟΥ  
ΠΕΡΙ ΤΑΤΟΥΝΤΑΣ ΕΝΑ  
ΛΗΒΕΙΑΚΑ ΘΩΣΕΝΤΑ  
ΛΗΝ ΕΛΛΑΒΟΜΕΝΤΑΡΑ  
ΠΑΤΡΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΝΥΝ ΕΡΩ  
ΤΩΣΕ ΚΥΡΙΑ ΟΥΚ ΟΣΕΝ  
ΤΟ ΑΝΓΡΑΦΗΝ ΟΙΚΑΙ  
ΗΝ ΗΛΛΑΝ ΗΝ ΕΙΧΟΜΕΝ  
ΑΠΑΡΧΗΝ ΕΝΑ ΓΑΤΙΩ  
ΜΕΝ ΑΛΛΑ ΟΥΚ ΑΙΔΥ  
ΤΗΣ ΤΗΝ ΗΓΑΤΗ ΜΗΝΑ

ΟΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΕΡΟΣ ΕΚΛΕ  
ΚΤΗ ΚΥΡΙΑΚΑΙ ΤΟΙΣΤΕ  
ΚΝΟΙΣ ΑΥΤΗΣ ΟΥΣ ΕΡΩ  
ΑΓΑΠΕΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΙ  
ΟΥΚ ΕΓΩ ΜΟΝΟΣ ΑΛΛΑ  
ΚΑΙ ΑΝΤΕΣ ΟΙ ΕΓΕΝΩΚΟ  
ΤΕΣΤΗΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΩΝ ΔΙΑ  
ΤΗΝ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑΝ ΤΗΝ ΜΕ  
ΝΟΥΣΑΝ ΗΜΙΝ ΚΑΙ  
ΜΕΘΗΜΩΝ ΕΝ ΤΑΙΣ  
ΤΟΝ ΑΙΩΝΑ ΒΟΤΑΙ ΜΕ  
ΘΩΜΩΝ ΧΑΡΙΣ ΕΛΕΟΣ  
ΕΙΡΗΝΗ ΤΑΡΑΒΗΤΑΤΡΟΣ  
ΚΑΤΑΡΑΥΧΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΥΙ

amount of change of style or size of page would ever bring them into a series of fully written pages. It follows, therefore, that the papyrus rolls which we have artificially constructed must be extremely close imitations, both as to lines and pages, of the actual autograph rolls. The truth of the theory will, however, be most apparent in the smaller documents, where various readings exercise less disturbance.

The two great manuscripts are, therefore, closely related to the very autographs of the New Testament, which was the point which we started to establish.

But now we return to the actual subdivision of the pages of the Sinaitic manuscript, and verify the method by the consideration of some indubitable errors into which the copyist has fallen: the errors shall be represented as nearly as possible by their English equivalents.

In the twelfth verse of the Epistle of Jude the scribe of the Sinaitic Codex ought to have written the words, "*These are spots in your love feasts,*" etc.; but by mistake he wandered to a passage some verses lower down, and began to write "*These are murmurers, complainers,*" etc., continuing for some lines, until he found out his mistake and proceeded to transcribe the passage correctly, leaving the erroneous words in the text, where they may still be seen. When we restore the document by the process of subdivision, the error explains itself; both of the passages confounded together are the first lines of pages, and the scribe has simply mistaken his page, or wandered from it in search of the words "*These are,*" which begin the two paragraphs.

The next instance is a still more eccentric mistake. In copying the First Epistle of Peter, at chap. ii. v. 12, the scribe seems to have finished a page, and was to resume with the words "*glory to God in the day of visitation*"; but upon returning to his work, he opened at the Second Epistle of Peter by mistake, and began to look along the pages for his catch-word "*glory*"; having found it in the sentence "*glory they do not tremble to blaspheme,*" or, as in the ordinary version, "*they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities,*" he proceeded to copy, waking up after awhile to the sense of his error, which still disfigures the Sinaitic manuscript. But the second passage would not have misled him, if the pages had not been subdivided as shown in the previous investigation, for it is only on such a hypothesis that the words in question are found at the top of a page at all.

One other instance shall be given, as it is an interesting example of a place where the critics and revisers, by extreme adherence

to the letter of the oldest authorities, have perpetuated the blunder of a scribe. The margin of the revised version in II. Peter iii. 11 directs us to read, "The earth and the works that are therein shall be discovered." "Discovered" is more elegant English for "found," and makes very doubtful sense. In the fifteenth verse of the same chapter the sentence reads, "That ye may be FOUND of him in peace." As soon as the pages are arranged in our hypothetical papyrus roll, it is at once seen that this is an exactly similar error to the preceding, and arises from the wandering of a scribe's eye from the top of a column to the top of an almost adjacent column. The error is more unfortunate, because it happens to disfigure first-class manuscripts.

It is needless to say that, if the theory implied in the foregoing pages be a correct one, it must have a very important weight in the criticism of the text; and the more so, as it is derived from considerations of a distinctly non-subjective character. We shall illustrate its use in the criticism of a very important passage in the Gospel of John, at the close of the seventh chapter, which the critics and revisers mark with brackets as being, probably, not authentic.

The passage describes an occasion on which, to quote Professor Seeley's fine judgment in "*Ecce Homo,*"

"He (Jesus) exhibited a profound delicacy, of which there is no other example in the ancient world, and which anticipates and excels all that is noblest in chivalrous and finest in modern manners."

In another passage, he refers to it as follows:

"A remarkable story which appears in St. John's biography, though it is apparently an interpolation in that place, may serve this purpose, and will at the same time illustrate the difference between scholastic and living or instinctive virtue. Some of the leading religious men of Jerusalem had detected a woman in adultery. It occurred to them that the case afforded a good opportunity of making an experiment upon Christ. They might use it to discover how he regarded the Mosaic law. That he was heterodox on the subject of that law they had reason to believe, for he had openly quoted some Mosaic maxims and declared them at least incomplete, substituting for them new rules of his own, which, at least in some cases, appeared to abrogate the old. It might be possible, by means of this woman, to satisfy at once themselves and the people of his heterodoxy. They asked for his judgment. A judgment he gave them; but quite different, both in matter and manner from what they had expected. In thinking of the case they had forgotten the woman, they had forgotten even the deed. What became of the criminal appeared to them wholly unimportant; toward her crime or her character they had no feeling whatever, not even hatred, much less pity or sympathetic shame. If they had been asked about her, they might probably have answered, with Mephistopheles, 'She is not the first,' nor would they have thought their answer fiendish, but only



practical and business-like. But the judgment of Christ was upon them, making all things new, and shining like the lightning from one end of the heaven to the other."

When we come to examine the passage in question, the very simple process of counting the letters, or, if we like, of writing the passage out in lines of the same length as those in the Vatican Codex, establishes that there are fifty-six lines of this size in the passage whose authenticity is questioned. And since we have already determined that the model of writing adopted by St. John is a page containing fourteen lines of the same kind that are found in the Vatican manuscript, it is clear that the doubtful passage is, in reality, four pages of the papyrus roll of St. John; as far, at least, as its size is concerned.

We have further to remark, that the passage, as found in ordinary Bibles, breaks the thread of the narrative; indeed, this is one of the main reasons which made the critics decree its non-authenticity. A little examination will show that the four pages really belong to the close of the fifth chapter, where they form a continuous narrative with the preceding account. This may be seen by comparing the discussion between Jesus and the Pharisees in chap. v., in which he challenged them with their non-belief in Moses, with the opening words of the Pharisees on the next morning, to wit, that "Moses, in the law, said \* \* \* but what sayest thou?" And a little study of the text will show that, when the passage is restored in this way, not only does the objection of discontinuity disappear, but the pages are found to fall into line with the preceding pages, as ought to be the case if they were really a portion of the original roll lost or wantonly excised.

It will have been observed that, in the passage quoted from "Ecce Homo," the critical judgment of the writer admits that the passage in question is an interpolation *in its present position*; and this perception that the section is out of its right place, but that it is an integral part of the Gospel, is shared by

another writer of great insight, Mr. George MacDonald: a man who might well have been one of the prophets of this generation if he had spoken more in his own voice, and less through the mouth-pieces of imaginary curates. In concluding with a quotation from his "Thomas Wingfold," we must premise that the writer has fallen into the error of supposing that the earliest authority for the disputed passage is the Codex Alexandrinus of the British Museum. Now, the leaves of this manuscript are lost at the point in question, and a very simple reckoning will show that they cannot possibly have contained the section. The missing matter would be far too much for the lost leaves. With this exception, we may hear what MacDonald has to say upon the point:

"I don't know quite what to think about that story of the woman they brought to Jesus in the Temple, I mean how it got into that nook of the Gospel of St. John, where it has no right place. They didn't bring her for healing, or for the rebuke of the demon, but for condemnation; only they came to the wrong man for that. They dared not carry out the law of stoning, as they would have liked, I suppose, even if Jesus had condemned her; but perhaps they hoped rather to entrap him who was the friend of the sinners into saying something against the law. But what I want is to know how it got there; just there, I mean, between the seventh and eighth chapters of St. John's Gospel. There is no doubt of its being an interpolation—that the twelfth verse, I think it is, ought to join on to the fifty-second. The Alexandrinus manuscript is the only one of the three oldest that has it, and it is the latest of the three. I did think once, but hastily, that it was our Lord's text for saying *I am the light of the world*, but it follows quite as well on his offer of living water. One can easily see how the place would appear a very suitable one to any presumptuous scribe who wished to settle the question of where it should stand. \* \* \* The tale must be a true one, only—to think of just this one story, of the tenderest righteousness, floating about like a holy waif through the world of letters! a sweet, gray dove of promise that can find no rest for the sole of its foot! Just this one story, of all stories, a kind of outcast."

It will easily be seen that the method of restoration of an ancient document which we have employed is not limited to the Greek New Testament, but might be illustrated, if space permitted, by examples drawn from all parts of the field of classical literature.

J. Rendel Harris.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Central Park in Danger.

We have a comely city, we of New York,—a city of extraordinary natural advantages, some of which remain neglected, but many of which we have skillfully availed ourselves of for purposes of beauty and recreation. The trouble with us is that we do not fully know, appreciate, and cherish what we have. New Yorkers, as a class, seem to be more bent upon getting on in the world,—reaching out for something beyond,—than upon enjoying, providing for, and jealously guarding what they already possess. The city, collectively considered, is supposed to be proud, for instance, of its Central Park, and yet for years it has permitted the affairs of this same much-vaunted and really much-enjoyed pleasure-ground to be grossly mismanaged—until, to-day, notwithstanding the existence of a Board of Commissioners charged with the custody of its affairs, the only trustworthy and vigilant guardians of the Park are the newspapers of the city, which keep a sharp look-out, and now and again sound a note of alarm when some new act of vandalism is threatened.

At the moment of writing, the press is once again in full cry. The Board of Commissioners has succeeded in getting rid, one after another, of the two eminent experts, Messrs. Vaux and Parsons, whose engagement in the service of the Board was, not long ago, hailed as the beginning of a new *régime*; and, meantime, the Commissioners, it seems, propose to go to work and destroy, for the purposes of a menagerie, one of the prettiest and rarest spots in the whole Park. There being now no expert connected with the management of the Park, the proposed desecration is, of course, not recommended by any official whom the public are willing to accept as both competent and responsible; and it is known that the experts who have recently been forced to resign their positions would never have consented to the ruin of the meadow which the newspapers have been trying so hard to save.

We say that the newspapers are looking after the affairs of the Park with commendable zeal. But on the part of the general community there appears, at least, to be an apathy which we suspect would not exist, under the same circumstances, in any other large city of this continent. Park management by newspaper evidently works better in New York than park management by commissioners,—as said commissioners have been managing these many years. (Or shall we call it park butchery, tempered by newspaper criticism?) But if the people of this city had the proper feeling of citizenship, they would long ago have done something more effectual than grumbling by proxy. Yet, that the public are displeased with the present state of affairs there is not the slightest doubt. That the indignation is gathering force and intensity there is some reason to hope.

When the public does become thoroughly aroused, we believe that it will demand a more radical cure for the present evils of park management than has yet

been applied. One trouble with the Board, as at present constituted, is that the number of commissioners established—namely, four—makes it difficult to arrive at a majority vote for any measure. It has been found by experience that the Board is much more likely to be at a dead-lock of two to two than it is to reach a decision by a majority vote of three to one. This is in part the origin of the pitiable wrangling that, for the past half a dozen years (with rare intervals of apparent peace), has made the published proceedings of the Board of Commissioners of the Department of Public Parks a disgrace to the city. Of late, secret executive sessions have been instituted, and newspaper readers have been spared those grotesque accounts of meetings of the Board, which, at times in the past, have seemed more like reports of the inelegant altercations of pot-house politicians than the recorded debates of high public officials having in charge a costly and magnificent work of art.

When the public does act in good earnest—and, judging by analogy, it is sure to do so sooner or later—it will, we say, insist upon a radical cure. It will strike both at the membership and organization of the Board; and it will insist, moreover, upon the retention in the management of the Park of the very best and the very best known experts. Landscape gardening, architecture, and tree-planting are arts and occupations which ordinary business men, or politicians, or engineers, no matter how well trained and competent in their own lines, should not undertake without skilled and responsible advice. It happens that, just at present, one of the ruling four has more knowledge of a kind which should be valuable to a Commissioner than has often been the case with members of the Board. But this gentleman does not, we are sure, claim to be an expert on all the points covered by Messrs. Vaux and Parsons, nor has he the definite authority of an expert with his compeers of the Board, nor has his reputation as an “expert” been increased in the community by his having countenanced the installation of the menagerie in the South Meadow, and the consequent ruin of what we are inclined to believe the most beautiful glade of the whole Park.

In a word, the Department has forfeited the confidence of the public; every man in the Board pulls his own way; the experts are gone; the entire service is demoralized; and the Central Park is daily and hourly in danger.

### The Spiritual Effects of Drunkenness.

THE curse of drunkenness, on the side of its physical devastations, has been abundantly depicted by the advocates of the temperance reform. The amount of grain consumed in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors; the number of men whose labor is worse than wasted in producing and in vending them; the number of lives destroyed by them; the number of paupers and insane persons whose woes are traceable to this source;

the effects upon the health of individuals of the habitual use of intoxicants,—all these things are frequently set forth with sufficient fullness in impressive rhetoric. Some allowances must be made for the over-statement of zealous advocates; but there are facts enough, of an appalling nature, in these representations, to call for the most serious thought.

But the worst side of drunkenness is not that which appears in these familiar figures. The most frightful effects of the drink-habit are not those which can be tabulated in statistics and reported in the census. It is not the waste of corn, nor the destruction of property, nor the increase of taxes, nor even the ruin of physical health, nor the loss of life, which most impresses the mind of the thoughtful observer of inebriety. It is the effect of this vice upon the characters of men, as it is exhibited to him, day by day, in his ordinary intercourse with them. It is in the spiritual realm that the ravages of strong drink are most terrible.

Body and mind are so closely related that when the one suffers the other must share the suffering; and the injury of the physical health resulting from intemperate drinking must, therefore, be accompanied by similar injury of the mental and moral powers. But the inclination of the popular thought is so strongly toward the investigation of physical phenomena, that the spiritual consequences of drunkenness are often overlooked. Degeneration of tissue is more palpable than degeneracy of spirit; a lesion of the brain more startling than a breach of faith; but the deeper fact, of which the senses take no note, is the more important fact; and it would be well if the attention of men could be fixed upon it.

The phenomena to which we have referred often report themselves to the quickened perceptions of those who stand nearest to the habitual drinker. Many a mother observes, with a heart that grows heavier day by day, the signs of moral decay in the character of her son. It is not the flushed face and the heavy eyes that trouble her most; it is the evidence that his mind is becoming duller and fouler, his sensibilities less acute, his sense of honor less commanding. She discovers that his loyalty to truth is somewhat impaired; that he deceives her frequently, without compunction. This effect is often observed in the character of the inebriate. Truthfulness is the fundamental virtue; when it is impaired the character is undermined; and strong drink makes a deadly assault upon it. Coupled with this loss of truthfulness is that weakening of the will which always accompanies chronic alcoholism. The man loses, little by little, the mastery over himself; the regal faculties are in chains. How many of his broken promises are due to a debilitated will, and how many to a decay of his veraciousness, it would be impossible for the victim himself to determine. Doubtless his intention to break off his evil habit is sometimes honest, and the failure is due to the paralysis of his will; doubtless he often asseverates that such is his purpose at the moment when he is

contriving how he shall obtain the next dram. It is pitiful to mark the gradual decay of these prime elements of manliness in the character of the man who is addicted to strong drink.

This loss of self-respect, the lowering of ambition, and the fading out of hope are signs of the progress of this disease in the character. It is a mournful spectacle—that of the brave, ingenuous, high-spirited man sinking steadily down into the degradation of inebriety; but how many such spectacles are visible all over the land! And it is not in the character of those alone who are notorious drunkards that such tendencies appear. They are often distinctly seen in the lives of men who are never drunk. Sir Henry Thompson's testimony is emphatic to the effect that "the habitual use of fermented liquors, to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce intoxication, injures the body and diminishes the mental power." If, as he testifies, a large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies of the body are due to "the use of fermented liquors, taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate," then it is certain that such use of them must result also in serious injuries to the mental and moral nature. Who does not know reputable gentlemen, physicians, artists, clergymen even, who were never drunk in their lives, and never will be, but who reveal, in conversation and in conduct, certain melancholy effects of the drinking habit? The brain is so often inflamed with alcohol that its functions are imperfectly performed; and there is a perceptible loss of mental power and of moral tone. The drinker is not conscious of this loss; but those who know him best are painfully aware that his perceptions are less keen, his judgments less sound, his temper less serene, his spiritual vision less clear, because he tarries every day a little too long at the wine. Even those who refuse to entertain ascetic theories respecting these beverages may be able to see that there are uses of them that stop short of drunkenness, and that are still extremely hurtful to the mind and the heart as well as the body. That conventional idea of moderation, to which Sir Henry Thompson refers, is quite elastic; the term is stretched to cover habits that are steadily despoiling the life of its rarest fruits. The drinking habit is often defended by reputable gentlemen to whom the very thought of a debauch would be shocking, but to whom, if it were only lawful, in the tender and just solicitude of friendship, such words as these might be spoken: "It is true that you are not drunkards, and may never be; but if you could know, what is too evident to those who love you best, how your character is slowly losing the firmness of its texture and the fineness of its outline; how your art deteriorates in the delicacy of its touch; how the atmosphere of your life seems to grow murky and the sky lowers gloomily above you,—you would not think your daily indulgence harmless in its measure. It is in just such lives as yours that drink exhibits some of its most mournful tragedies."

## OPEN LETTERS.

### Recent American Novels.\*

I WONDER if others have noticed as I have the large crop of novelists which has sprung up of late, and the number of works of fiction we have been favored with? I imagine that some of us are prone to under-rate both the quality and the quantity of current fiction. It is true that Mr. Cable and Mrs. Burnett have been silent for the time being, though Mr. Cable's silence is now broken. But without these two the list is far from short. There is Mr. Bret Harte speaking again with all his early vigor and point in a story of the Carquinez Woods. A rare impressionist in his own way, is he not, as he tells how tremendous influences of sunset and atmosphere overshadow the mighty forest of redwoods, and how in those shadows a deeper shade moves restlessly to and fro? A delightful bogey of the night turns into a wild beast no less thrilling; and when its slayer, the half-breed Cherokee and hero, steps from the flies—the heart of a red-wood—on to the big stage of the forest so well described, one has the sensation that only boys are supposed to feel when they read their first dime novel. Mr. Harte appears to be able to take what is fine in the adventurous and thrilling quality of the dime novel and clothe it in English that charms one with its exactness and has the indefinable touch that constitutes style. Sometimes the dramatic is very near being overdone in the Carquinez Woods; perhaps the close is indefensibly hurried. It is an error one forgives because of other admirable qualities. Mr. Hawthorne is less forgivable. In "Fortune's Fool," he opens with strong and romantic figures, three in number, carries them through far too many adventures, unless he meant to write a "juvenile," and crushes all sympathy by a blood-and-thunder series of useless crimes. Judge Tourgée would also be dramatic, if possible, in "Hot Plowshares"; but while the dramatic is introduced unnecessarily, there are other passages which are successful in the same attempt, and which will serve as excuse for the abundant failures. Not the dramatic, but the historical, is the aim of Judge Tourgée, and in this field there are few authors who seek to rival him. Perhaps Mr. Hawthorne may be called historical in his other novel, "Dust," a charming but very irregular romance of London in the early part of the century, in which the author has, for

the sake of picturesqueness, taken the liberty of giving to Englishmen of 1825 the ways and looks of men of 1750. The perspective of Judge Tourgée in "Hot Plowshares" is crude but bold; his coloring is somewhat lurid; his plots are needlessly crowded with incident; his text is out of all kindness long. Yet he gains continually one good trait or another, and shows at his best in this novel, which is the last in time of production, although the first in point of chronology, of his series of historical novels. Still another novel, midway between the historical and the romantic, is Mr. King's "Gentle Savage," who is more soberly a half-breed than the heroes of Mr. Harte and Mr. Hawthorne.

Among the realists, Mr. Henry James comes forward with "The Siege of London," a work by no means among his best, but interesting and able, as all his work is. Have you remarked how Mr. James brings lessons to bear on small but important points of etiquette? He is a Chesterfield in a gentle and roundabout way. One might suspect in him, hidden carefully under the assumption of art for art's sake, a mind not a little didactic in its leanings. Mr. Howells does not so impress me. And yet Mr. Howells really does set out to instruct much more than Mr. James; he hardly conceals, under "A Woman's Reason," a lesson peculiarly fitted for the time, for the country, and above all for his home by adoption, Massachusetts. The upshot of the troubles of his heroine, while trying to earn her own living, is that most women are only fitted by nature to aid a man in the struggle for existence, and when there is no man to lean on, and the woman must work, it generally turns out that her education has been such as to unfit her pretty effectually for any labor for which demand exists in the markets of the world. Much the same conclusion was reached in "Dr. Breen's Practice"; but it was not so clearly, not so finely, put. I have hardly anything but admiration for "A Woman's Reason." Unquestionably Mr. Howells has never before written so finely as regards diction and style nor so acutely as regards observation of the ways of women in his part of the world. I forgive him gladly the exaggerated morality of his heroine. I forgive him, too, the making such an odious prig as Ray anything but a poor stick; such hypocritical humility as his deserves at least one good chastisement to make a gentleman of him, and it is hard to take him for a gentleman as he is. A little well-dressed "cad," our cousins of London would call him. I forgive, also, the unreality of the auctioneer's trick and the qualms of conscience incidental thereto. What may not be forgiven a writer who can set so quietly and handsomely before the people that read his work the radical error in the education of their daughters? Few girls would have the pluck to fight so long against fate as Helen Harkness did, even if they strained ideas of honesty and honor so near to cracking as she. Still fewer, so few as not to be worth reckoning, are those who will even have a chance at a Lord Rainford. Mr. Howells has lived in Massachusetts, where "cultured" and "educated"

\*In the Carquinez Woods. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Fortune's Fool. By Julian Hawthorne. James R. Osgood & Co.  
Hot Plowshares. By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Dust. By Julian Hawthorne. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.  
The Gentle Savage. By Edward King. James R. Osgood & Co.  
The Siege of London; The Pension Beaurepas; The Point of View. By Henry James. James R. Osgood & Co.  
A Woman's Reason. By W. D. Howells. James R. Osgood & Co.  
For the Major. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Brothers.  
Mr. Isaacs. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.  
A Newport Aquarelle. Roberts Brothers.  
But Yet a Woman. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Dr. Claudius. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

girls are at a maximum and young men able to afford the luxury of a rich man's wife are at a minimum. He sees the difficulty, defines the error, and goes as near as he dares to suggest a remedy without becoming absolutely didactic.

Miss Woolson was in a vein of uncommon power and delicacy when she wrote "For the Major." Its morality is very high, without loss to the charming quality of the work; as a whole, the slender fabric rises to the atmosphere of the ideal. Like Mr. Howells, she has forborne the attempt to gain picturesqueness by a foreign setting; more, even, than Mr. Howells, who makes some play of Pacific steamers, storms, wrecks, and Robinson Crusoe life on an atoll island. Her realism and her morality are in sharp contrast with the first novel by Mr. Crawford, that delightfully fresh romance of the Himalayas and the Indian jungles, "Mr. Isaacs."

This opens a large field of morals and ethics, without taking the first step to decide matters one way or another, or leaving the reader any better prepared to come to a decision. A true novice, Mr. Crawford broached questions that all the world is trying to solve—polygamy, Mohammedanism, Mormonism, spiritualism. His English girl in love with a Persian diamond-merchant, when regarded realistically, will not bear considering, so impossible is her attitude, so phenomenal her appearance in her own nation and station. Her death is no solution of the question; it is a mere begging of it. Another realist, but with a dash of the romancist, is the anonymous pen that wrote "A Newport Aquarelle." Evidently this is by a woman; equally so, by a new-comer. She has facility rather than experience, and offers a light and not displeasing sketch of the outside of Newport life—a guide-book to Newport picnics and polo matches, with one or two excellent touches of real womanliness toward the end. The plot is somewhat strained, and it has a flavor of the didactic in the moralizing parts. Like Mr. Crawford, a college professor seeks in "But Yet a Woman" the picturesqueness in a foreign setting which is very much harder to show in home pictures. Professor Hardy chose a cheap and pointless title for his first venture, which has far more romance in it than reality. It is full of sparkling things, good points smartly and well expressed, but it has not one really well-drawn, well-pondered character, and its close is too melodramatic to be in keeping with the excellent quality of many passages. Romance of the worst and the best kind appears in "Dr. Claudius," the second venture by Mr. Crawford. It has happy passages, but verges on the ridiculous from the overcharging of colors. Beginning well, the realism in the character of Barker ends in arrant nonsense; it is somebody else, not Barker, whom Mr. Crawford is drawing at the close. The book is dislocated in the middle, and the latter half is unworthy of the author. What a breaking down from the really delightful love-making between Dr. Claudius and the heroine in the beginning! As for Mr. Crawford's New York lawyer, he is too preposterous a creation to be mentioned as a creation at all. No human being has seen such a man in the flesh in New York or elsewhere. Neither has a man like Dr. Claudius ever been seen; but in him exaggeration is pleasantly romantic until it is grossly overdone and the

character ruined by its untrained and hasty creator. But perhaps the truest idealist of the year is Miss Woolson. Observe in "For the Major" how she finds that idealism on the soberest, most patient study of the real. She has painted life on its good side. A true woman, she defends her sex very nobly and subtly by showing a couple of women sacrificing their time to an old man, husband of the one, father of the other. The elder lady paints her face, wears false hair, and lives a daily lie, to save her husband, slowly dying of a weakened brain, from the shock of disillusionment. The younger, to shield her step-mother, allows the man she loves to misconstrue her attentions to that step-mother's son, who is a roving character and turns up unexpectedly now and then, first for aid, then for final care. As characters of women, we enjoy these quiet ladies more than Mr. Howells's heroine, with her straining over *noblesse oblige*. Somehow it is hard to imagine all the crises of conscientiousness in Boston on the part of the heroine and her guardian. But we must not forget that Mr. Howells had far the harder picture to paint.

Now let us see what the chief novels of the season tell us as to the locality of their scenes. Foreign-laid novels are Mr. Hawthorne's "Dust," Mr. Hardy's "But Yet a Woman," Mr. James's "The Siege of London," and Mr. Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." Home-laid novels are Judge Tourgée's "Hot Plowshares," Miss Woolson's "For the Major," Mr. Harte's "In the Carquinez Woods," and the anonymous "A Newport Aquarelle." Novels laid partly at home, partly abroad, are Mr. Howells's "A Woman's Reason," Mr. Crawford's "Dr. Claudius," Mr. Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool," and Mr. King's "The Gentle Savage." The foreign and home books are thus exactly balanced, being four each. We see from this that novelists here find it profitable to give foreign scenes, and in some cases ("Mr. Isaacs" and "But Yet a Woman") foreign characters. I do not agree with people who demand of the novelists America and Americans, from a motive that is patriotic in its origin. It is a narrow and ignominious patriotism, for the most part, that quarrels with the right of the artist to choose his ground and persons. At the same time it seems to me that, in estimating the success of a novel with the public, the reviewers do not sufficiently bear in mind the fact that to draw home characters acceptably is much harder than to draw foreigners, for the reason that readers are much more able to criticise the former understandingly; while if the scenes are foreign, they have to take them and the actors in them largely on faith. Very few people here have been in India long enough to be able to say whether "Mr. Isaacs" is accurate in its descriptions; the bulk of its readers swallow it all, like any other fairy tale. So "But Yet a Woman" is accepted on its own assumption, as depicting French people of the upper class in Paris. But a novelette like Miss Woolson's, a sketch like "A Newport Aquarelle," and, above all, a careful and very serious literary study like "A Woman's Reason," have in almost every other reader a fairly competent critic. It is only just that this point should be brought out much more clearly than it ever has been hitherto.

Suppose we recapitulate and divide up our novel-mongers of the season,—good, bad, and indifferent,—



in accordance with the strongest trait of their works this year, into (1) ideal, (2) romantic, (3) dramatic, (4) historical, (5) moral, (6) didactic, (7) realistic; then we get for (1) Miss Woolson, (2) Mr. Crawford and Mr. King, (3) Mr. Harie and Mr. Hawthorne, (4) Judge Tourgée, (5) Miss Woolson and Mr. Howells, (6) Mr. Howells and Mr. James, (7) Messrs. Howells, James, and King, and Miss Woolson. I may be wrong; but it seems to me that by classifying in this way one gets a clearer idea of the conscious and unconscious aim of these various writers, and brings into relief the really important elements in books which are necessarily complex mixtures in different proportions of all the above seven qualities. The field for the novelist is immense, the demand is great, the prizes are immediate and rich. Few novels reach the higher planes of literary art. Unfortunately there is every inducement for flashy and crude work. No wonder novelists feel that the sooner they rush into print the better, for the poorest and hastiest work often brings in most money; and if they have a good idea, ten to one it will occur to somebody else who wields the pen of the ready writer and appear before the month is up. Much trash is published, that we all know. Among the twelve novels considered above, much trash is distributed. Yet, perhaps, without the trash no general interest will awake; without the interest of the general, no keen competition will set in between publishers; and without keen competition no great novels of the future will be forthcoming. Meantime, with so many practiced and conscientious workmen and workwomen on hand, I for one do not despair of the republic of letters. Novels are not epics, but they are the books that are read to-day. The public has a right to demand that they shall contain the best the writer can afford; and people should feel individually bound to encourage those novelists who seem to aim for and reach the highest standard of literary art by the simplest, most obvious course—by purchasing their books.

*Alfred Arden.*

#### "The Temperance Outlook."

##### EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

Sir: The article with the above title, under "Topics of the Time," in the September number of your magazine, calls for something to be said upon the other side; and presuming upon the spirit of fairness which has always characterized THE CENTURY and its predecessor, I shall ask to be heard in opposition to your views.

It is conceded that there is considerable force in your first objection to constitutional prohibition; yet that kind of legislation is justified by precedent. There is probably no State constitution which does not contain more or fewer of such "specific applications of principle"; and though it seems more appropriate to have laws enacted by the Legislature, composed of the representatives of the people, yet if the people, in their capacity as the primary source of all political power, see fit to indulge in legislation, they are perfectly competent to do so; and perhaps it is not unreasonable for them to do this where the object, as in this case, is to make the legislation more permanent, and not subject to repeal by a temporary change in

public sentiment or by the accidents arising from exciting partisan contests.

Your second objection rests upon assumptions which are unsound, or upon asserted facts which are not facts. You say, "This movement makes no distinction between things that differ. Fermented wine differs as widely from distilled rum or whisky as coffee differs from opium, and yet this prohibitory movement ties them up in the same bundle and puts one label on the whole! Human reason revolts at such arbitrary dealing." I think it will be found, on investigation, that the human reason which revolts at this dealing is the reason belonging to a class of persons who have been educated to use fermented wine, and to think the use of rum and whisky vulgar. Fermented wine does not differ from distilled rum and whisky as coffee differs from opium. The difference between fermented and distilled liquors is a difference in degree only, and not in character or quality. The active element in all of them is alcohol; and if that were eliminated from them, no one would drink either. The alcohol in the fermented wine is the same as that in the brandy distilled from it. The latter contains four or five times the amount of alcohol which the wine did before the distillation,—that process having merely removed a large portion of the water which the wine contained; and the difference between them is the same as the difference between the punch which the novice in tipping delights in and the "whisky straight" which the old toper swallows with equal satisfaction. Both are drinking diluted alcohol,—the one drink simply containing a larger amount of nature's own beverage than the other.

Perhaps some "men will not believe that a glass of wine at the dinner-table and a glass of whisky at the bar are the same thing"; but they nevertheless produce the same effect; and the only difference worth noting is that the latter is regarded in polite society as more vulgar. Both produce intoxication, and both are damaging to the drinker. It may be less disgraceful to eat one's opium at home than to take it in a pipe at Ah Ching's den; but the result to the individual who uses it will be no worse (physically, at least) in the latter than in the former. It will require a few more glasses of wine or beer at the dinner-table to intoxicate the drinker, but it will accomplish that result just as effectually as the whisky that is dispensed at the bucket-shop on the corner. And as for a glass of wine being the beginning of drunkenness, the experience of mankind for a thousand years and more has demonstrated the soundness of the theory; and although some men have heard this declaration with disgust, and have sneered at the fanatics who have urged it, yet a large portion of these same men, in their subsequent years, proved the correctness of the unsavory assertion. It is seldom, indeed, that men learn to be drunkards by drinking whisky, brandy, or any other distilled liquors, which usually contain fifty per cent. or more of pure alcohol, and never without diluting these liquors till the drink contains as small a percentage of alcohol as champagne. They commence with the lighter beverages or fermented liquors,—beer, cider, and wine; and in the use of these they can and do become as grossly intoxicated as they afterward do upon the stronger drinks. Alcohol creates and

strengthens a thirst for itself, and that thirst grows constantly, so that it is continually demanding a larger amount for its satisfaction. Thus, drunkenness grows from a glass of wine; and even so long ago as the days of the deluge, the drunken Noah would undoubtedly have resorted to whisky, had there been a distillery or licensed grog-shop convenient to Mount Ararat. If some people have heard, *ad nauseam*, the assertion that wine is often the beginning of drunkenness, they are like the members of the human family generally, who thus listen to unwelcome truths.

You speak of the impropriety of "classing the fermented juice of the grape from nature's own process with the results of the manufacture through man's alembics." Fermentation is, of course, nature's own process, and so is distillation. But left alone, without the aid of man, nature produces no alcohol; at least, none in any appreciable quantity. Wine and whisky are alike the products of man's skill and labor, using nature's own processes in their manufacture. But it does not follow that wine and beer are innocuous, even if they are produced by nature's own process, and without the aid of man; nor that rum and whisky are necessarily poisonous, because they "are the results of the manufacture through man's alembics." The deadly nightshade is "the result of nature's own process," but it is as destructive of animal life as are any of the products of man's manufacture. It is impossible to make a "discrimination between alcoholic liquors that are hurtful and those that are (in moderate use) healthful," because none are healthful. The alcohol which you abominate in whisky and gin is the same alcohol which the total-abstinence people abominate in wine and beer also.

The total abstiners occupy a position where they cannot be affected by the cry of fanaticism; for the total-abstinence principle or theory rests mainly upon the fact, now fully demonstrated by science and confirmed by experience, that *alcohol is a poison*. This being so, it cannot form an important element in a healthful beverage; and its use as a beverage must be injurious and destructive to health and life, at least when used in a quantity sufficient to produce an effect which may be either seen or felt. The experience of humanity for many generations proves that such is the effect of its use. But because we and our fathers, for hundreds of years, have been educated with the idea that this fiery liquid is not only not poisonous, but, used in a certain way, is healthful, nutritious, and a conservator of life,—an *aqua vite*,—we find it difficult to rid ourselves of this notion, and to learn how deadly and dangerous an agent it is. And many have not only had this error firmly rooted in their minds, but have also learned to love these fermented liquids so much that that love warps their judgment; and seeing the community laid waste by intemperance, and unwilling to admit that their favorite beverages have helped to produce the drunkenness that stirs us to action, they make their war against the distilled liquors, and thereby

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to."

The total-abstinence people being in the right, fidelity to truth and to their convictions compels them to

pursue the course which you condemn. To do otherwise would be to stultify themselves and justly subject them to the charge of pandering to falsehood, while professing a desire to suppress it. Knowing that alcohol is a poison, they must of necessity denounce its use, whether it is mingled with twice or six times its weight of water. And they must be allowed to differ with you in opinion as to the character of the legislation which they have defeated. They have never opposed the enactment of any laws "exactly suited to diminish the curse and destroy the political power of the rum interest"; but they have opposed, and will continue to oppose, the enactment of laws which are claimed to be in the interest of temperance, but which in reality are well calculated to strengthen the interests of the rum power.

Walter Farrington.

#### Hurricane Reform.

THE nostrum of constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic, which is now pressed in many quarters as the panacea for the evils of intemperance, is a dose that should be well shaken before taken. Prohibition is one thing, and it may, in certain states of society, be a very good thing. But constitutional prohibition is quite another thing; and there are those who might under certain circumstances favor prohibition, but who would never, under any circumstances, consent to introduce prohibitory legislation into the organic law of the State. Such an attempt to forestall public sentiment, and to prevent the free expression of the popular will in legislation, ought not to be made and is not likely to succeed.

There are quite a number of methods of dealing by law with the evils of intemperance. No one of these methods will be found practicable in every community; much depends on the sentiments and the habits of the community. The people ought to be free to adopt those measures which seem to be the best adapted to their condition, and there ought to be no obstruction in the way of their changing a method which has proved ineffectual for one that promises better results. If they come to the conclusion that prohibition is the best method, they ought to be free to try it, and there should be nothing in their constitution to forbid the experiment. If they think that a combination of high license or stringent taxation with local option would be more effectual, they should not be debarred from trying that. But this scheme of constitutional prohibition shuts the Legislature up to one method. It is prohibition or nothing. So long as the Legislature is continuously and heartily favorable to prohibition, we shall have prohibition; whenever a Legislature that does not favor prohibition shall assemble, the prohibitory law will be repealed, or amended so that it will have no force, and then we shall have free liquor. One runs no risk in saying that there are but few States in this Union in which the Legislature will be continuously and heartily in favor of prohibition. In States where the public sentiment tends so strongly in this direction that such a Legislature could be kept in power, there is no need of any constitutional provision. The only State in which prohibition has been successful is Maine, whose constitution has until the last winter been silent

on the subject. In those States where the public sentiment cannot be relied on to send back a prohibitory Legislature term after term, the evil would remain, much of the time, wholly free from legal restraint, in spite of the constitutional provision.

In Ohio, after a long era of free rum,—the natural fruit of a constitutional provision forbidding license,—we have at last succeeded in securing a tax law, with a local-option section by which municipalities are empowered to prohibit the sale of liquor within their limits. The law seems to be based on a sound principle,—that of laying a special burden upon a business which is confessedly detrimental to the public welfare,—and there is no difficulty in enforcing it. It is compelling the liquor-sellers to contribute nearly two millions of dollars a year as a special tax to the treasury of the State. Doubtless this law can be improved. The tax ought to be heavier than it is, and it can be made heavier year by year. The privilege of local option ought to be extended to counties as well as to municipal corporations—the township in this State being a somewhat incoherent political division. With some such modifications, this law would probably prove about as effectual in restraining the evils of drunkenness as any law that we are likely to secure at present. But a strenuous effort is now making to pass a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Under this amendment, the present law would, of course, be null and void. Whether anything would be gained by this change may well be doubted. The present law does not suppress all the evils of intemperance, but it does lessen them somewhat; it has closed a large number of the worst grogeries in the State, it has imposed a heavy fine upon the liquor business, and it is certain that it can be enforced in all parts of the State.

Could a prohibitory law be thus enforced? I have frequently put this question to my prohibitory friends, and they all, with one accord, confess that it could not. In the smaller communities it could be executed, they say; but not in Cincinnati, nor in Cleveland, nor in Columbus, nor in Toledo, nor in any other of a dozen cities or large towns that could be named—of course, not at present. "But," they say, "we are going to work up a public sentiment that will enforce it by and by." I confess that this seems to me a curious proceeding. It is proposed to enact a law which is sure to be trampled under foot by a good half of the population, and then, after enacting it, and while it is being mocked at and dishonored, to proceed to create the public sentiment which shall make it effective! The child Alice, in Mr. Carroll's fairy tale, found something like this in Looking-glass Land, but I never heard before of applying such principles to problems of statesmanship.

What the success of this attempt to introduce prohibition into the constitution of Ohio may be, I will not try to predict; before these words are in print the result will be known. But inasmuch as the same effort is making in other States, it may be well to consider the consequences of such a provision. These amendments all forbid the manufacture and sale as a beverage of all alcoholic liquors. The execution of a law based on this amendment would be a difficult undertaking. So far as the retailing of liquor in saloons is concerned, the problem is simple; the phrase "as a beverage" is easily applied to this part of the business. But how could it be determined whether the

manufacturer was manufacturing it to be used "as a beverage" or for use in the arts? Beer, of course, is used almost exclusively as a beverage, and the brewer could not shield his business against the prohibition. If the law were enforced the breweries would be closed. But the distillers could claim that they were manufacturing liquor not to be used as a beverage, but for other purposes; that they were selling it to the wholesale dealers with the understanding that it should be used for other purposes; and I am unable to see how the law could be successfully enforced against them. In this case the distilleries would all be running, and the breweries all closed; we should have an abundant supply of the stronger intoxicants, and a small supply of the lighter beverages; it would be difficult to get lager-beer and easy to get whisky. Perhaps the history of Scotland would then be repeated in our country. The date I am not able to mention; but students of history will recall the legislation which forbade or sharply restricted the manufacture of ale in Scotland, with the purpose of giving a monopoly of the business to the English brewers. The Scotch in anger forsook their ale and drank whisky instead, and the result was a swift and terrible increase of drunkenness. The excise returns of Great Britain to-day show that the average Englishman consumes nearly three times as much malt every year as the average Scotchman, and only one-third as much spirits. Scotland, as its best men sorrowfully confess, is one of the most intemperate countries in the world, and this sad result is partly due to the selfish and mischievous legislation to which I have referred.

There are a good many among us to whom a sharp reduction in the supply of both the stronger and the milder kinds of intoxicants would cause no inconvenience or regret; but even to us there appears to be a choice between evils; and we should be sorry to see whisky taking the place of beer as the popular beverage. Legislation having that tendency would certainly be ill-advised.

I find another serious difficulty with this prohibitory amendment. If it should accomplish the purpose of its authors, it would, of course, destroy the larger part of the capital now invested in the manufacture of spirituous and fermented liquors. Now I confess that I never look with enthusiasm on a big distillery or a big brewery. It is not a kind of business in which I should engage. I would starve first. It is a wonder to me that kind-hearted and otherwise reputable men (for there are such) should be willing, in view of the evils that flow from it, to get their living by it. Nevertheless, these men have embarked all their capital in the business, and it seems to me a harsh and inequitable procedure to sweep their property out of existence by an act of the Legislature. Even these men have some rights, and the State cannot afford to ignore them.

I have been reading an admirable speech lately delivered by the Hon. John Bright, at the opening of a coffee-house in Birmingham. Mr. Bright has long been a total abstainer; he believes himself to be a thorough-going temperance man; but he protests with vigor against such sweeping measures. "I am against dealing," he says, "with a question of this nature, affecting the interests of so many people, by what you may call a hurricane. That is fit only for times of revolution. I should like to deal with it in a

more just, and what I call more statesmanlike manner, according to the legislation that becomes an intelligent people in a tranquil time." Mr. Bright contends that, "if a trade in the country is permitted by law, that trade has a right to be defended by law." The liquor trade has been permitted, and is now permitted, and "it has a right to demand that it should not be subjected to violent and hasty legislation." The simple justice of this sentiment ought to be apparent to all fair-minded men. If for a long period of time men have been allowed, without censure of the law, to invest their capital in any kind of property, that property should not be extinguished by law without giving them some compensation. At any rate, some time ought to be given them to dispose of it, or turn it to other uses. It is quite possible that the people may come to the conclusion that a trade long permitted and protected by law is contrary to public morals or public policy, and may resolve upon extinguishing it, but the interests of the men engaged in it ought to be fairly considered. Slavery was a great wrong, and ought to have been abolished; but it would not have been right to abolish slavery in a time of peace by an act of Congress, without providing compensation to the owners of the slaves. It might justly be enacted, as in New York, that all persons born after a certain day should be free. The liquor business should be dealt with in some such manner. It could be restricted more summarily, no doubt; but some regard should certainly be paid to the property rights of the men who are engaged in it.

I am perfectly well aware of the answer that will be made to these suggestions. It will be said that the writer is undoubtedly a wine-bibber, probably a "rummy," and possibly in the pay of a Liquor Dealers' League. What will be charged upon Mr. Bright, I forbear to predict. But it is easy to anticipate the reception which awaits all moderate counsels in the camp of the professional temperance reformers. I see that *THE CENTURY* has been suffering this sort of violence, and am reminded of the treatment Dr. Holland received in his day from the same hands. The following brief paragraph on the temperance question, quoted from one of his "Topics," is particularly timely at this moment:

"It would be impossible for any set of men to manifest greater bigotry and intolerance toward all who have seen fit to differ with them on moral and legal measures, than have characterized those zealous and thoroughly well-meaning reformers who, through various organizations, have assumed the custody and management of this question. Editors who have undertaken to discuss the question independently—as they are in the habit of discussing all public questions—have been snubbed and maligned until they have dropped it in disgust, and turned the whole matter over to those who have doubted or denounced them."

This extract will show that Dr. Holland, though dead, yet speaketh in a way that should cause a tingling in the ears of a large number of temperance reformers.

*Washington Gladden.*

#### More About "Law-and-Order Leagues."

I HAVE read with pleasure the editorial in the October number of *THE CENTURY* on "Law-and-Order Leagues," and also E. V. Smalley's letter on

the enforcement of law. Your article probably answered his questions, but permit me to add a word of information, through your columns, with reference to the work that is being done in this direction, especially in the State of Illinois and in the city of Chicago. At the present time Law-and-Order Leagues are being organized all over the country, and on the 22d of February last a delegate convention was held in Boston, which resulted in the organization of a National Citizens' Law-and-Order League. This League is now ready to assist any community in organizing an auxiliary association. I shall be happy to furnish any information upon this subject that may be desired. The practicability of the suggestions made by Mr. Smalley has been fully demonstrated. To illustrate: We have had in Illinois for ten years a law that any person who shall sell or give liquor to a minor (without orders from his parents, guardian, or physician) or to a drunkard shall be subject to a fine or imprisonment. No effort was made to enforce this law until 1877, when a Citizens' League was organized in Chicago with the specific purpose of enforcing the law in relation to minors. In two years the law was so well enforced that the police reports show a decrease of one-third in the arrests of minors as compared with the arrests in the two years previous to the organization of the League. In other words, the actual number of criminals among boys and girls was decreased one-third. The law with regard to both minors and drunkards is now enforced, and our three agents who devote all their time to the work report the arrest and prosecution of an average of eighty-five saloon-keepers every month, and the conviction of more than two-thirds this number.

We have about four thousand saloons in Chicago. Many of them are notoriously vicious places, and their proprietors do not scruple to further their own interests whether in accordance with law or not. But so strong has our Citizens' League grown in the esteem of the public, that the Saloon-keepers' Organization has incorporated a clause in the constitution of its society to the effect that no one who sells liquor to a minor or a drunkard, knowingly, shall be eligible to membership in this society. It is now not infrequent for saloon-keepers to inform the League of other saloon-keepers who are violating the law.

If such an organization can live and do good in this city, in which the government is almost entirely controlled by the liquor interest, it certainly ought to live and do much more good in cities less under the control of the saloon element.

Through the efforts of the Chicago League, a bill was passed at the last Legislature, increasing the saloon license from \$52 to \$500 (license to sell beer only, \$150). This law is now being vigorously enforced.

Yours truly,

*J. C. Shaffer,*

Sec. National Law-and-Order League.

126 WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO.

#### A Word about Christmas.

WHEN what was designed to be a pleasure becomes a burden, it is time to stop and examine it carefully, and see if it is the thing itself which has grown to be such a weight, or whether it is simply an awkward manner of carrying it. Certainly there must be some-

thing wrong in any celebration of Christmas which results in serious fatigue of mind and body. During the first three months of the year, nothing is more commonly given as a reason for ill health than an overstrain during the holidays. "She got so worn out at Christmas," or "She worked too hard in finishing her Christmas presents," or "The week before Christmas she was tired out with shopping," are excuses which appear as surely as January and February come. The question must occur sometimes to every one, whether all this worry and wear of heart and hand and brain are really worth while. Is there not some better way of celebrating this day of days than for women to wear themselves out in making or buying pretty trifles for people who already have more than they can find room for? Setting aside all effort of eyes and fingers, the mental strain is intense. Merely to devise presents for a dozen or more people, which must be appropriate and acceptable, and which they do not already possess, and which no one else is likely to hit upon, is enough to wear upon the strongest brain; and when one's means are not unlimited, and the question of economy must come in, the matter is still more complicated. The agony of indecision, the weighing of rival merits in this and that, the distress when the article which is finally decided upon does not seem as fascinating as one had hoped, the endless round of shopping, the packing to send to distant friends, the frantic effort to finish at the last moment something which ought to have been done long ago, result in a relapse when all is over into a complete weariness of mind and body which unfits one for either giving or receiving pleasure. Now, when all this is looked at soberly, does it pay? It is a remarkable fact that, although Christmas has been kept on the twenty-fifth day of December for more than a thousand years, its arrival seems as unexpected as if it had been appointed by the President. No one is ready for it, although last year every one resolved to be so, and about the middle of December there begins

a rush and hurry which is really more wearing than a May moving.

It seems to be a part of the fierce activity of our time and country that even our pleasures must be enjoyed at high pressure. While it is almost impossible, in matters of business, to act upon the kindly suggestions of intelligent critics that we should take things more leisurely, surely, in matters of enjoyment, we might make an effort to be less overworked. Cannot the keeping of Christmas, for example, be made to consist in other things than gifts? Let the giving be for the children and those to whom our gifts are real necessities. As a people, we are very negligent in the matter of keeping birthdays. If these festivals were made more of in the family, especially among the elder members, we should not find that we were losing the blessedness of giving and the happiness of receiving, even if we did omit presents at Christmas time. In many large families a mutual understanding that the Christmas gifts were all to be for the children would be an immense relief, although, perhaps, no one would be quite willing to acknowledge it. Sometimes a large circle of brothers and sisters can unite in a gift, in that way making it possible to give something of more value, and at the same time to lessen the difficult task of selection.

Above all things, if you give presents, be more anxious to give something which "supplies a want" than to send some pretty trifle which can only prove in the end an additional care. A little forethought and friendly putting of yourself in another's place will make this possible. In the great world of books something can be found to suit every taste. Flowers are always a graceful gift, and can never become burdensome by lasting after one has grown tired of them. There are numberless other things which can be procured, without a wear and tear of mind and body which make the recipient feel as David did of the water from the well of Bethlehem, that what cost so much was too valuable to be accepted.

Susan Anna Brown.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### The Fool.

From Ivan Tourguéneff's "Poems in Prose."

THERE lived a fool in the world. For a long time he remained content and happy; but slowly rumors reached him that everywhere he was held to be a brainless idiot.

Grieved was the fool, and began to think how he could stop these slanders. A sudden idea lightened his poor, darkened brain, and without delay he began to execute it.

He met an acquaintance on the street, who praised highly a renowned painter.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the fool, "this painter is almost forgotten. You do not know that? I did not expect to find you so naïf. You are behind the time!"

His acquaintance blushed, and hurriedly agreed with the fool.

"What a beautiful book I read to-day!" another acquaintance said to him.

"Beg pardon! are you not ashamed? This book is good for nothing; all have long ago abandoned it."

And this acquaintance also made haste to quickly agree with the fool.

"What a marvelous man is my friend, N. N.!" said a third acquaintance to the fool.

"Why!" exclaimed the fool, "N. N. is known to be a scoundrel! to have robbed all his relatives! Who does not know that? I pity you!"

The third acquaintance did as the others, and forgot his friend. Whomsoever or whatsoever was praised in the presence of the fool, he made always a similar reply, adding sometimes the refrain, "And you believe yet in authorities?"

"Malicious, captious man!" began the fool's acquaintances to say of him, "but what a head!" "And



what a tongue!" added others. "Ah! he is a man of talent!"

It ended in a publisher's asking the fool to control the critical section of his paper; and he began to beguile everybody, without changing his expressions or exclamations.

And now he who inveighed so much against authorities is himself an authority, and the youth worship and fear him. And what are the poor youth to do? If even it is not proper, generally speaking, to worship, fail to do it here and you will be pronounced stupid. Fools can make their way among cowards!

*Translated by Borys F. Gorvov.*

Song of the "New Grounds."

'Way down in de slashes whar de cypus grow so tall,  
Oh, de pine-tree got to come down an' de black-gum got to fall;  
Don't you hear dem axes holler? don't you hear dem niggers call,—

'Way down whar de cypus grow so tall?

'Way down ermongst de briers whar de raccoon lub to play,  
Oh, de pile o' bresh is burnin' an' a-blazin' all de day;  
An' de fox-squ'el got to git out an' de 'possum couldn't stay,  
'Way down whar de raccoon lub to play!

'Way down in de new groun's whar de big old white-oaks grow,  
You nebber hear sich racket in dat neighborhood befo';  
Dem niggers keep a-choppin' tell de sun done settle low,  
'Way down whar de big old white-oaks grow!

'Way down whar de gra'-vine use to clam aroun' de tree,  
Whar de akuns kep' a-droppin' an' de sweet-gum use to be,  
Dem cutters keep a-choppin' down de stumpy cypus-knee,  
Whar de gra'-vine use to clam aroun' de tree!

Oh, de young corn gwine to come up whar de cypus use to grow;  
Oh,—how you do, Miss Susy gal,—de time is comin', sho!  
When you hab to roun' de hill o' corn an' chop de cotton-grow,  
'Way down whar de cypus use to grow!

'Way down in de new groun's whar' de wild-grape hang so high,  
Whar de big owl lub to holler an' de wild-duck lub to fly,  
Dem birds is got to scatter, for de plantin' time is nigh;  
'Way down whar de wild-grape hang so high!

'Way down amongst de slashes, whar de scaly-barks so fine,  
An' de hick'y-nut is growin' long beside de muscadine,  
Dem varmint hear de racket an' dey all 'ill soon be gwine,  
'Way down whar de scaly-barks so fine!

*J. A. Macon.*

Nancy.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

IN brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen;  
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;

Her hair was coiled neatly; when I, indiscreetly,  
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,  
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,  
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,  
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it,  
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.

Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!  
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,  
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly, "Please, go,

Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,  
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;  
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!"  
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,  
My heart staid with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy;  
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe,  
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen  
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

*John A. Fraser, Jr.*

Love's Chase.

AFTER READING HERRICK.

"It must be sweet to be in love,—  
At least, so all the maidens prove it.  
Alas! my heart's so hard," she sighed,  
"I fear that love will never move it;  
For, out of books, I cannot find  
A single lover to my mind.

"I've thought of all the lads I know,  
And on each one have long reflected;  
But since I find they all have faults,  
Perforce I've every one rejected."  
She leaned against the window there,  
A charming picture of despair.

But growing weary soon, she cried,  
Her dull looks changing all to laughter,  
"Cupid, I've chased you long enough—  
I think it's your turn to come after!"  
But those who knew the maid aver  
That it was *I* who followed her.

*W. H.*





*W. F. Sherman*

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